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THE

WORCESTER MAGAZINE

AND

HISTORICAL JOURNAL.

CONTAINING

ARTICLES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

MISCELLANEOUS—HISTORICAL—BIOGRAPHICAL—DESCRIPTIVE OF REMARKABLE PLACES AND SCENERY—RELATING TO THE ARTS—SCIENTIFIC—POETICAL—AND AMUSING.

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THE

WORCESTER MAGAZINE

AND

Historical Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORIGINAL.

A RAMBLE AMONG THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

From the period of the first settlement of New England down to the present time, the giant heights then called the "Crystal Hills," and since denominated the White Mountains, have attracted the attention, and tempted the visits of many a curious and inquisitive traveller. They have now become the resort of the idle wanderers who pursue pleasure even on their barren summits, or of the scientific enquirers, who explore their rocky sides with unbounded industry, who consider themselves happy, and their toils rewarded, if, perchance, they discover some quaint moss or obscure lichen, invisible to common observers and unknown to former learned strollers. The crowds of visitors of the colossal piles, plunder nothing but a few perishing flowers, withered grasses, or mineral fragments: they leave to every new climber, the severe labors of ascending, the sublime views from the summits, and all the novelty and grandeur of mountain scenery.

The White Mountains are indeed most interesting objects. Standing as they do in a rude and wild region, not remarkable for towering elevations, they are distinguished for their lofty height. Mount Washington, the tallest of the brothers, is said to exceed in altitude, the Alleghanies of the South, and the Green Mountains of the North, by nearly 2,500 feet. He even rises above the more celebrated peaks of other more romantic lands: Olympus, connected as he is with so many classic recollections, is only of equal stature. Ben Nevis, the most elevated land in the island of Great Britain, and Snowdon, the king of the Welsh Hills, are lower by more than 2,000 feet.

It was in the pleasant season of spring, that the writer, in com-

pany with an intelligent friend, set forth on the excursion which has furnished the materials for the narrative in the following pages. Believing that every speck of the soil of our country is interesting to its inhabitants, he is induced to suppose, that the description of the most massive of its piles of earth and stone, will be amusing to some.

Our journey had been along the Eastern side of the range, and upon the banks of the rapid, but beautiful stream of the Androscoggin. This noble river, issuing from a series of solitary lakes, embosomed in the forest, and dignified with Indian names, almost as formidable as the red warriors themselves, pours westward seeking an outlet among the ridges of hills that encompass it about.—At length, it does escape through an opening in the mountain barrier, and rushes through the vallies at its base, with a hurried motion, as if the favorable opportunity might be lost by any delay; but after journeying to the South for a few miles, it is again obstructed by an opposing ridge, and wanders on to the East, in quest of a channel to convey its waters to the sea. It does not, however, take the direct course to the ocean, until it has traversed fifty miles between parallel hills, of so firm structure as to resist every attempt of their prisoner to break from its confinement.—Then it goes on with a clear and tranquil motion, scattering fertility along its banks, till it meets with other obstructions. At Rumford a precipice is stretched across the bed of the waters: They are not precipitated in one broad sheet from its edge, but tumbling from cliff to cliff are dashed into foam. The spray, tinged with all the bright colors of the rainbow, rises from their commotion and is painted by the sun-beams. The thunder of this miniature cataract is heard from a distance, and the earth, either in reality or imagination, trembles with the heavy falling. The descent is estimated at seventy feet. After dashing over the rock, the river spreads out in a broad basin, and seems resting to recover power before it rushes over a second ledge, which opposes its passage about a fourth of a mile below. It leaps over this smaller bar, and frets along another quarter of a mile, and again plunges down a declivity, about fifteen feet in height. An island at the foot of the last rapid, covered with fair trees, rests placidly amid the uproar, as if smiling on the turmoil around it. The snowy whiteness of the stream is beautifully contrasted with the green and waving foliage. All the difficulties are not yet surmounted. The Pejypscot rocks sturdily spread themselves across the path, and

the river descends about eighty feet: at Brunswick it goes down among saw mills and broken masses of stone fifty feet more. At length it joins itself to the Kennebeck, a lazy and sluggish stream, in Merry-meeting Bay: a very appropriate name: for if the Androscoggin could be supposed to be an inteligent and animated being, it might well rejoice on coming within sight of the broad Atlantic. Indeed, it owes no gratitude to the earth for mingling its waters with its indolent partner, and afterwards with the broad ocean: for, from the moment of its rising among the Northern Hills, until its arrival at the place of destination, it receives no favors, but forces its way along by violence; encountering and subduing all possible difficulties, and often scooping out for itself a channel through the solid rock.

This river has scenery singularly wild and elegant. I have been floated over its current where it steals out from the Lakes, in those bright days which gladden the declining year, when departing summer lingers with its warmest smile upon the lap of autumn. The Fish Hawk screamed from the dry branches of some stately tree, and smoothed his feathers, or plunged in the water for his prey. The stream glided on calmly through green recesses, overshadowed by majestic pines, as if pausing to enjoy the cool shade. There was scarcely a sound, except the voluptuous humming of the bees, plundering from the flowers that bent over the clear expanse, their sweets. The Squirrel, that merry little Aristocrat, sat up and gnawed his nut shell with a most princely air, and looked down upon the small birds, fluttering and pecking beneath, with supreme contempt, till tired with his feast, he bounded away and frolicked among the branches with light hearted joy. The Bittern crept along the sands, and the Wild Ducks swam down in fleets, till, frightened by the dashing of our oars, they took flight with loud but not unmusical cries. Sometimes the stream gushed through narrow passes where the eternal hills closed down on either hand upon its path, and then there were the broken murmurs of the rapids. The forests stained by the early frosts, had put on their robes of many colors. Rich dyes were on the leaves, crimson and yellow, purple and gold: The Maples dressed in deep red, looked like warriors sprinkled with blood; and as the drapery, so peculiar to our seasons and climate, spread along the hills, it appeared like a Persian carpet let down from the summits and floating along the sides.

Reserving a general description of the Mountains and a narra-

tion of the interesting facts gathered from the observations of others or the results of personal experience, to be placed, as important matters commonly are, in a Postscript, we would now invite the reader to join our little party and clamber with us over the rocks.

Leaving, with regret, the smooth and level road along the intervale of the Androscoggin, we turned westward into the forest, and pursued our journey through highways hollowed out from the woods, and carried over the little streams and meadows on most uncomfortable structures, formed by placing the trunks of trees parallel with each other, and very happily named "gridiron bridges," from their close resemblance to the separated bars and rough surface of that instrument, till we arrived at a cottage built of squared and jointed logs. The interstices between the timbers were closely filled with moss, so as to shut out wind and rain, and the building, wainscotted on the interior with broad strips of Hemlock bark, had an air of great neatness and substantial usefulness. In the front, uprose the majestic height; the sides clothed with the deep green covering of Firs and Pines, except where dark furrows marked the path of the headlong torrents, fed from the snows above: and the bare summit, grey and bald with age.

Having procured an addition to our party, not in the capacity of a guide, but of a baggage waggon, to transport our moveables, we set forward. The inventory of our goods and chattels was not swelled with the list of philosophical instruments, the incumbrances of learned travellers. It was the noon of a sultry June day, and we succeeded in ascertaining, with tolerable accuracy, that it was hot, without the aid of a thermometer; we were equally fortunate, after a few hours toil, in the discovery that we were climbing up-hill, without the assistance of a barometer. Having no felonious design upon the stones, and little acquaintance with the profound science of minerals, so abounding with barbarous names, that the uninitiated are compelled to wonder, that words so stupendous should ever have been invented, and admire even more, that they can be recollected, we were not even provided with a hammer. Not intending to enter into any speculations on heights or distances, we had not brought in memory, sines, or angles, or tangents, figures which it is a wo to see, and a misery to hear named.

An easy walk of about two miles through a field of stately Ma-

ples, brought us to the foot of the mountain, on the northeast of the range, and we began to ascend along the banks of a stream which conveys its tribute to the Androscoggin. Beneath the Pines and Firs, the earth was covered with a thick and luxuriant growth of bushes, peculiar to the woods of Northern regions.—As we advanced, the way, if so it may be said, where way there was none, became more difficult. Fallen and decaying trunks, prostrated by the storms, obstructed the passage. Sometimes rocks were piled upon rocks, presenting abrupt precipices along which we rose, resting on some feeble foothold, and leaping from one moss grown crag to another, with great labor and some little peril. Had a branch broken, a root drawn from its slender fastening, or a stone overturned, the reader might have been amused with the pleasant addition of a catalogue of broken bones. The hosts of vexatious insects who find shelter among the evergreens, swarmed round us in such multitudes that it seemed as if intelligence must have been communicated by telegraphic dispatches of our arrival, to collect such legions in so short a space. The Musquito sounded his shrill horn, the little Gnat answered the signal with his trumpet, and the Black Flies joining their forces, they all commenced a most active attack upon our veins, continuing operations without mercy. They fixed their stings in every point of surface exposed without covering; where the protecting dress was thin, they settled and drank with great satisfaction of the blood below; where it was loose, they used no ceremony in procuring their repast. If fatigue forced us to yawn, they very freely entered our mouths, and with great impertinence intruded themselves along with the prospects, into our eyes. The Crocodile, notorious all over the world for his hypocrisy, is said to feign sleep, and spread open his enormous jaws, to secure a repast upon the prey collected in this manner: if the feast were not more agreeable to him, than it proved to us, he would not easily be persuaded to try the same trick a second time. Not a breath of air stirred among the leaves. The dense foliage shut out the views above, below, and around.

Six hours of severe labor had brought us about five miles upon our way, when the shades of evening came silently and calmly upon the forest. Upon the margin of a rivulet we found a suitable place for repose and there we kindled our fire to prepare our simple meal, to fright away the wild beasts, and to stifle with its smoke the legions of tormentors. Our tent was of easy construc-

tion. Clearing a little spot before the blaze, two forked sticks were erected, supporting a pole laid across horizontally; rafters rested on this beam, sloping towards the ground after the most approved architectural rules for the inclination of roofs. A thatch of Hemlock branches covered these timbers, and the same material inclosed the sides. Small twigs of the Fir tree, spread under this shelter, made a fragrant and pleasant bed. The preparations for supper were of no trifling importance to those who had gained a keen appetite from severe exercise. Hunger wonderfully quickens invention, and we were soon supplied with a culinary apparatus, which Count Rumford might have envied for its simplicity and perfection. With a split stick for spit, strips of Birch bark for plates, fingers and teeth for knives and forks, and a mountain relish for food, we contrived to make a sumptuous repast of our roasted pork, and sweetened the princely feast with pure water from the spring, by way of desert. These preliminaries being satisfactorily adjusted, we stretched ourselves on the perfumed couches so easily prepared, and diligently invited sleep. Our winged enemies had no intention of concluding an armistice, or of ceasing hostilities, to permit the enjoyment of such refreshment; the only intervals of slumber were, when the thick smoke of the huge fire, blazing in front, fell upon the house and obliged these busy antagonists to decamp. Once, the impatience under their incessant provocation, had nearly produced serious inconvenience. In a moment of great indignation, I seized on one of the main pillars of the building, with a degree of strength, compared with the frail structure, even as that of him of old, who moved the columns of the temple to and fro till they fell and crushed the flower of the Philistines, their best and noblest, on the day of their solemn festival: the results were almost similar: we were half buried beneath the ruins drawn down on the buzzing disturbers of the peace.

With the first light of returning day we struck our tent, and took up the line of march, to finish the remaining four miles.—The trees became more dwarfish and diminutive in stature, and the carpet of moss thicker and deeper. At length we emerged from among the taller plants and entered a zone of different character where the stunted Pines, short Spruces, and low Firs, were matted and twisted together. These natives of the highlands, perhaps planted in the solitude in the days of Adam, have scarcely reached a height equal to that of the degenerate descendants from

the Father of the Human Race. The trunks are stout and firmly rooted, shooting out strong horizontal branches, closely interwoven, and forming an almost impenetrable barrier. At about the distance of a mile from the summit, the thicket terminated, and a barren region commenced, covered with moss to the depth of a foot, and without trees. Rocks were piled together, in separate fragments of all varieties of shape and size, yet so firmly wedged and fixed as to afford a firm and solid foot-hold for the tread of the passer.—The ascent was made toilsome by the steep declivity, and vexatious from the structure of the sterile waste. One peak, standing directly before other and higher elevations, intercepted the view from below, and seemed the termination of what had become a very weary journey for pleasure; but after clambering up the rocky side, another steep presented itself rising beyond, raising the same hope that it was the last, to end in the same disappointment. At length we did reach the last, and stood on one of the highest summits of the most elevated land in North America.

An account of the sublime scenery, as well as of the descent from the mountain height, may *perhaps* occupy a small space in some future number.

SELECTED FROM THE ESCULAPIAN REGISTER.

TORTURE OF DAMIENS.

Robert Francis Damiens, we are informed from history, in the year 1757, made an attempt to assassinate the King of France. Without entering into details of what led him to the commission of this crime, we shall merely state the sufferings he was made to undergo. Whoever wishes a detail of the affair, will find it in a work of 4 vols. printed in Paris in the same year. An Epitome of which may be found in the Monthly Review, vol. 17th, p. 57, from which our extracts are taken.

The prisoner was accordingly, January 17, 1757, removed, under a strong guard, from Versailles to the *Conciergerie*, where he arrived at two o'clock in the morning of the 17th.

The interesting charge of keeping this prisoner safe for judgment, made every possible human precaution to be taken against his escape, by strengthening the prison, by posting sentinels, guards, &c. who patrolled constantly the night round. On the inside of the *Conciergerie*, there were sentinels placed from the entry to the court in which stands the tower of Montgomery. At

the bottom of this tower was placed a small corps-de-guard of twelve soldiers, who served to relieve the sentinels within. All along the stairs of the said tower, there were also posted sentinels at proper distances. In the first story was the room in which Damiens was confined. This room is round, and may be about twelve feet broad, every way; receiving no light but through two casements, or false windows, from eight to nine inches in breadth, by three feet in height. These openings are secured with double bars, and defended from the weather only by moveable frames with oil-paper. There was in this room neither chimney nor fire, but it was sufficiently warmed by a stove placed in the guard-room beneath it, and by the candles continually burning in the room. At first, they used tallow candles, but afterwards, by the advice of the physicians, for the preserving of the wholesomeness of the air, they burnt none but wax.

The bed of the prisoner was disposed as follows: the head of the bed fronted the door exactly, at the distance of three feet from the wall. The bed was placed on a bed-stead about six inches from the ground, and mattresses round, so as to project six inches beyond the bed-stead. The bed's head was in the whole breadth raised three feet above the bolster, and was likewise mattressed; being so contrived with springs, to raise or lower, according as the convenience of the prisoner should require it. In this bed he was fastened by an assemblage of strong leather straps, two inches and a half broad. These straps kept his shoulders confined, and were, on each side of the bed, made fast to two rings stapled to the floor. Two other straps formed a ligature for each of his arms, and were connected by another placed on the breast bone; and these two branches formed a sort of hand-cuff, that left the hand and arm no liberty, but as directed to the mouth. These straps were likewise tied at their ends, to two rings secured as the first. Two straps of the same form also confined his thighs, and were tied in like manner; so that from each side of the bed came three bunches of straps. Besides these, that which was placed on the breast, descending to the feet, formed a sort of surcingle, and was tied at the foot of the bed to a ring in the middle of the floor: the strap too over his shoulders, was fastened in like manner over the bed's head, to a ring stapled in the floor like the rest. Under the arms and hands of the prisoner was spread a large carpet of hide, that he might not contract any inflammatory heat, or excoriation.

Monday, March 28. At seven o'clock in the morning, the criminal was carried up to the torture room. From that moment he ceased to be under custody of the French guards, and according to custom, it was the Lieutenant of the Short-robe of the Chatelet who had charge of him.

The Recorder read the sentence to the criminal, who heard it through with attention and intrepidity, and, on raising himself, said, "that the day would be a sharp one."

A little before eight o'clock, six of the Commissaries being assembled in the torture room, the criminal was placed on the stool, and underwent his last interrogatory, which lasted near an hour and an half: Damiens all the time preserving his usual firmness. That over, the executioners of justice began to put the legs of the criminal into the boot, and the ropes were tightened with more vigor than had ever been practised; and perhaps this is the most exquisitely painful moment of the whole process of that torture. Damiens began to send forth the most piercing cries, and seemed even to faint away; but the physicians and surgeons, who are always present at the torture, on examination, knew that the swooning was not real. Damiens asked to drink; they gave him water, but he insisted on having some wine in it, "now or never strength is necessary." It was not till half an hour afterwards that the first wedge was applied. They had let this interval elapse, in order to have the numbness got over, which, commonly follows the violent compression of the ligature, and that the sensibility might be at its height; and indeed, at the application of the first wedge, Damiens made dreadful outcries, but without passion, or any indecent word. During the time, the First President renewed his interrogatories, and principally with respect to accomplices; and having asked who induced him to commit the crime, he cried out "It is Gautier." (This was the first moment of his ever mentioning him.) Being asked who Gautier was, he told; as also where he lived; and charged him with having used very criminal expressions, in presence of Mons. le Maitre de Ferrieres, whose affairs this man managed, and lodged at his house. Upon this declaration, the Commissaries gave orders to the Lieutenant of the Short-robe to bring away directly before them, in that room, the said De Ferrieres and Gautier. Whilst they were gone for, the torture continued, with intervals of a quarter of an hour between the driving of each wedge, at every one of which Damiens renewed his shrieks and outcries. The most home and pressing interrogations

imaginable were all the while put to him; and after having remained two hours and a half under the torture, the physician and surgeon advised not to keep him longer in it, as it could not be done without danger of his life. Consequently he was untied and placed upon the mattress, where having heard the verbal process, and his answers, he persisted therein.

The Commissaries seeing there was nothing more to be expected from the criminal's declarations, ordered him to be led back to the Greve. He waited there some considerable time, because the executioner had not been careful enough to have every thing ready; for which he was afterwards punished by commitment for several days to the dungeon.

When Damiens was stripped, it was observed, that he surveyed and considered all his body and limbs with attention, and that he looked round with firmness on the vast concourse of spectators.

Towards five o'clock, he was placed on the scaffold which had been erected in the middle of the inclosed area, and was raised about three feet and a half from the ground; the length from eight to nine feet, and about the same breadth. The criminal was instantly tied, and afterwards fastened by iron gives which confined him under the arms and above the thighs. The first torment he underwent, was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone: the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off. A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked for some time earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breaking out into any imprecation. To this first torment succeeded that of pinching him with red hot pinchers, in the arms, thighs and breasts. At each pinch he was heard to shriek in the same manner, as when his hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased as soon as the pinching was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and rosin, into every wound, excepting those of the breast, which produced, in all those circumstances, the same effect as the two first tortures. The tenor of his articulated exclamations, at times, was as follows: "Strengthen me, Lord God; strengthen me!—Lord God, have pity on me!—O Lord, my God, what do I not suffer?—Lord God, give me patience!"

At length they proceeded to the ligatures of his arms, legs and thighs, in order to dismember him. This operation was very long and painful, the cords, straightly tied, bearing grievously upon the

fresh wounds. This drew new cries from the sufferer; but did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity.

The horses having been put to the draught, the pulls were repeated a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer: the extension of whose members was incredible, and yet no signs of dismemberment taking place.

In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and, perhaps, too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now lasted more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending.—The physician and surgeon certified to the commissaries, that it was almost impossible to accomplish the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinews, which might, indeed, suffer a length of extension, but not be separated without amputation. Upon this attestation the commissaries sent an order to the executioner, to make such amputation, with regard especially to the night coming on, as it seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day.

In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Damiens still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge after both thighs, and one arm were thus severed from his body; nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired.

As soon as it was certain, that there was no life, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

SELECTED FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ATTACK ON ST. SEBASTIANS, DURING THE WAR OF THE PENINSULA.

So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made, as soldiers make their wills before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were as usual, under arms—and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c. behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and their forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward, as soon as the tide should appear

sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st, or royal regiment of foot; that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; while several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at day break on the 30th of August, and these orders, all who heard them, cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st, rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, while lowering and sulphurous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle besides, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though it was enough to divert our attention.

The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half past ten o'clock. The tide which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by day light since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something, not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time

be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, prying with deep attention into new arrangements.

Nor were our officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches—a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps had produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words except in monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change color, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of this employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave the column moved forward. In one instant the leading file had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy had reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch that in the space of two minutes, the river was liter-

ally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without distinction, the advanced divisions pressed on.

The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was however, too late to pause; besides, men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindered one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannons and the rattle of musketry; our front-ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach; where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood on a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lower breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as never perhaps had been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach.

Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gun powder, placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *elite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and as grand as the imagination can conceive—the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have evey heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

The state of stupefaction into which they were thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprung over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.

To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased.

HISTORICAL.

ORIGINAL.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

More than two hundred years have passed away, since the Pilgrim Fathers of New England landed upon the inhospitable coast of the land then so rude. It has changed since that time in a manner most strange and wondrous. Do we not see that even a few short months, alters the features of those best known to us, so that brother can scarcely recognize brother? Much more have two centuries varied the countenance of a whole country. Little do those think, who now look out on the green plains, blooming under the hand of cultivation, of the unremitted toils and suffering working so much beauty. The first adventurers came to our shore in the sunny season of spring, and moored their ships by some still island, where the gentle voice of the evening wind came from the glossy evergreens, and the flowers looked lovely in their solitary bowers. On their return, they told to those who had watched for them with earnest expectation, of the fair clime they had found away in the West; and in their narratives, it seemed like those fabled gardens of the ocean, where the winds sighed over opening buds, or roved through the groves of the Olive and the Orange, and awoke the pleasant melody of their branches. All who explored our infant territory were not influenced by the stern resolution of religious devotion. Those who were restless or unhappy in their own land, those on whom disappointment or sorrow had been heavy, believed that they could enjoy an earthly paradise beyond the sea. The adventurers came, expecting to gather treasures of gold and silver from the mountains, which, they believed, glittered with gems in the golden region they had painted to themselves. The narrative that should exhibit the crushing of their hopes and the blasting of their expectations, would be more curious and interesting than any other record History has preserved. When they arrived, instead of fields waving with grain, there were regions covered with ancient forests, stretching on and on, as far as the eye could reach, and mixing with the blue horizon.—The streams sparkled with the lustre of clear waters, but they did not roll over yellow sands. The giant hills, circled with mists, stood like crowned kings, but they wore no jewels on their diadems. The aged woods must be given to the flames and their ash-

es to the soil, before the harvests would spring up. Stout sinews and strong arms were required to carry on the warfare of industry with the pines. Instead of the soft and luxurious clime of pure air and balmy breezes, there was the wild revelry of the tempest, the out spread snow-wreath, and the sweeping of the winter blasts. Instead of the undisturbed calm of peace, there was a deadly contest to be waged; the war cry rose on the still watches of night, and the hatchet was made red with blood. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that the spirits of some sunk within them, and they died of broken hearts; and that those who remained became stern, unsparing, and merciless.

There are many sublime recollections connected with the fate of those unfortunate nations who once spread over this continent from the shores of one ocean to the margin of the other. It is our intention, from time to time, to gather from the narratives of historians some of the most perilous and interesting scenes of the conflicts between the aboriginal and emigrant inhabitants of our country, and to revive the remembrance of the actions of that people, who will soon exist only in the perishing legends of tradition or the frail memorials of history.

Before the Europeans came, the condition of the natives was peaceful and happy; they possessed the vast territories now occupied by the encroaching white men; theirs were the deer upon a thousand hills; no grass grew in their war path, for their numbers were as the leaves of the forest. They wandered free among their native woods, or rested beneath the shade in the indolence they loved so well. The ships approached their shores, and from that hour the star of the red men grew dim, until it has almost gone out in darkness. They had, at first, hailed the strangers as beings of a superior nature, and reverenced them as gods come to dwell with mortals; but they soon discovered, that if they were of higher power, they possessed all the unholy passions of infernal deities. The intercourse was at first friendly. The white men asked for a little land to plant their corn; it was given to them; then they asked for more; at length the generosity of the owners was exhausted; and next a system of purchase was adopted, by which the sagacious foreigners took from the simple children of the forest, whole townships for the consideration of a string of beads, counties for a knife, and states for a blanket; finally, when they were strong enough to substitute might for right, the invaders seized on whatever they wanted and drove far away the original pro-

prietors of the soil. Cultivation advanced, levelling the forest and expelling the game. The Indians became aware of their danger when too late to remedy the evils brought on them. The little band they had cherished and protected in its infant weakness, had arrived to its strength and become the oppressor. The spirit of hostility sprung up; injury was revenged by injury; contest followed contest; the wigwam was plundered and the house was burnt; the grey hairs of the aged and the dark tresses of the young maiden hung in the cabin of the savage; the heads of the chieftain or his followers were bought by the government; the native was hunted as the wild beast; and the settler slaughtered like the deer. A firm and efficient union could not be established among the roving nations, mutually jealous. The well concerted plans of the most wily of the warriors were feebly executed, and instead of producing powerful confederacies, brought forth inefficient conspiracies. Some keen sighted Sachems attempted to stem the tide of destruction, but the wave grew big, and rolled on, sweeping away the prince and his people. The discipline of the soldier, the common danger and the common interest, bound the colonists, contentious as they were, to a strict union: the Indians fought in dissevered bands and fell successively beneath the exterminating arm of the conqueror. The effects of peace, always improved to obtain extended territorial limits, where the plough razed the monuments of their ancestors, and the axe prostrated the haunts of the deer, were more dreaded and avoided by the natives than the disasters of war. Driven to desperation by continual encroachments, stimulated by their own fierce tempers, by love of plunder, by religious feelings and political motives, they sought hostilities and cherished the fire of vengeance, as sacredly as the priests of the sun preserve the holy flame kindled by his rays. The sepulchres of their fathers had been disturbed, and the departed had come back from the spirit's land to implore revenge, at the hands of the children. They were seen in dreams; their mournful voices wandered by in the silence of night and mingled their complainings with the sighing of the winds. The rocks, the rude altars, where they offered the sacrifices of their simple rites, flowers, and fruits, and furs, had been violated, and the offended deities set blazing bows in the heavens and shot fiery arrows on the clouds, as signs that the insults must be expiated with the blood of the strangers. Column after column was shaken from the council house. Life and possessions were taken away, and the Indians knew they

must perish. A hatred which nothing could appease sprung up in their hearts.

During the early periods of our history, the French and English were contending for the territory of which others were the rightful sovereigns. Though unskilled in the mazes of European politics, the Eastern tribes were cunning enough to perceive, that they might be gainers by remaining spectators of the contest and permitting the destruction of both. This neutrality they were unable to preserve. The near neighborhood of the English furnished occasion for frequent collisions and disputes, and the missionary agents of the Monarch of France, by artful promises and liberal presents fixed them to their cause, and made them as devoted allies of their own sovereign, as bitter and merciless foes of the subjects of his enemy.

Such were the excitements, and such the temper of the red people. Their warfare, opened the sluices of a stream of blood that long continued to purple the land, and worked wo and misery for the hapless emigrants of New England. The destroyers were lurking around them in the vast forests, and no signal preceded the blow. The sudden incursion burst upon the settlements. The hoary head of the venerable father was dabbled in his own gore: the tresses of the maiden were blood stained; and the slumbers of the cradle were often exchanged for the dreamless sleep of eternity. The husbandman went out to cultivate his fields, armed as if for battle; and when he laid down to rest, the sword and musket were companions of his pillow.

The times of danger have passed. The spoiler and the suffering have perished. The song of the red hunter's festivity is hushed: the council fire has been quenched in the blood of those who stood around its blaze: the smoke no longer curls up from the wigwam: the people have gone and left no abiding monument behind. Even their burial places are unmarked by a stone. The narrow bed of the chief is made in the solitude. The wild wind he loved to hear, awakes the melody of the Pines above his resting place. The stream gushes by the green hillock and soothes his slumbers with its murmurs.

"The king hath gone to his lonely grave,
"He slumbers in dark decay;
"And like the crest of the tossing wave,
"Like the wail of the blast from the mountain cave,
"Like the groan of the murdered with none to save,
"His people have passed away." L.

LOVELL'S FIGHT.

The desperate conflict between the little party under the command of Lovell and the savages of the Pequawket tribe, has been celebrated in song and story. Its incidents have been commemorated in traditionary recitals; they have been the subjects of the nursery tale of the young and the discourse of the aged, along the frontier where the battle gave quiet and safety; ballads are still preserved, composed with great fidelity to truth and disregard of poetic elegance; and the pens of grave and learned writers have been engaged in perpetuating these interesting recollections.

On the pages of history, where are written the sanguinary struggles of the first settlers of our land and the hunters of the wilderness, there is no other record of a fight so marked by high and heroic efforts of valor, or so important in its consequences. The numbers engaged were few; but in the infancy of our country, the defeat of an hundred, was as fatal to the red men as the slaughter of thousands on the blood-stained field of Waterloo to the conqueror of Europe. The power of a nation was broken; and discouraged and disheartened, the survivors deserted their ancient possessions and perished from the earth.

The numerous printed accounts are gathered to the collections of antiquarians to sleep in oblivion, or have passed away with the fleeting memory of the periodical publications where they have been embodied. The recent celebration of the centennial anniversary of this fight has excited curiosity, and may render a compilation from the well authenticated narratives at this time not wholly uninteresting.

Captain John Lovell (or Lovewell as his name was formerly written) a native of Dunstable in New Hampshire, was much distinguished as a successful leader in the bold excursions against the common enemy. On one occasion, with a company of thirty, he surprised an Indian wigwam, and acccording to the sanguinary practices of the times, its inmates received no mercy at the hands of their conquerors. A feeble old man was killed and his scalp taken, as a draught on the treasury of the Colonies for the bounty of one hundred pounds each, offered for these trophies of exterminating warfare: a boy was made captive and afterwards sold to slavery. A second expedition in February 1724, was still more lucrative and fortunate. Marching northward, at the season when the leafless forests no longer afforded concealment to the savages,

nor the frozen swamps to shelter from pursuit, they arrived at sunset near an encampment, marked by a broad column of smoke, curling up among the tall trees of the forest. The party waited silently until midnight, and then cautiously advancing, discovered a band of ten Indians sleeping in perfect security around their huge fire. The first shot, discharged by Lovell himself, was fatal to two: five more rested in death when a detachment of the party gave their volley: the remaining three sprang from the earth dripping with blood from their wounds; two instantly fell under the fire of the reserve; the last, escaping the bullets showered round, fled across a small pond, but was seized by a dog and held, until overtaken and killed by his pursuers. The company returned in triumph, with the scalps stretched on hoops, and received one thousand pounds at Boston, as the price of their game.

The third expedition terminated the military career and the life of the unfortunate Lovell. The Pequawket tribe had placed their wigwams on the broad meadows where the beautiful stream of the Saco wanders about, describing a path like that of a child following a butterfly in all his sportive circlings. Their chieftain Paugus, a man of great bodily powers and fierce courage, was considered as the very incarnation of the Spirit of Evil. His visitations to the settlements were marked by the blaze of cottages and the murder of the father and his family. Such were his achievments that his name became a spell of terror, and the sudden and unexpected inroads of his followers, were the scourge of the frontier. In the month of April, 1725, Lovell with a company of forty six men, collected from the place of his nativity and the adjacent towns, commenced their march through the wilderness towards the residence of this formidable warrior. Two soldiers becoming unable to proceed on the toilsome journey, returned to their homes. They reached the borders of Ossapee Lake, when another of the adventurers fell sick. There they erected a rude fort, to protect the invalid, and to afford refuge to themselves if driven back by misfortune. Eight of the company, with the surgeon were left to garrison the post. The little band, thus reduced to thirty four, boldly continued their march northward till the eighth of the month of May according to the old computation of time, the nineteenth of the reformed calendar. While engaged in prayer on the morning of that eventful day, their devotional exercises were disturbed by the near report of a musket, echoing

through the forest, and a single Indian was seen, on a point of land projecting into the pond. They had been apprised of the neighborhood of the foe by noises heard at a distance during the preceding night and a consultation was held on the course to be adopted. The approach of danger could not intimidate those of bold hearts and firm minds; they had come out to fight and with one consent they made their preparations for battle. Laying aside their heavy packs, they advanced towards the savage. Hutchinson, the learned and intelligent historian of Massachusetts, has erroneously supposed, that he had posted himself in a situation so exposed, to decoy the approaching foes to a spot where their retreat might be cut off and their destruction made more sure: and that, with Roman magnanimity, he devoted himself to death. It has since been made certain that he was in pursuit of game and unconscious of the peril. He received the fire of the party, but before he fell, returned the shot, with so true aim and deadly effect, that the Captain and another soldier were severely wounded. Ensign Wyman again fired, and the scalp was secured by the Chaplain, as the first trophy of the encounter. Finding no further object of alarm, the band commenced their return to the spot where their packs had been deposited. The course pursued by Lovell had crossed the path of the red men, who had seized on the baggage and planted an ambuscade, concealing themselves among the brakes and behind the pitch-pine trees of the plain. When the Captain approached, the savages under Paugus and Wahwa rose around with exulting yells and poured their death shots upon the devoted band. The battle continued here with great fury for a short space. The Indians, in number amounting to about 80, were driven back and repeatedly repulsed with great loss by the discipline of the soldiers, but again collected and returned to the attack. Lovell and eight more were slain: three were wounded. The superior numbers of the Indians enabled them to surround the party. Perceiving the attempt, they broke through the opposing files, retreated in good order to the pond and there gallantly maintained themselves. A sandy beach now spreads out on the margin of the little lake, covered with aged trees, bounded on one side by a meadow and terminated by an inconsiderable brook, when swelled by the waters poured in the spring time from the hills, spreading beyond its usual banks, and forming a narrow peninsula. Here the heroic survivors retired: protected by the natural defences of the position, and sheltered by the Pines, still bearing the

scars of the combat, with the savages on their front and flank, and the waters on their right and rear, they continued the work of death through the day.

The command had devolved on Ensign Wyman, after Lovell fell at the commencement of the engagement; and this officer discharged his duty with undaunted resolution. Imagination can form no picture of a condition more forlorn and hopeless than that of his small company. Hemmed in by an overwhelming force; at a distance from all friends precluding the possibility of succor or relief; without food or refreshment; for their provisions had been captured in the morning; yet they fought with desperation. The savages held up ropes and invited a surrender by the signs which told too plainly the luxuries of captivity. The proposal was answered by shots, sending to their last sleep, those who appeared in sight to offer such terms of capitulation.

Romantic incidents occurred to diversify the appalling scenes of carnage and slaughter. A sergeant named Fullam, and an Indian distinguished by his dress and activity, singled out each the other, and both fell, mutually slain by their antagonist's weapon. Chamberlain, a private, and Paugus, the Sachem, went down to the water's brink to wash their pieces, too foul from frequent firing for further service. They were so near as to exchange words of defiance, and proceeded in their operations with corresponding motions. Chamberlain anticipated his foe by a second only. The gun of the former, priming itself from the barrel, gave him an opportunity to bring it down more quickly to a fatal aim. Other accounts say that the ball of Paugus, lodging in its descent, forced him to draw his ramrod. The bullet of his opponent took effect, while the shot of the chieftain passed over its mark. It is stated on traditionary authority, that Paugus, observing his enemy omit the motion of priming, called out to warn him of the error; either influenced by a high magnanimity, or in the exultation of expected advantage, at a time when neglect could not be retrieved. The firelock, so fatal to the warrior, is preserved in the interesting collection connected with the Fryeburg Academy.

During the fight, the Indians raised frightful noises, imitating the voices of wild beasts and endeavoring to intimidate the English and keep up their own spirits. The hideous sounds were answered by loud huzzas. Once they retired from the margin of the pond to the spot where the battle commenced, and began, as is supposed, to elect a new chief and to invoke their War God

with loud yells and strange ceremonies. Ensign Wyman, cautiously advancing, shot the principal performer and thus closed their mysterious rites.

The struggle for life on the one side and victory on the other, continued from ten o'clock of the morning until sunset. When the shadows of night closed, the Indians, discouraged by the stern resistance, by the loss of their leader and of three-fourths of their warriors, retired with furious and discordant howls, leaving the survivors of the white men masters of the spot deeply wet with blood. The mustering of the party was a fearful scene. Of the thirty four who had raised their voices in prayer at the dawn, nine only could return their evening thanksgivings that they were preserved unhurt through the tremendous perils. Nine were gone to their last account; four were groaning with the agony of mortal wounds; and many less severely suffering from their injuries; one only had been of feeble heart and fled. When the moon rose the remnant commenced their march, abandoning those who were unable to journey. Lieutenant Robbins, too much disabled to accompany the retreating party, asked that a loaded musket might be left with him, that he might kill one more Indian before he died: the report resounding through the forest, told to his comrades on the next day, that his sanguinary purpose had probably been accomplished. One of the men engaged in the fight, in after times stated, that two guns were loaded and placed by Robbins, and added that he heard three discharges in the direction of the pond, while pursuing his march the next morning. It is also asserted that the Indians, after the peace, confessed, that two of their number were killed and a third wounded, by the shots of the dying soldier before he was slain.

At midnight the survivors left the battle field, without interruption or pursuit by the routed foes. Lieut. Farwell, Chaplain Frye, Davis, and Jones, were supported by their comrades. After proceeding about a mile and a half they found themselves too much exhausted to go onward. They were, with their own consent deserted, and the others kept on their march, hoping to reach the fort and thence return to relieve the sufferers.

Jonathan Frye, of Andover, completed his collegiate education at Harvard University in 1723. Though mortally wounded in the afternoon, he continued his exertions until he fell, and then was heard in earnest prayer imploring the blessing of heaven for the preservation and success of those engaged in the dreadful encoun-

ter. His amiable manners and superior gifts had ensured the esteem and commanded the respect of all: and it was with bitter regret he was abandoned. He died alone in the wilderness, and a journal of the expedition, perished with the unfortunate youth who had recorded the incidents. His body was never found. The eagle and the wolf probably gorged themselves on the relics of one, with affections so generous, and a gallantry so devoted. He served in the capacity of Chaplain. Before he set forth on his last earthly march, he had been attached to a young lady, and romantic stories are told of his early love. An Elm, planted by his hand in his native town, and overshadowing his paternal mansion, was once rescued from the axe by Mr. Knapp, of Boston.

Lieutenant Farwell went on a short distance from the spot where Frye laid down to die, and was then left by Davis.

Eleazer Davis, and Josiah Jones, after a journey of excessive hardships, enduring the agony of wounds relieved by no surgical assistance, and the torments of hunger, came to the dwellings of their friends.

The escape of a private, named Kies, was most remarkable. Having received three wounds, fainting from extreme fatigue and loss of blood, and unable to sustain himself longer, he crawled to the brink of the pond. A canoe was providentially floating near. With the miserable hope of saving his remains, when life should have departed, from mutilation, he rolled into the frail vessel. Without sail or oar, he was drifted by the current and wafted by the winds beyond danger. Recovering from insensibility and feeling reviving strength, he travelled slowly on; and at length reached his home.

The main party, divided into three companies. One of these little bands was followed by the Indians; but weak and disabled as they were, they contrived to elude the pursuit: on arriving at the fort they found it abandoned. The single coward deserter, whose name has been considered too infamous to be associated with the brave, and is passed over with silent contempt by every historian, fled at the commencement of the engagement and reported the death of Lovell and the destruction of his force. The garrison, though amounting to ten, immediately forsook their post. Leaving the rude fort, they continued their course and arrived to the settlement in scattered bands. After an interval of some days, Col. Tyng of Massachusetts, went out to pay the last honors to the dead. He found the bodies of the following on the place of action:

Captain John Lovell, Lieutenant Jonathan Robbins, Ensign Jonathan Woods, Ensign John Harwood, Robert Usher, Jacob Farrar, Jacob Fullam, Josiah Davis, Thomas Woods, Daniel Woods, John Jefts, Jonathan Kittridge, Ichabod Johnson. Their graves were made beneath the Pines where they fell, and their names inscribed on the trunks Lieutenant Farwell, Mr. Frye and Elias Barron perished on their attempted return. The destruction among the Indian warriors was great. It is said only twenty were unhurt. Beneath a mound was laid the huge form of the Sachem Paugus and the slain warriors.

The names of all who fought on the memorable 8th of May, 1725, are given below.

Capt. John Lovell, Lieut. Josiah Farwell, Lieut. Jonathan Robbins, Ens'n. John Harwood, Serg't. Noah Johnson, Robert Usher, Samuel Whiting, of Dunstable—Ens'n. Seth Wyman, Corp. Thomas Richardson, Timothy Richardson, Ichabod Johnson, Josiah Johnson, of Woburn—Eleazer Davis, Josiah Davis, Josiah Jones, David Melvin, Eleazer Melvin, Jacob Farrar, Joseph Farrar, of Concord—Chaplain Jonathan Frye, of Andover—Serg't. Jacob Fullam, of Weston—Corp. Edward Lingfield, of Nutfield—Jonathan Kittridge, Solomon Kies, of Billerica—John Jefts, Daniel Woods, Thomas Woods, John Chamberlain, Elias Barron, Isaac Lakin, Joseph Gilson, of Groton—Ebenezer Ayer, Abiel Asten, of Haverhill.

The scene of this sanguinary encounter is in the township of Fryeburg, in the western part of Maine. The Lake is about the distance of a mile from the beautiful village, and is the resort of curious visitors. An hundred years have now gone by, and no enduring monument has been reared by the gratitude of posterity to perpetuate the memory of the spot, and identify the locality of the combat. The names carved upon the bark, have been obliterated: the scars of the bullets have become suspicious; the trees themselves have yielded to the storms; the memories of men grow indistinct as the mists of age come over them—and no marks will remain to distinguish the graves of the slain, who fell in the desperate fray, and to warn us that we do not profane with our footsteps the earth of their lowly beds.

In our own vicinity it has often been inquired "who was Lovell?" or "what were his actions worthy of celebration?" To answer these questions we have ventured on a narrative, which has before employed the pens of more able writers, and better instructed historians.

L.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ORIGINAL.

THE DIVINING ROD.

The art of discovering streams of water or veins of minerals beneath the surface of the earth by the mysterious properties of the hazel wand, has been generally considered as resting on no better foundations than the credulity of the ignorant, or the delusions of the cunning. There have been periods, when an undoubting faith has prevailed in its singular processes, and when they have been extensively employed for determining the position of the subterraneous spring, or the hidden mine. Believers have not been confined to that class, interested in promoting deception, or those who could make gain to themselves by practising on the simplicity of others. Men of reputation and character, whose intelligence would prevent a deception upon their own minds, and whose known honesty forbids the suspicion of any attempt to lead others into error, have used the art with success. A clergyman of our own neighborhood, of acknowledged uprightness and strict morality, but lately gathered to the sleep of his fathers at a venerable old age, is an example. The fact that some have possessed the power of employing the Divining Rod with advantage is supported by a mass of strong testimony. The principles upon which its operation depends have not been fully ascertained and developed. Sometimes, from unexplained causes, it has been capricious, and perversely remained stationary when it should have pointed downward. Often it has been, in the hands of the Money Digger, an instrument for draining gold from the purses of the infatuated schemers, who expected, by the help of the conjurer, to shovel treasures out from the earth, and aided by his magical ceremonies to riot in easily acquired affluence. Hence have arisen doubts. The abuse of what is good in itself affords no argument against its value. Nor are failures, even numerous and frequent, conclusive against the existence of any art. There is a degree of uncertainty hovering over all the sciences: and the defeat of experiments is more justly to be attributed to want of skill or of knowledge, than to any variations in the laws of nature. It has not been settled by philosophers, if the destructive effects of lightning are always produced by the descent of the fluid from the cloud, or sometimes by rushing upward from the ground—the metallic rods have not been always an effectual security to buildings defended in the most approved manner;

and it has been even doubted whether the point does not bring increased danger and hazard, instead of preserving the structure.—Yet who doubts the security generally afforded by the electric rod? And wherefore should we question the existence of a power of Water Divination, because it is not always certain?

The art is not of recent origin; neither is it peculiar to our country. It had its birth in Germany, equally the land of wild and fanciful superstitions, as of solid science and profound learning. It then emigrated into the other countries of Europe, and was sometimes absurdly employed for determining the innocence or guilt of persons accused of crimes. In France, it was cultivated, and frequent trials of its power were made. Having attracted the attention of the learned, a series of experiments were instituted to determine the extent of its application. Under the direction of the acute examiners, it assumed a scientific form, and the laws of its action were partially discovered.

The theory explaining the phenomena of the Divining Rod is this,—that its action is similar to, and probably produced by Galvanic Electricity: that the metal or fluid, with the muscles of the arms, forms a circle analogous to the connexion of the wires of artificial machines, and that the twigs are strongly attracted towards the line of communication. All will readily acknowledge the influence is sufficiently powerful, who have read of the experiments made with the voltaic apparatus on the muscular and nervous systems of the human frame, or have witnessed the frightful exhibitions on the bodies of executed criminals, when the limbs have been thrown out, the faces convulsed, the eyes unclosed, and the whole forms of the recently dead seemed animated with returning life.

Reserving the remarks that occur to occupy a page in some future publication, we will briefly state the facts ascertained in relation to this art, whose operations are governed by the mysterious laws, hitherto inscrutable to human wit, and indefinable by human investigation.

A fresh twig taken from any tree will diverge from a perpendicular, or dip below a horizontal line, by a greater or less angle with its first position, when brought directly over, or in the near vicinity of a vein of metal or water. The effect is more perceptible when two twigs are taken and brought closely in contact at the cut extremities. When a forked branch is used, the degree of diverging is much greater than with the single or double sticks.

The Hazel, Peach, Plum, and Cherry, are more susceptible to the attraction than other trees, and therefore preferable for experiment. Whalebone, when moistened with a solution of salt or acid in water, has been employed instead of the vegetable growth.

The forked stick is generally used, and the mode of procedure is this. The operator holds the extremity of each branch in one hand, with the united portion pointing upwards, in a direction as nearly as possible perpendicular to the earth. Carefully preserving this position of the instrument, he walks slowly forward: when he approaches the fountain or the bed of the metal, the end inclines downward; if the attracting bodies be near, it turns entirely over. The depression closely resembles the dip of the magnetic needle, when traversing a bed of ore.

The attracting influence does not extend to a greater depth than about twenty feet below the surface, and is diminished or freely communicated, according to the composition of the medium interposed. In some spots where waters are known to flow, the Rod does not incline. This unfaithfulness is attributed to the nature of the mineral covering.

The inclination is much more free when the twig is in the hands of some individuals than others: as the Galvanic power produces feebler or more powerful convulsions and attractions when applied to different animals of the same species. The action is facilitated, if the operator be barefooted, and previously wash the palms of the hands and soles of the feet with salt and water, or muriatic acid so diluted as to occasion no inconvenience. When these precautions are taken, it is said the experiment will succeed with every person.

The divergence varies with the condition of the system. When the frame is debilitated, and the circulation slow, the effect is greater than in vigorous and athletic health.

Silk is a most perfect non-conductor of Electricity. If the operator wear stockings or gloves of this material, no effect is produced.

These are some of the results of the experiments which have almost placed the Divining Rod, by the side of the instruments of philosophy, and if prosecuted, will raise the practice to a rank among the sciences ministering to human convenience and pleasure. L.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

MASSASOIT'S DREAM.

THE hour, the fated hour has come at last,
That calls my soul from its frail home away;
The lone low wailing of the hollow blast,
Foretels the rule of terror and dismay.

When yon bright being—the Great Spirit's home,
Has laid him down beneath the western wave,
Then shall my kindred people sadly come,
To sing a requiem o'er their chieftain's grave.

Then listen to my tale—in last night's sleep,
An awful vision came across my soul;
The tempest-God went o'er the blacken'd deep,
And taught its billowy mountains high to roll.

The earth, the ocean, and the upper sky,
Were all one mass of undistinguish'd gloom,—
Darkness was over all Immensity,
I deem'd it Nature's final hour of doom.

When in the eastern heaven, a giant form
Uprode in awful majesty and might,
And round him, flood, and fire, and cloud, and storm
Were mingled thick in elemental fight.

He stretch'd one arm across the northern sky,
And to the west a bright sword pointed far,
Then, then I saw the thousand nations fly,
Before the fire of conquest's burning star.

On his huge brow a raven plume he wore,
Dark as the cloudy throne whereon he stood,
And round his front, an iron band that bore
"*My name is Battle*"—written there in blood.

His cry went forth, with wild and wailing sweep,
O'er the wide west that trembled at its tone,
And at his stamp, the dark and troubled deep
Reel'd to and fro, in strange convulsions thrown.

He pass'd along—I saw his blacken'd path,
Rife with the deeds of darkness he had done.
Grim murder stain'd his way of doom and wrath;
I look'd again—*my people all were gone.* E.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

"And it came to pass that the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand: and in the morning behold they were dead corpses."

The watch fires gleam bright on plain and height;
The star hosts wheel their sparkling flight,
Like diamonds on the brow of night,
Shining pure and gloriously.
The weary sentinel paces the ground,
Where rest in their still repose around
Proud Assyria's chivalry.

The monarch slumbers amid his host:
He dreams of his battles won and lost:
He dreams of his own exulting boast,
To bring Israel's glory low:
He dreams of the fight, of the coming day,
When his mail clad bands in the battle's fray,
Shall break like a storm on the foe.

'Twas midnight's watch—in the glowing sky,
The rushing of mighty wings went by:
Sounds as of pinions rustling on high,
To garner the fruits of the grave:
The Angel of Death on the whirlwind came,
And smote with his sword of living flame,
The gallant, the noble, the brave.

The woes of the bruised hearts are hushed,
The hopes of the gallant ones are crushed,
There is no wail—and there hath not gushed,
For the dying the mourner's tear.
The young warrior's groan—it is his last,
And on, the wing of the Angel pass'd,
In its dark and dread career.

'Tis morn, and the trumpet's voice peals out,
The clarion pours its stirring note,
And wildly sounds the battle shout,
On Galilee's blood stained plain.
The warriors sleep on, they will not wake,
For the trumpet's pealing blast cannot break,
The dreamless sleep of the slain.

With corses of men the field was spread,
The locust bands like the mists were fled,
They rest in the silent calm of the dead:
They were swept from the angel's path.

The soldier laid with the spear by his side,
His brow wore a look of martial pride,
As he sunk in the Spirit's wrath. L.

SELECTED FROM WILSON'S ISLE OF PALMS.

THE OCEAN ISLES.

Oh! many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The Ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the Main;
Some wandering Ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.
There, groves that bloom in endless spring
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage bright
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea-breezes blow.
The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness:
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each shelter'd bay!
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band
Come dancing from the sea.

HISTORICAL.

ORIGINAL.

History of the County of Worcester.

INTRODUCTION.

The County of Worcester, in Massachusetts, from its local situation, its physical, political, and moral advantages, the extent of its territory and population, and the number and variety of its institutions, has become a section of our wide spread republic of no inconsiderable importance. An inquiry into the early history of this territory is often a subject of deep interest. To collect and preserve what can be known of our aboriginal inhabitants, of the origin, progress, and present state of our numerous corporations, it is conceived, would not only gratify a laudable curiosity, but might be of essential service by enabling the coming generations to ascertain many facts important to the relative rights of those Corporations, and of the individuals composing them. A knowledge of the division and subdivision of our towns, for example, is, often-times, absolutely necessary in determining the proper place of settlement of those unfortunate persons whom we always have with us. And the history of our land titles is perpetually involved by reference to the names of Rivers, Hills, and various objects, derived from the Indians, and other sources, the meaning of which is little known to the present generation.

With a view of furnishing materials for a complete and minute history of the County, and of its several towns, it is proposed to occupy a portion of the pages of this Magazine, with such facts and documents as we shall from time to time be enabled to collect.

The subjects of our researches may be classified under the following brief summary.

I. Such facts as relate to the Indians, formerly inhabiting this section of the country: As:—

1. The names and histories of the several tribes, the location of their villages, the appellations given by them to the rivers, mountains and other places, their numbers, their languages, superstitions, laws and customs, so far as the same can be ascertained.

2. The grants made by them to the original Proprietors.

3. Facts relating to their monuments, implements and other relics.

4. Any particulars of their migrations to or from this part of the country.

II. The Settlement of the several Towns.

1. Of the Colonial and Provincial Grants confirmatory of the Indian Deeds to the Proprietors.

2. The formation of plantations and towns within this County, and facts illustrative of their progress.

3. The labors, exploits, and sufferings of the Inhabitants in their warfare with the Indians and French.

4. The history of the exertions made in the Revolutionary contest, the doings of Committees, the quotas of soldiers, and the acts relating to the struggle for Independence.

III. The Ecclesiastical History of the Towns.

1. The origin and formation of Churches, their progress and present condition.

2. The settlement and succession of Pastors; the compensation allowed for their services, &c.

IV. Biographical Notices and Anecdotes of Men who have been distinguished in our Annals.

V. A view of the Statistics of the County; exhibiting at different periods;

1. The population and ratable polls.

2. Amount of taxable property.

3. Annual expenditures of the several towns for the support of the poor—of schools—of highways—and of public worship.

4. State of the various Manufactures; numbers of Manufactories and of persons employed therein; amount of capital and articles produced.

5. Meteorological observations, bills of mortality, and history of diseases at different periods.

6. State of public education, exhibiting the numbers of schools, academies and other institutions for instruction, with the numbers of children and scholars therein.

VI. Descriptions of remarkable scenery, of mountains, hills, and caverns, accounts of the sources and courses of streams, the divisions and boundaries of towns, and such other interesting particulars of topographical information as can be collected.

It is not expected, that we shall be able to reduce into regular and cultivated fields, the whole of this spacious forest; nor that the subjects will be treated in the precise order here enumerated. But the various topics must, from necessity, be taken up, laid aside, and resumed, as materials may present themselves for our purpose. Regard, however, will be had to method, as far as practicable; and

it is hoped, that a well digested Index at the close, will enable the reader easily to refer to those subjects he may wish to investigate. By prosecuting our publications periodically, an opportunity will be offered for correcting any errors the work may contain.

It will be obvious, that much of the evidence of the foregoing facts is already lost by the lapse of time. Much rests only in the recollection of our aged citizens, and like them is silently passing from our view. Much was left scattered in confused and undigested series, and broken masses of public records, belonging to our Churches, Towns, and Proprietaries—in the piles of pamphlets, newspapers, and manuscripts. Many of these have already fallen victims to the wasting elements, to insects, and to the more gradual but sure destroyer, time. To accomplish our objects in their full extent, all of these relics, within our reach should be critically examined and carefully collated. Even our burying grounds, the sacred inclosures, where the venerable "forefathers of our hamlets sleep," should not pass unnoticed. The fading inscriptions of their monuments should be retraced with faithful diligence. Without all the zeal of "Old Mortality," we believe, that beneath the mosses and the weeds that now conceal them, much may be discovered to rescue from forgetfulness the memorials of the men, who here laid the foundations of civilized society, and whose labors contributed to the growth of our rising State.

The early division of our territory into townships of a convenient extent, and the powers of Government, delegated to these Corporations, form a distinguishing feature in our civil polity. This mode of distributing civil powers is peculiar to New England; it was *here* first introduced, and the result of the experiment has tested its utility. To trace these Societies from their infancy to their present flourishing State, can neither be uninteresting nor useless to our inhabitants. A view of the population, resources, and property, at different periods, would necessarily lead to such inquiries, as would develope the causes of their prosperity and decline.

Our ecclesiastical history shows something more than a dry chronological detail. The citizens of many of our towns have been noted for their independence and zeal upon subjects connected with their religious rights. The progress of intellectual improvement and of civil liberty has been closely allied to this branch of our history. Our venerable predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Whitney, in his useful history of the County of Worcester, has been applauded for the reserve and delicacy of that part of his work, which relates to

Church History. Being a cotemporary, and, perhaps, often-times, allied with most of the actors in those interesting scenes, he wisely forebore to narrate with much minuteness, many of the facts connected with those discussions: controversies that for many years, disturbed the tranquillity of our Churches, and the peace of our most valued citizens. Inasmuch as these dissensions were personal or involved individual character, silence undoubtedly was proper, but when principles were involved, or important rights settled, it is of consequence to succeeding generations to be made acquainted with the facts. It was the remark of a distinguished Historian, that "all truths of public utility should doubtless be revealed," but that this maxim admitted of this exception, "Acquaint posterity with nothing but what is worthy of posterity." Under this restriction, we shall endeavor to present to our readers, such evidence upon this head, as may come to our knowledge.

A liberal and enlightened community need not be reminded, that to attain our objects, many difficulties must be encountered, much time and attention will be required, and that comparatively little can be effected, without the cordial co-operation of all who have the means of information in their hands.

Nor need we be informed of the effects of the reception of our labors, upon a numerous class of our fellow citizens. Much that will be deemed of consequence by some, will be rejected with disdain by others, as trifling and unimportant. That our work will be universally popular we have not promised ourselves. "A few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which such a work was never free, may, for a time, furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt."

"Every author," says the renowned lexicographer of the last century, "may aspire to praise, but the historian who confines his researches to a particular district of country, can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense, has as yet been granted to few." Relying, however, upon the patronage of an intelligent and opulent community, in full possession of the great inheritance transmitted them from an illustrious ancestry, we shall go forward to our work with zeal and perseverance. G.

DESTRUCTION OF WYOMING.

WYOMING is a small territory, situated in the state of Pennsylvania, in what is now called the county of Luzerne. It originally embraced eight townships, each five miles square, lying on both banks of the east branch of the Susquehanna. It was peopled by a colony from Connecticut, who obtained it by purchase from the Indians.

In the beginning of the year 1778, the frontier settlements in the states of New York and Pennsylvania took alarm at the suspicious conduct of the savages. It had been at all times the policy of the Continental government to secure their neutrality, if it failed to unite them in the war against England. Presents and promises, however, of British agents in Canada, totally frustrated the politic aims of the American Congress. The Indians, eager for hostilities, lent a willing ear to the exaggerated statements of their advisers. Many of the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas and Cayugas, had already raised the war whoop and were preparing the scalping knife and tomahawk to commence their merciless depredations upon the frontier inhabitants. Numbers of the tory refugees, both from New York and Pennsylvania, had fled from the settlements and united themselves to the red men of the forest. Exasperated by the loss of property, and indignant at the opposition of the partizans of liberty, the tories exerted themselves to the utmost to incite the savages to the work of pillage and death. The intimate acquaintance they possessed with the geography of the country, and the defenceless and unprotected condition of the back settlements, facilitated the execution of their diabolical purposes.

The unhappy spot, the first to feel the weight of their resentment, was the peaceful and quiet establishment at Wyoming. Situated on the fertile banks of the Susquehanna, the riches of its soil, the mildness of the climate, and the happiness of its flourishing population, had long been the subjects of admiration. Emigrating from a district distinguished for piety, patriotism, and industry, they retained those habits of life, and religious and political principles, distinguished traits in the independent and unyielding character of the yeomanry of New England. Accustomed to the pursuits of agriculture, and cultivating a soil luxuriantly fertile, they acknowledged no distinctions, except such as originated in virtue, and enjoyed a happy mediocrity, neither enervated by luxury, nor debased by poverty. Strangers to the excesses of older communities, the settlement of Wyoming presented a picture of happiness

corresponding more with the dreams of the poet than any earthly reality. By the increase of its population it had been enabled to furnish almost a thousand men to the Continental army; a remarkable number for an infant colony. The cause of Independence had been espoused with zeal and supported with unabated vigor.—While the crowded granaries and herds of cattle gave proofs of their industry, the number of young men absent in the field evinced the patriotism animating all classes.

The singular prosperity attending the settlement of Wyoming, and the enjoyment and happiness of its people, were too soon terminated by an event moving the whole country with grief and indignation. A few persons, disaffected to the cause of liberty, and attached to their former sovereign, fled from the settlement; others of similar sentiments, who remained, were treated with indignity, and the spirit of party became so violent and malignant that not even the ties of consanguinity constituted any guarantee for the safety and quiet of their persons, or the protection and enjoyment of their property. Members of the same family became mutually jealous of each other, and implacable hatred at length gave place to the resolutions of deadly revenge. An unusual number of strangers about this time visited the settlement, and from their intimacy with the tories and other circumstances, were suspected of hostile designs; they were, accordingly, arrested to the number of about twenty, and on examination, the facts disclosed seemed sufficient to justify sending them to Connecticut for trial. This event determined the tories to lose no time in concerting measures of retaliation. Some abandoned the settlement and fled to the posts in Canada; while others entered the forests, and uniting with the Indians, excited them to war by recounting their past sufferings and present grievances, and by anticipating the disasters which threatened, in the loss of their lands, the destruction of their game, and, finally, the extermination of their tribes.

The conduct of the Indians was now treacherous in the extreme. They sent small parties to the settlement professing friendship and giving the strongest assurances of amicable intentions and of their earnest desire to maintain peace. Besides convincing the inhabitants of their security, they obtained minute information respecting the affairs of the colony. Apprehensions of danger were, however, soon excited. The colonists became suspicious of their Indian neighbors and exerted themselves to provide against the threatened disasters. The avowed enmity and hatred of the tories, and

the mysterious conduct of the savages, led to the erection of four forts, whither the settlers might resort in the event of an attack. Letters, in the mean time, were addressed to Congress and to Gen. Washington, apprising them of the insecure and exposed situation of the colony, and requesting immediate aid. These despatches were intercepted by the Pennsylvania tories. Dangers multiplied, and a few days before the final catastrophe, the Indians made several predatory incursions on the borders of the settlement; houses were burnt, property plundered, and murders committed. In one instance, either from mistake, or actuated by the love for bloodshed, they fell upon the family of one of those persons who had been sent to Connecticut for trial, and massacred his wife and five children. These acts were only preludes to scenes of greater enormity.

On the first of July, 1778, the enemy, in number about sixteen hundred, suddenly appeared on the Susquehanna; only four hundred of the band were Indians; the remainder white men, so disguised with paint and savage dresses as to make it difficult to distinguish them from their barbarous and blood-thirsty allies. The officers commanding were in their proper regimentals. They were headed by Col. John Butler, a tory from Connecticut, who had made himself the just object of terror by his cruelties in former campaigns on the frontier settlements. He had been employed by the British as Indian agent in Canada, and was pre-eminent for his vindictive and ferocious spirit. Associated with him in command was Col. Brandt, a half blood Indian, chief of the Mohawk tribe.—He had received an English education under the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, president of Dartmouth College. His intercourse with civilized life had deprived him of the virtues of the savage, but left the fierce and desperate elements in the character of the forest warrior.

Col. Zebulon Butler, cousin to John Butler, named above, was commander of the Wyoming forces. Different historians have presented his character in different lights. Some have charged him with having concerted the destruction of the settlement; while others have ascribed to him great bravery with some capacity. He was, no doubt, courageous and resolute; but his credulity disqualified him in a contest with a treacherous foe.

The enemy directed an attack on the two smaller forts; the first of these, being garrisoned principally by tories, was surrendered without resistance, or, as is more probable, was betrayed;

the second, after a vigorous and spirited assault, yielded to the enemy. The men were put to death with unrelenting cruelty; the women and children were spared. The larger forts, Kingston and Wilkesbarre, were yet in the possession of the colonists; the former was situated on the west, the latter on the east bank of the river. Col. Zebulon Butler, availing himself advantageously of his means for defence, after ordering a small body of men into fort Wilkesbarre for its protection, crossed over with the remainder of his forces, amounting to nearly four hundred, to fort Kingston. With him, resorted thither, all the inhabitants, for safety and protection. Women and children, and those incapable, either from sickness or natural infirmity, of defending themselves, were seen hastening from every direction to fort Kingston, as the only refuge from the impending danger. All were filled with consternation. The air was rent with the most piercing shrieks.

This place was advantageously situated, and might have been successfully defended, had not Zebulon listened too easily to the treacherous proposals of the enemy. Apprised of the impracticability of subduing the fortress by a regular siege, and despairing of carrying it by storm, resort was had to stratagem. John persuaded his kinsman to hold a parley in the open field. The credulous Zebulon yielded to his flattering promises, and under the hope of rescuing from destruction the little band of patriots, with their wives and children, agreed on a place to meet to hold the intended treaty. Expectation of a speedy deliverance from their present forlorn and hopeless situation quelled for a time the fears, and raised the desponding spirits of the unhappy colonists. Little did they think of the perfidy of the inhuman and dissimulating enemy. Happy they who had already fallen! It was agreed that John should withdraw his forces to the distance of two or three miles from the fort, and that Zebulon should go out to a place appointed, and there conclude the treaty. The enemy retired according to the terms of agreement. Zebulon, as if distrusting the integrity of his cousin, instead of going out accompanied by a few only, took with him four hundred men, well armed, nearly the whole strength of the garrison. B.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTED.

THE SEA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

FROM THE EDINBURGH ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The great business of fishes, as it has sometimes jestingly been said, is to eat each other, and a great part of it must be carried on in the dark, or, at least, without the light of the sun. From the experiments of Monsieur Bouguer, it has been deduced, that the transmission of light through sea-water is diminished in a ratio so rapid, that at the depth of 723 feet it ceases to be transmitted any longer. Now, we do not think that the method adopted by this philosopher was a correct one, or capable of determining this question. But as the general principle is unquestionable, we are willing to allow 1000 feet instead of 723; and it will immediately be seen that the main purpose of our argument will not be affected, though we should adopt a still higher limit. At some depths, therefore, and that probably not very great, there is absolute and perpetual darkness. But fishes are not thus limited to the surface, or near it, or even to depths of a thousand fathoms, much less to one of as many feet. There does not indeed seem to be any limit of depth for the habitable ocean. Innumerable fishes are known to reside, to breed, and to prey, in regions to which light can never penetrate. This is the case in particular with the pelagic fish, which form in themselves numerous tribes. It would indeed be a strange supposition, were we to imagine that the dark regions of the sea were uninhabited. In Captain Ross's voyage, shrimps were brought up by the sounding line from depths of 1300 feet: and other animals of various kinds were found in the same manner at 6000. It is difficult to prove this fact in many particular instances, because soundings seldom extend very deep, nor do fishermen fish at great depths. The greater number of our own seas are shallow; and it is the character of some of our principal fish to frequent the banks, or shoaler parts, where weeds grow, and where they probably find their prey. Besides this, it is tedious and expensive to fish in deep water. But we can quote one positive fact to this purpose. It is the habit of the ling to frequent the deep valleys of the sea, while the cod, like many others, resides on the hills, or banks, as they are commonly called. In the Shetland seas, one of the most productive spots for this fish, is a valley about 1200 feet deep, bounded on each side by hills that must be nearly pre-

cipitous, since, in sounding, the water suddenly deepens from 20 and 30 to 200 fathoms. In this place, as well as in others, where this kind of fishery is carried on, it is found that the best fishing exists at the greatest depths; nor is it unusual to sink the long lines in water of 250 fathoms deep. But the time required for setting and drawing up from this depth, the enormous length of line that is used is so great, as to prevent the fishermen from making any attempts in deeper water; but they are all of opinion that this fish abounds most in the deepest places, and might advantageously be fished for at much greater depths. Thus the ling, for one, is proved to reside in places which must be perpetually dark, although we were to double M. Bouguer's estimate of the point of non-transmission.

It is perfectly known to fishermen that many species, which, in summer, frequent the shallow seas, apparently for the purpose of spawning chiefly, retire to the great depths in winter; and, as these persons suppose, to avoid the cold. The regions of darkness seem to be their proper residence; while, like the salmon and other migratory fishes, they are merely visitors in those of light. But, besides this, a very large proportion of all the fishes of the sea only preys by night, while there are some that do so by day, and others are ready for their food at all times. In the polar regions, and in the depths of winter, there can for a long period be no light in the sea, whatever faint glimmering the atmosphere, the planets, or the aurora, may yield for the inhabitants of the land. Yet here many fishes, and most conspicuously, some of the whales and the sword-fish have their perpetual residence. These animals can have no light for a long time, particularly in their deep waters, unless they find it in their own bodies, or in that of their prey. The food of the great whale, consisting of various insects and worms, very commonly shrimps, such as the Cancer oculatus, resides at the bottom as well as on the top of the sea; and there cannot, therefore, be any doubt that, even in summer, but most assuredly in winter, it feeds in regions that are inaccessible to light.

The quantity of water discharged by rivers into the sea has been imperfectly examined. From facts, which we have already stated, the mean annual quantity of rain over the globe may be estimated about three feet; which would give no less than 16,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet for the quantity of rain over the whole surface. If we suppose that a third part of this falls upon the land, we should have upwards of 5,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet for

the supply of rivers, and the economy of vegetation. Now, to compare this with the quantity of water discharged by all the known rivers of the world, we shall take, with Buffon, the example of the Po. This river, according to Riccioli, before it divides into branches, has a mean breadth of 1000 feet, and a depth of ten feet, with a velocity of four miles per hour. Consequently, it conveys into the sea about 5,000,000,000 cubic feet per day, or nearly 2,000,000,000,000 cubic feet annually; so that, if we suppose a fifth part of the water which descends in rain upon the land to be dissipated again by evaporation, and another fifth to be decomposed by the processes of vegetation, we should still have remaining as much water as would supply 1500 rivers equal in size to the Po.

Or if we take this view of the subject; the Po appears to traverse a country about 380 miles in length, and the rivers which flow into it on each side arise from sources which are about sixty miles distant from the main stream. Thus the Po, and the rivers which it receives, water a country of about 45,600 square miles. But the surface of the dry land being, according to Buffon's estimate, 63,728,938 square miles, (Buffon's *Nat. Hist.* i. 136;) if we suppose that each portion of the earth's surface, equal in extent to the basin of the Po, is furnished with a river of the same magnitude, we should have by this computation about 1400 rivers of the same size with the Po to drain the surface of the globe.

It appears by some late experiments of M. Escher, that the annual discharge of the Rhine at Basle is 1,046,763,676,000 cubic feet; that of the Tay appears, from observations made at Perth by the writer of this article, to be about 100,000,000,000 cubic feet, being only about a tenth part of the quantity of water conveyed by the Rhine. The basin of the Tay is 2315 square miles, and the annual supply of rain which it receives about 130,000,000,000 cubic feet; so that, for that extent, about 30,000,000,000 cubic feet of water return to the atmosphere by evaporation or decomposition. In July, 1819, after a long drought, the discharge of the Tay was found to be reduced to 457 cubic feet per second, being only about a tenth part of the average quantity which it conveys to the sea.

PESTILENCE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The following notice of the malignant fever which desolated this city in 1793 is extracted from a pamphlet written by the well known citizen, Matthew Carey:—

"Most people who could by any means make it convenient, fled from the city. Of those who remained, many shut themselves up in their houses, and were afraid to walk the streets. The smoke of tobacco being regarded as a preventive, many persons, even women and small boys, had segars constantly in their mouths. Others placing full confidence in garlic, chewed it almost the whole day; some kept it in their shoes. Many were afraid to allow the barbers or hair dressers to come near them, as instances had occurred of some of them having shaved the dead, and many of them had engaged as bleeders. Some who carried their caution pretty far, bought lancets for themselves, not daring to be bled with the lancets of the bleeders. Some houses were hardly a moment in the day free from the smell of gunpowder, burned tobacco, nitre, sprinkled vinegar, &c. Many of the churches were almost deserted, and some wholly closed. The coffee house was shut up, as was the city library, and most of the public offices; three out of the four daily papers were dropped, as were some of the other papers. Many were almost incessantly purifying, scouring and whitewashing their rooms. Those who ventured abroad, had handkerchiefs or sponges impregnated with vinegar or camphor at their noses, or else smelling bottles with the thieves' vinegar. Others carried pieces of tarred rope in their hands or pockets, or camphor bags tied round their necks. The corpses of the most respectable citizens, even those who did not die of the epidemic, were carried to the grave on the shafts of a chair, the horse driven by a negro, unattended by a friend or relation, and without any sort of ceremony. People hastily shifted their course at the sight of a hearse coming towards them. Many never walked on the foot path, but went into the middle of the streets, to avoid being infected in passing by houses wherein people had died. Acquaintances and friends avoided each other in the streets, and only signified their regard by a cold nod. The old custom of shaking hands fell into such general disuse, that many were affronted even at the offer of the hand. A person with a crape or any appearance of mourning, was shunned like a viper. And many valued themselves highly on the skill and address with which they got to windward of every person they met. Indeed it is not probable that London, at the last stage of the

plague, exhibited stronger marks of terror than were to be seen in Philadelphia, from the 25th or 26th of August till pretty late in September. When people summoned up resolution to walk abroad and take the air, the sick cart conveying patients to the hospital, or the hearse carrying the dead to the grave, which were travelling almost the whole day, soon damped their spirits, and plunged them again into despondency.

"With the poor the case was, as might be expected, infinitely worse than with the rich. Many of these have perished, without a human being to hand them a drink of water, to administer medicines, or to perform any charitable office for them. Various instances have occurred, of dead bodies found lying in the streets, of persons who had no house or habitation, and could procure no shelter.

"A man and his wife, once in affluent circumstances, were found lying dead in bed, and between them was their child, a little infant, who was sucking its mother's breast. How long they had lain thus was uncertain.

"A woman, whose husband had just died of a fever, was seized with the pains of labor, and had nobody to assist her, as the women in the neighborhood were afraid to go into the house. She lay for a considerable time in a degree of anguish that will not bear description; at length she struggled to reach the window, and cried out for assistance; two men, passing by, went up stairs, but they came at too late a stage; she was striving with death, and actually in a few minutes expired in their arms.

"Another woman, whose husband and two children lay dead in the room with her, was in the same situation as the former, without a midwife, or any other person to aid her. Her cries at the window brought up one of the carters employed by the committee for the relief of the sick. With his assistance she was delivered of a child, which died in a few minutes, as did the mother, who was utterly exhausted by her labor, by the disorder, and by the dreadful spectacle before her. And thus lay in one room no less than five dead bodies, an entire family, carried off in an hour or two.

TRENTON FALLS.

This beautiful scene is on West Canada creek, about sixteen miles north of Utica. Some estimate may be made of the quantity of water in the stream from its length, which is near sixty miles. It has its source in the same district with Black river, and pursuing a south-westerly direction about twenty five miles, it then turns to the south-east, and after winding its way among the northern Katskills, rushing down numerous precipices, and forming beautiful and romantic cascades, at length joins the waters of the Mohawk three fourths of a mile below the village of Herkimer, and about six miles above Little Falls.

The rock over which the water tumbles is a chocolate colored carbonate of lime; its strata, as at Niagara and throughout the Genesee country, are horizontal and of various thickness. The greatest depth of the channel the water has worn through the rock, is from an hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. There are four principal cascades, all of which are within the space of a mile and a quarter; the first of these is forty feet, the second eight, the third about thirty five, and the fourth is a succession of falls equal in elevation, perhaps, to the three preceding united. The course of the channel through the rock is serpentine, and the beauty of the scene is heightened from the circumstance that no two of the cascades can be viewed at the same time. The banks are almost perpendicular, and in some places even projecting over the water; they are covered with a thick growth of cedar, and the view afforded of them from the bed of the river is beautiful and interesting. The chasm is very narrow, so much that in some instances the passage up and down the stream is frightful if not dangerous.—A scanty path way has of late been made into the rock by blasting; this, however, is only wide enough for one person, and was it not for a chain securely attached to strong iron bars inserted into the wall rising almost perpendicular above you, the passage would be considered impracticable. The path is elevated from twenty to thirty feet above the stream, and the channel at this place is so extremely narrow, and the descent so great, that the current hurries by with the rapidity of lightning. The view of the water from this spot, dashing from rock to rock, its deafening roar, the stupendous walls that tower above you, the commotion and agony in the gulph beneath, is imposing, grand and terrific.

The descent to the bottom of the chasm is by means of a staircase erected a short distance below the first fall. It is from the

bed of the river only that this most enchanting scenery can be viewed to any advantage. The first object that meets the eye after descending the stair-case is a small cascade, of six or seven feet a little below, on the right. The stream only a few yards in width, pursuing the serpentine and fantastic channel it has worn through the rock, indicates from its wild and agitated appearance the commotion that may be found above. The only route to view the different falls is along the west side of the river on a narrow beach composed of a horizontal bed of lime rock; this varies in width: in some places it may be twenty or thirty feet, others not more than two or three. Pursuing the stream a few rods, the water assumes a quicker and more lively motion, and soon the dull rumbling sound of the cataract strikes the ear. A little further on, and a short turn in the chasm brings in view one of the most delightful and picturesque scenes that can be imagined; it is the first cascade of forty perpendicular feet. The sudden and unexpected manner in which the spectator comes within sight of it, the brilliant colors of the water, the column of spray hanging above it, the rock from which it is precipitated, the branching cedars that shoot out laterally from the giddy cliffs, and the whole surrounding scenery, conspire to make the view romantic and beautiful.

Climbing above this, a second cascade soon presents itself. The rock over which it falls intersecting the stream at right angles, seems a wall of square masonry. The water being shallow and extending over a large surface rolls over the ledge in a smooth and almost unruffled sheet. It is a quiet and peaceful scene, and is happily contrasted with the rage and tumult both above and below. Passing above this, which resembles more the work of art than of nature, still another fall descending about thirty five feet appears. This, in the quantity of water, elevation of the ledge, and character of the accompanying scenery, is so similar to the first as to render a description needless.

The fourth, and last of any note, consists of a mass of cascades, and in the variety of objects and novelty of appearance is not less interesting than those already mentioned. The impetuosity of the current, its ungovernable rage and fury, now leaping wild and delirious among ragged rocks, now plunging headlong down their steep sides, and there boiling and whirling in torture,

"Its darkly dashing stream,
"Hoarse sounding on the breeze,"

constitute a view indiscribably beautiful and picturesque.

The falls are not the only entertainment this delightful spot affords. The abundant petrifactions scattered over the rocks constitute a subject of great interest and curiosity. A museum of organic remains collected in the vicinity is already extensive. Many of the articles have been found lying loose on the surface of the rock, while others have been procured by blasting. In some places the number is so great that the whole ledge seems composed almost entirely of once animated beings. They consist exclusively of marine animals of every kind and description, and from their astonishing abundance one would be led to conclude, that this part of the country, at some unknown period in the history of the globe, had been set apart as the grand cemetery for the tenants of the deep. As seen in the rock they occur in every possible shape and attitude; sometimes the positions of the animals indicate, that at the moment of transformation from flesh to stone, they were moving; sometimes they appear to have been in search of food; and sometimes in the very act of devouring each other! Several fish are exhibited resembling the eel, containing shell fish nearly as large as themselves. Sometimes a large collection of the same species or genus will be seen within a small circle; at another time the same group will appear, with the exception of some intruder of a different family who has thrust himself into the company. There are specimens in the museum resembling the cat-fish, which are near three feet in length, and are in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation. The most delicate and tender parts, the fins, scales, eyes, &c. are as well defined as in the living animal. Shells of all sizes, from the pin's head to the oyster, appear in the rock. Worms resembling the common angle-worm are found in great abundance; some are stretched at full length as if crawling; others are coiled up. In some instances a miscellaneous group will appear, consisting of snakes, fish, shells, worms, and all the monsters of the deep huddled together.

The reputation this place enjoys among the travelling public is rapidly increasing. It is but a few years since the axe was first laid to the forest, and the wild and uncultivated condition of the country in the vicinity rendered the place inaccessible except to the hunter and the savage. Until very lately there was no way to approach it but on foot, and the difficulty of descending the bold and precipitous banks compelled the disappointed traveller to view from projecting cliffs the beautiful and interesting scene beneath. The thickly branching firs hanging over the deep chasm, rendered

the objects indistinctly visible, and an imperfect view was afforded. These obstructions, however, are now removed and a convenient and safe staircase has been constructed, by which the descent to the river is easy and secure. The Falls at Trenton are daily increasing in celebrity, and the number of visiters resorting to them during the travelling season is already so great that they will soon command a crowd of admirers not less formidable than that which performs its annual pilgrimage to the Cataract of Niagara. Many who have visited both are divided in opinion which of the two most excites astonishment and gratifies curiosity. But they are improper objects to compare with each other. The impressions made on viewing the two scenes are totally unlike. Niagara from the immense volume of its water is inconceivably grand and sublime; but the extremely romantic and picturesque appearance of the falls at Trenton are finely contrasted with the giant element of the lakes. At Niagara the most bold and terrific objects of the scene may be grouped together from one spot; but here every change of position sets the picture in a new and advantageous light. B.

ORIGINAL.

A VISIT IN CANADA.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The present age has been distinguished above all its predecessors for the bold spirit of adventure and the eager zeal of discovery. Both have been fostered and encouraged by the political condition and the social relations of nations. The march of the vast armies of princes and the visits of the numerous ships of merchants, have equally contributed to furnish knowledge of the regions desolated by the scourge of warfare or enriched by the peaceful interchange of the productions of the earth. The advances of the sciences and the progress of the arts have removed the obstructions formerly operating to prevent or restrain the gratification of the desire to survey other climes and note the manners of their inhabitants. The extent of commercial intercourse and the improvements of modern invention have facilitated communication between the most distant regions. In former times, the voyage across the Atlantic was preceded by months of preparation, by the making, signing, and sealing of wills, the arrangement of all temporal concerns, and the tearful farewells of friends, who parted as if never to meet again, or if the perils of the deep were fortunately passed, to re-

join each other only after the weary lapse of years. Now, the voyager only informs his acquaintances he is going to Europe, embarks on board a vessel adorned like a floating palace, and in a few days is on a foreign shore. A little time, and he re-appears at his customed place of business, as if no remarkable event had occurred. The conveniences for traversing the solid portion of our globe are not less increased and multiplied, and many are those who improve them. The voice of the Traveller is heard in the tent of the Arab and the hut of the Esquimaux: the snowy wastes of the frozen north, and the desert fields of the sultry equator, are not barriers to his enterprising disposition. The Indian, even in the western wilderness, where he yet is free to chase the deer and bow to the Great Spirit in the manner of his fathers, is no longer safe from the incursions of the white man: the proverbial hospitality of the roving hordes of the East has been almost exhausted by the successive bands of guests who have come to devour their substance. The hosts of explorers have gone forth to every quarter of the globe where man has a home or the wild beast a den. It is not enough that earth is plundered, that mountains are climbed and caves explored, the elements have not escaped from the daring adventurers of this period. The silken ships of aerial navigation float on-high, and the clouds are subjected to examination. Diving bells sink beneath the waves to ransack the green recesses of the sea, and bring their secrets to light. Curiosity has almost exhausted the fields of its researches, and projectors, sighing like the conqueror of old for other worlds to subdue, propose to dig up new territories from the interior regions of our planet.

The travelling mania has not been confined to the book makers by profession, or to the natives of foreign lands. In our own country the epidemic has prevailed to an alarming extent. The whole race of Editors have been itinerants. When the summer sun brings forth the butterflies of fashion from their winter retreats, when the crowds of the gay, and the idle pour out from the cities, to drain health from the fountains of bitter waters, to revel in the halls around their sources, or to chase pleasure over the mountain heights, down the mighty rivers, and through all the vicissitudes of a tedious pilgrimage, then these ingenious gentlemen have mingled with the busy and the indolent, the wise and the merry. They have been seen noting the changing tints painted by the sun beam on the spray of the cataract, gathering up the mouldering bones from the battle fields of other days, scrutinizing the lovely features

of nature, and entering inventories of her charms in their port-folios. The elegant and accurate descriptions, the minute and faithful delineations of the stupendous features of scenery, associated with the brightest remembrances of our History, which have enriched the columns of our periodical folios of four pages, are so many cotemporary witnesses attesting to the industrious research and accurate observation of the legion of pilgrims.

For those who follow in the paths they have trodden little remains. The rich harvests have been gathered, and the scattered straws of information remaining on the fields of their labors are few and far between. The freshness of novelty has departed from our borders, and he who could now successfully catch the fleeting beauties of the landscape, or bring out from the stores of history the records of other times, would not present unknown portraits or unheard tales to his readers. Yet it is not unprofitable to brighten the memory of the incidents of former days, nor useless to repeat the facts once, perhaps, familiar as the faces of our kindred.—Therefore we have proposed to set in order a few of the recollections of a brief sojourn in the Canadian Provinces of his Britannic Majesty, believing they may afford gratification to some whose eyes will rest upon the pages they occupy.

The engagements of business and the hope of amusement rendered it convenient to the writer, during the sultry period of the summer now passed, to pursue the road leading to Quebec along the banks of the beautiful Kennebec. This route, wild and rude as it is, borrows no little interest from association with Arnold, the bravest and basest of his time, the man for whom our language has no name sufficiently expressive of contempt, who united the bold and fearless bearing of the soldier with the dissimulation and perfidy of the traitor, who regarded dangers as playthings, and the most solemn obligations imposed by the laws of human society and sanctioned by the commands of God, as cobwebs. At the very commencement of the struggle between the then colonies and the mother country, he led that ill-fated and romantic expedition through the wilderness which terminated beneath the walls of Quebec in defeat and irretrievable loss. Proposing hereafter to trace his march, and review the sufferings of the gallant and patriotic band, who encountered all the difficulties of a journey through the tangled forest in the most inclement season of the year, we shall not now pause to estimate their exertions or appreciate their merits.

The principal source of the Kennebec River, which we must introduce to our readers as their guide in the weary passage we are commencing, is the Moose Head Lake, a noble sheet of water, thirty miles in length and about fifteen of average breadth, embosomed in the forest region of Maine. The stream issuing from this inland sea receives the appellation of Moose River; at the distance of about thirty miles from its fountain it is joined by the Dead River, collecting its supplies among the distant western hills, and flowing with an indolent and sluggish motion. After the junction of these two great streams, their separate names and individual character are equally lost, and their united waters go down together to the sea, under the title of Kennebec, borrowed from the Sachem Kannabis, the Indian King whose dominions once extended along its tranquil and placid stream. Traversing a region unbroken by craggy precipices or lofty elevations, it is not interrupted by many cataracts or rapids, or forced to burst its way through obstructing rocks. Sinking below the surface, the steep banks on either side restrain its floods within narrow limits, and prevent them from contributing by their annual deposits to the fertility of the soil over a wide tract of country. It is a singular fact that there is a greater extent of alluvion on those rivers of New England rising among the mountain heights, than on those fed from the fountains of comparatively level places. The waters collected on the lofty peaks from the dissolving snows and from the clouds and vapors of higher regions, are poured down suddenly into the vallies at their feet; then sweeping along the rapid descents, they tear away the opposing masses, and year after year enlarge their channels into wide plains fertilized by their inundations. The Rivers passing over scenes less marked by bold and prominent features, hollow out for themselves deep channels in the sand, and unvexed by impediments, go on with a silent and lazy motion.

The beautiful little village of Norridgewock is the remotest settlement on the American side of the line, which can justly claim the dignified appellation of a town, and is the point where the expedition commences. Seated on the very margin of the clear river, and overshadowed with noble trees, the traveller reluctantly deserts its quiet retreat, to encounter the privations and hardships of the hunter's life. It is not however from its neat edifices or its cool and shaded walks that it derives its strongest claim on his affectionate recollection. Not far distant, where the Sandy River joins its tributary waters to the great stream, was the ancient seat of the

once powerful tribe, the Norridgewocks. There too was the residence of Father Ralle of that extraordinary man who forsook the luxuries of civilized life to build his tent with the savage and extend the empire of christianity in the regions of the West. There it was he fell and his people with him perished from existence. A broad and green field now spreads out where the wigwams of the red nations once stood; their bones have been mixed with the earth, and their blood has fertilized the soil.

From Norridgewock, the road, parting to both sides of the River, advances northward, through the picturesque scenery of a region scarcely yet redeemed from the wild beast. The Eastern branch leads onward through the plantations designated by the imposing appellations of Madison, Solon, Bingham, and Moscow, much more considerable in territorial extent, than noted for population or wealth. The hardy emigrants have erected their rude houses in the little spots hollowed out from the woods, and encompassed with noble trees. There are tracts extending for miles, where the fires in their annual visits have scorched and blasted the patriarchal possessors of the land: long lines of blackened trunks still stand as witnesses against the destroying element, to be overthrown by the winter tempests or wasted by the summer sun. The earth beneath is covered with a luxuriant growth of blossomed weeds, whose gaudy flowers form a strange contrast with the desolation and solitude around. Views more interesting than these are often presented, surpassing in elegance the more regular and formal graces of elder sections. Sometimes the path way after climbing over rocks and steeps and descending deep glens and defiles, enters some quiet little valley, and seems to terminate within the circle of giant hills. Mountains rise around enclosing the habitation of the settler who had wandered away from society and chosen a resting place so solitary. All the objects we love best to contemplate may be seen grouped in the narrow circuit. The waving foliage of the trees clothing the mountain sides, the silvery brightness of the stream glittering with the rays of the setting sun, fields of grain waved by the gentle breath of summer wind, the wreathes of smoke curling gracefully upward from the few buildings scattered over the green meadows, and around them the herds lowing at the hour of eventide, are often blended in a picture of still and quiet beauty.

As we advance, the traces of cultivation become less frequent, and finally disappear, when we plunge into the immense forest stretching from one ocean to the other. Those accustomed to an

intimacy with the groves scattered among the hills where a dense population is collected, and where the axe in successive years has hewn away the noblest stems, would imagine, that trees of gigantic stature and colossal proportions were in the solitude. But the fact is otherwise. A republican equality prevails in the democracy of the forest, except when some aristocratic Pine towers up and holds its head above its humbler neighbors. There is a renovating power continuing all in immortal youth and vigor. We see few individuals bearing on their wrinkled fronts the marks of ancient patriarchal existence; few which tell of the lapse of time; few which have stood from age to age, unharmed by the storms, while the races of men have passed away. On looking around in the wilderness, wherever our eyes rest, they find green and flourishing plants.—The aged decay for a short period, and then are prostrated by the winds: a new generation rises immediately to fill the vacancy left by the fall of their predecessors.

From the spot where carriage transportation ends till the traveller emerges from the shade into the beautiful fields of the Canadian border, a distance of ninety miles, he can enjoy the shelter of a roof and the hospitality of a civilized being but twice. His solitary ramble commences on "the Million Acres," as it is called, a portion of the princely estates left by the late William Bingham, formerly one of the richest landed proprietors in our country. This tract, together with 1,107,000 acres, situated in the Eastern part of the now State of Maine, with unestimated and uncounted possessions in other states, descended at his decease, to a son and heir, now residing in Montreal, who has acquired by marriage the title to an extensive Canadian seignory, and to two daughters, wives of the Barings, the well known bankers in London. Through the property of this family a passage has been made, by clearing away the trees for the width of four rods, removing the undergrowth for the space of fifteen feet, and throwing "*gridiron bridges*" across the desperate sloughs and riotous but inconsiderable streams. The rapid, wide, and deep current of the Moose River must be forded near its confluence with the Kennebec, and fortunate will be the adventurer, if, in working his passage over the rough and stony channel, he be not precipitated among the rocks whose acute angles or smooth surfaces are too slimy and slippery to afford secure foothold. A walk of nearly two miles will afford him an opportunity of drying his wet garments in the neat habitation of a bold settler who has advanced thus far into the depth of the forest.

Crossing the line of the Bingham Purchase and entering on the public lands, the path becomes more broken and difficult. Originally cleared only two rods in width, the sun cannot penetrate the overshadowing canopy of thick branches, to dry the moisture constantly flowing from the springs of a soil liberally supplied with moisture. It has not, like the road Southward, been planted with grass, affording a pleasant bed to rest the tired limbs, and acceptable food for the flocks and herds that yearly journey towards Canada; nor has so great care been taken to render it safe, and lessen the fatigues of the expedition. Much expense has been incurred, and large sums from the public treasury judiciously expended in the construction, but much still remains to be done to render it more than passible.

A tree, inscribed with the names of the Commissioners authorized by the Legislature of Massachusetts to explore this route, standing upon the height of land dividing the waters flowing into the Atlantic from those which convey their tribute to the majestic Saint Lawrence, at the distance of twenty nine miles from the Canadian settlements, marks the supposed boundary between the United States and the provincial dominions of England. A rude image, not in the likeness of any created thing, carved from a forked stick, has been set up, as the representative of the majesty of the sea girt isle, that the good subject may here pour out a libation in honor of his King. Those who cross the limit separating the possessions of the two nations, for the first time, are bound in honor, if thereto required by more experienced companions, to perform ceremonies and submit to operations analogous to those exacted by Neptune himself from those who pass the equatorial line of his azure dominions. Proceeding onwards, a most deplorable deterioration takes place in the condition of the road, indicating entire neglect. Trees overthrown interpose their branches or trunks, with an intervening space of a few paces only, and severely exercise the weary limbs in scrambling through, climbing over, or avoiding by wide circuits, the obstructions they interpose. The patience of the most enduring is almost exhausted,

> "Where wilds immeasurably spread,
> Seem lengthening as they go."

At the time when the expedition was made, wherein these particulars were collected, although in the midst of summer, the clouds above and the earth beneath were filled with water. The rains fell copiously, and the streams went brawling along in their courses,

making disorderly noises as they rushed tumultuously over the rocks. The sloughs seemed even as that famous one of Despond, encountered by the Pilgrim in his noted progress, thick, deep, and almost endless. The structures, frequently composed of three slender sticks only, intended as guides to conduct across the troubled rivulets, mouldered away by the years of a venerable old age, afforded but frail support to the tread. The miles indicated by stakes fairly marked with numerals, went slowly by. Plodding onward, often knee deep in the rich black mould, they were at length passed, and the green fields hailed with a degree of pleasure, those only can duly appreciate, who have traversed the wilderness.

The vegetation is luxuriant in the woods of the North. Plants of medicinal virtue, or of beautiful forms, creep along the earth, or twine about their neighbors, in wreaths of brilliant colors, wasting their sweetness unseen. On the high lands tower up the Maple, Beach, and Birch; in the lower regions the Cedar, Fir, and Larch are intermixed.

The face of the country is diversified by gentle undulations and lofty elevations. Streams intersect the vallies in all directions, and the soil, accumulated by the annual deposits of centuries, is deep and fertile, covered with tall trees and thick shrubs. The dim blue heights, the murmuring rivulets, the silver lakes, and the heavy rolling rivers are grouped together, and at no distant period will present powerful attractions for the hunters of the picturesque and beautiful.

Such is the route, destined, at a future period, to be one of the great inlets of communication from Canada. The distance from Quebec to Hallowell, whence the intercourse with the ocean is free, is about two hundred miles, and from the ancient metropolis of the Provinces to Boston, the mart of the Eastern section of the States, does not now much exceed three hundred and fifty miles, and will hereafter be diminished. It is pleasant to anticipate the period when the splendid hotel will invite the weary to rest and refreshment in the waste places, when the hurrying stage coach and the magnificent equipage, filled with the active men of business or the idle votaries of amusement, will roll along the broad and smooth highway on the solitary hills we have attempted imperfectly to describe, and neat cottages clustering in the cheerful towns, will spread along in the spots where the Beach and the Maple now hold undisturbed possession. L.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SELECTED.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND THE ARTS.

On the general Nature and Advantages of Wheels and Springs of Carriages; the Draft of Cattle, and the Form of Roads.

TAKING wheels completely in the abstract, they must be considered as answering different purposes.

First, they transfer the friction which would take place between a sliding body and the comparatively rough, uneven surface over which it slides, to the smooth oiled peripheries of the axis and box, where the absolute quantity of the friction as opposing resistance is also diminished by leverage, in the proportion of the wheel to that of the axis.

Secondly, they procure mechanical advantage for overcoming obstacles in proportion to the square roots of their diameters, when the obstacles are relatively small, by increasing the time in that ratio, during which the wheel ascends: and they pass over small transverse ruts, hollows, or pits, with an absolute advantage of not sinking, proportionate to their diameters, and with a mechanical one as before, proportionate to the square roots of their diameters.

Consequently, wheels thus considered cannot be too large; in practice, however, they are limited by weight, by expense, and by convenience.

With reference to the preservation of roads, wheels should be made wide, and so constructed as to allow of the whole breadth bearing at once; and every portion in contact with the ground should roll on it without the least dragging or slide; but it is evident from the well known properties of the cycloid, that the above conditions cannot unite, unless the roads are perfectly hard, smooth, and flat; and unless the felloes of the wheels, with their tires, are accurately portions of a cylinder. These forms, therefore, of roads and of wheels are the models towards which they should always approximate.

Roads were heretofore made with a transverse curvature to throw off water, and in that case it seems evident that the peripheries of the wheels should in their transverse sections become tangents to this curve, from whence arose the necessity for dishing wheels, and for bending the axes; which contrivances gave some incidental advantage for turning, for protecting the nave, and by affording room for increased stowage above. But recent experience having proved that the curved form of roads is wholly inade-

quate for obtaining the end proposed, since the smallest rut intercepts the lateral flow of the water; and, that the barrel shape confines carriages to the middle of the way, and thereby occasions these very ruts,—roads are now laid flat, carriages drive indifferently over every part, the wear is uniform, and not even the appearance of a longitudinal furrow is to be seen. It may, therefore, confidently be hoped that wheels approaching to the cylindrical form will soon find their way into general use.

The line of traction is mechanically best disposed when it lies exactly parallel to the direction of motion, and its power is diminished at any inclination of that line in the proportions of the cosine of the angle to radius. When obstacles frequently occur, it had better perhaps receive a small inclination upwards, for the purpose of acting with most advantage when those are to be overcome. But it is probable that different animals exert their strength most advantageously in different directions, and therefore practice alone can determine what precise inclination of this line is best adapted to horses, and what to oxen. These considerations are, however, only applicable to cattle drawing immediately at the carriage; and the convenience of this draft as connected with the insertion of the line of traction, which continued ought to pass through the axis of the wheels, introduces another limit to their size.

Springs were in all likelihood applied first to carriages, with no other view than to accommodate travellers. They have since been found to answer several important ends.

They convert all percussion into mere increase of pressure—that is, the collision of two hard bodies is changed by the interposition of one that is elastic, into mere accession of weight. Thus the carriage is preserved from injury, and the materials of the road are not broken: and, in surmounting obstacles, instead of the whole carriage with its load being lifted over, the springs allow the wheels to rise, while the weight suspended upon them is scarcely moved from its horizontal level. So that, if the whole of the weight could be supported on the springs, and all the other parts supposed to be devoid of inertia, while the springs themselves were very long and extremely flexible, this consequence would clearly follow, however much it may wear the appearance of paradox; that such a carriage may be drawn over a road abounding in small obstacles without agitation, and without any material addition being made to the moving power or draft. It seems, therefore, probable that, under certain modifications of form and material, springs may be applied with

advantage to the very heaviest wagons; and consequently, if any fiscal regulations exist either in regard to the public revenue or to local taxation, tending to discourage the use of springs, they should forthwith be removed.

Although the smoothness of roads and the application of springs are beneficial to all carriages and to all rates of travelling, yet they are eminently so in cases of swift conveyance, since obstacles when springs are not interposed, require an additional force to surmount them beyond the regular draft, equal to the weight of the load multiplied by the sine of the angle intercepted on the periphery of the wheel between the points in contact with the ground and with the obstacle, and therefore proportionate to the square of its height; and a still further force, many times greater than the former when the velocity is considerable, to overcome the inertia, and this increases with the height of the obstacle, and with the rapidity of the motion, both squared. But, when springs are used, this latter part, by far the most important, almost entirely disappears, and their beneficial effects in obviating the injuries of percussion are proportionate also to the velocities squared.

The advantages consequent to the draft from suspending heavy baggage on the springs, were first generally perceived about 40 years since on the introduction of mail coaches; then baskets, and boots were removed, and their contents were heaped on the top of the carriage. The accidental circumstance, however, of the height being thus placed at a considerable elevation, gave occasion to a prejudice, the cause of innumerable accidents, and which has not, up to the present time, entirely lost its influence; yet a moment's consideration must be sufficient to convince any one, that when the body of a carriage is attached to certain given points, no other effect can possibly be produced by raising or by depressing the weights within it, than to create a greater or a less tendency to overturn.

The extensive use of wagons suspended on springs for conveying heavy articles, introduced within these two or three last years, will form an epoch in the history of internal land communication, not much inferior perhaps in importance to that when mail coaches were first adopted, and the extension of vans in so short a time to places the most remote from the metropolis, induces a hope and expectation, that as roads improve, the means of preserving them will improve also, possibly in an equal degree, so that permanence and consequent cheapness, in addition to facility of conveyance, will be distinguished features of the M'Adam system.

FROM THE MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE.

RELATIVE EFFECTS OF STEAM AND GUNPOWDER.

A series of well conducted and decisive experiments were made by Count Rumford, on the expansive force of fired gunpowder, a detailed account of which, together with engravings of the apparatus employed in so hazardous an undertaking, are to be found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1797; of the facts and the truth of the results, no shadow of doubt can exist, and they therefore deserve serious attention.

In these experiments the Count put the small quantity of twelve grains of gunpowder into an iron chamber, of which the bore was a quarter of an inch; weights were placed upon a valve closing the orifice; the powder was fired, and it was found to exert a force of 9431 atmospheres. Seventeen grains, when fired in a similar bore, could not raise a weight of 8081 lbs. placed on a valve which had an area of the twentieth part of a square inch; but eighteen grains raised that weight, and thus exerted a force equal to 10,977 atmospheres, or 165,000 lbs. on each square inch.

In these experiments the powder filled only about half the cavity; hence it expanded to double its bulk, and still exerted this amazing force; but when the whole cavity, equal only to one tenth of a square inch, was filled with twenty six grains of powder (a quantity insufficient to charge a pocket pistol) the solid cylinder of hammered iron was burst asunder, though it was in every part an inch and a quarter thick, or five times the bore; to effect which would require a force equal to 54,750 atmospheres, or 410,624 lbs. on the square inch. This latter result rests upon a calculation of the force requisite to burst an iron cylinder of the given dimensions.

I have examined that calculation, and believe it to be correct; but, whatever doubt may be entertained as to this fact, there can be none with regard to the former—for, in them, the power was estimated by the dead weight which the fired gunpowder actually lifted when placed over an orifice of a given size. In these we find a valve, the surface of which is but the twentieth part of a square inch, loaded with nearly four tons, and the elastic force overcomes and lifts it—a fact almost incredible; and, compared with which, the load on the valve of the highest pressure steam generator that ever was invented sinks into absolute insignificance.

It has been stated that from seven hundred to a thousand pounds per square inch is the elasticity of the steam used by Mr. Perkins

in discharging pistol bullets. These are fired, in rapid succession, from a single gun barrel against a metal target, one hundred feet distant, and they are completely flattened on it; this, however, is not equal to the effect of a horse pistol, and it is much inferior to that produced by the discharge of a musket. The rapidity of the discharge is, however, to be considered; but, if we reflect that coals, water, pipes, a generator, and furnace, are all requisite to keep up the necessary supply of steam, we shall find that as much bulk and weight are attached to a single gun barrel as would equal that of a field piece, which, in my opinion, would discharge more grape, and with infinitely greater force in a given time, than the whole of Mr. Perkins' apparatus.

The elastic force, indeed, of steam may be increased by an increased heat, and hence a greater power will be obtained; but, to effect this, there must be a proportionable increase of the size of the pipes, generator, furnace, &c. and this in a much greater degree than is usually supposed even by practical men. It is also to be kept in mind, that there is a limit to the expansibility of steam, which the nature of materials will not allow us to go beyond; and we may presume that no practical use will ever be made of steam beyond one or two thousand pounds on the square inch. Indeed, when we reflect that, at a temperature of seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit, steam only occupies four times the space of water, whilst, at a temperature of two hundred twelve degrees, it expands 18,000 times, we will discover another difficulty in the fact, that one quarter of the power generated would be required to force the water into the generator, which must be proportionably large to raise so much water to so high a temperature, and keep up that constant stream of it which is absolutely necessary for sustaining a continuous discharge of balls even from so small a bore as that of a gun barrel. What then will we think of an attempt to apply steam to the discharge of ordnance? This, indeed, requires no serious attention, and it is my opinion, after a careful examination of the subject, that a twenty four pounder steam cannon, equally effective with our common guns of the same calibre never will be constructed—the thing is manifestly impossible.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

TO A FRIEND.

We've met again,—and life is still,
The same bright, radiant, sunny thing,
As when our young hearts drank their fill
From holy friendship's purest spring.

Though lovely was that summer hour,
When kneeling at her sacred shrine,
We bound beneath her deep-felt power
Around our souls her wreath divine.

Though deepest in our bosoms shrin'd,
Shall be the time when *first* we met,
Still, still the wreath our young hands twin'd
Is on our hearts, green, fadeless yet.

Though on our life's bright morning sky,
The clouds of sorrow have been seen,—
They pass'd and left a sweeter dye,
A deeper, more divine serene.

We've shed on pale cold brows the tear,
And clos'd the eyes we lov'd so well,
But ah! the soul that made them dear
Had gone where glorious spirits dwell.

Why should the heart of man be sad?
The air, the Ocean and the Earth
Are fill'd with beings free and glad,
Rejoicing in their happy birth.

The starry sky is bright and blue,
Its smile of love on Earth bestowing,
And all that meets the admiring view
With beauty, light and life is glowing.

Then let us pledge those happy hours,
And call their sweetest moments back,
When first we stray'd through Learning's bowers.
And gaz'd on Science's radiant track.

Oh! then we listen'd to the lyre
Of some high bard, whose stirring strains
Awoke within our breasts the fire
That kindled in his glowing veins.

Then we have mus'd upon the names
Of mighty ones—the illustrious dead :—
Whose heritage the wide earth claims,
Whose glory o'er the world is shed :—

Till we have heard Fame's trumpet sweep,
And seen her bright and dazzling scroll
Hung high upon her rugged steep,—
The pole-star of the aspiring soul.

Such visions danc'd before our eyes,
And melted in *thin air* away ;
But others still shall proudly rise
As bright and beautiful as they. E.

SELECTED.

OUR LADY'S WELL.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Fount of the Woods ! thou art hid no more
From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore !
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
And the Sun's free glance on thy slumber falls,
And the dim tree shadows across the pass,
As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass,
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
When the Autumn wind hath a stormy tone,
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
Bright Fount ! thou art Nature's own again !

Fount of the Vale ! thou art sought no more
By the Pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chaunt his hymn, at our Lady's well.
There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone midst thy water flowers ;
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
Bright Fount ! thou art Nature's own again !
Fount of the Virgin's ruin'd shrine !
A voice that speaks of the past is thine !
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky ;
Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard !—

*There is a beautiful Spring in North Wales, formerly dedicated to the Virgin, and much frequented by Pilgrims.

Why is it that thus we may look on thee,
To the festal sunshine sparkling free?
'Tis that all on earth of Time's domain—
He hath made thee Nature's own again!

Fount of the Chapel with ages grey!
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!
Thy rites are past, and thy Cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now!
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought,
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
Or prayer from a chasten'd heart to Heaven,
Be the spot still hallow'd while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee Nature's own again!

FROM "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

The greenwood tree; the greenwood tree!
He is fair and tall and goodly to see;
He lifteth his leafy head to the sky,
And spreadeth his green arms wide on high.
The wind may blow, he hears it not;
The storm may rage, he fears it not;
He puts forth his arms rejoicingly,
And for king and baron careth not he—
And we will be like thee, greenwood tree!

The greenwood tree! the greenwood tree!
Goodly shelter granteth he
To the birds that on his boughs are singing,
To the flowers that at his foot are springing,
His shade is sought by the dappled doe,
When the merry archer bends his bow,
And the hare and the kid to his broad shade flee,
For the weak and the succourless sheltereth he;
And we will be like thee, greenwood tree.

Then hail to thee! thrice hail to thee!
Pride of the forest, greenwood tree!
Who givest alike to thy good schawe
To the proud baron and the bold outlaw;
When the north winds blow, may it shake thee not;
When the lightning glares, may it scathe thee not;
But, when we are gone where all shall be,
May thy gallant branches wave wide and free,
Pride of the forest, greenwood tree!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORIGINAL.

A VISIT IN CANADA.

CHAPTER SECOND.

In the depths of the forest, a profound and solemn silence reigns, unbroken except by the murmur of waters or the rushing of winds. The flutter of the dove nestling among the thick leaves and raising her many colored neck to peep out at the passer, the whirring sound of the partridge starting in surprise from her covert, the shrill but not unmusical voices of the white winged birds sporting on the lake, or the half heard tread of the wild beast prowling around with stealthy pace, if they fall occasionally upon the ear, relieve the oppressive sense of loneliness. They come as witnesses that the pulse of life has not ceased, and that all animated existence is not extinct. The feeling of solitude comes more heavily upon the soul in the silent watches of the night, than in the broad day, when the sun beams play among the branches, and the quivering shadows are thrown over the path way. Then it seems as if nature held her Sabbath of rest. The stars glide on in their silent courses in the depths of the blue sky: the moon shines coldly down. The fires kindled in front of the green encampment of the hunter, make the darkness around seem more thick and dense; the insects, except the busy gnat and active musqueto, have folded up their wings and retired to their little chambers to sleep. There is not even the drowsy hum of the beetle to disturb the calm solemnity of the scene. In such a situation we should almost welcome the surly bear to share with us our pillows, and rejoice in the society of a troop of wolves almost as much as in the meeting of those we hold dearest. It is a species of solitary confinement where the wide woods on either hand are the walls of the prison. The companionship of the deadliest enemy would be acceptable, and the fear of the death blow would be wholly overcome by the gratification of knowing we could receive even injury from a fellow being.

The sources of some of the magnificent Rivers which scatter fertility over the vast regions traversed by their channels are embosomed in the solitude of the Kennebec forest. In the space of a single day's march, the traveller may quench his thirst from the head streams of the noble Penobscot and the beautiful Kennebec, flowing southward through the rich territory of the Eastern section of the Union; and recline on the banks of the De Loup, which taking a

Northern direction joins the Chaudiere and conveys the tribute of the hills to the majestic Saint Lawrence, flowing through the green vallies of Canada. It is with no little satisfaction he reflects while crossing the little rivulets intersecting each other like threads of silver, that he passes with a stride, the waters wandering onward to waft the treasures of commerce and increase the wealth of an enterprising and active population.

After leaving the height of land forming the boundary between the nations, the route is with the Loup River. Near its confluence with the Chaudiere, we emerge unexpectedly from the shade. The forest retires on either hand. Cultivated fields spread out before us, sprinkled with white cottages and enlivened by the sounds of industry. So rapid is the change, it seems like the work of magic. The transition is not preceded by indications of the neighborhood of civilization; but bursts suddenly upon the sight. After toiling through the scenes where nature is still in her primeval wildness, where the prospect is bounded on all sides by the foliage so deep and dense that we can scarce catch a glimmer of the sun beam, or look out at the blue heavens, wide plains of waving grain, luxuriant meadows, and smooth hills rise upon the sight. It seems the work of a new creation. When we arrived weary and toil worn, the scenery was fresh and glowing. The clouds which had drenched us with their heavy rains had added a livelier tint to vegetation, and rested in heavy folds on the distant heights closing the still valley we entered, where all looked tranquil and happy. The twitter of the swallow from the roof, smoothing his feathers and turning his eye down upon the dog snarling at the door, came in mellow notes upon the ear, and never had the sounds of this cheerful companion of man seemed more sweet than then, inviting us to enter the cottage beneath his straw built home.

The stranger cannot without difficulty persuade himself he is not enjoying a pleasant dream, or that the spell of some enchanter is not thrown upon his senses. He hears the accents of a strange tongue and voices addressing him in a foreign language; he sees other modes of dress than those of his native land, dwellings of unknown forms, and a garden country stretching around him.

The Chaudiere is a large and rapid stream, issuing in Lake Megantic and flowing through the Seignories of Vaudrieul, Saint Joseph, Sainte Marie, Saint Etienne, Jolliett and Lauzon, it pours its waters into the Saint Lawrence about six miles above Quebec, at the distance of an hundred miles from its fountain. The channel is

too much obstructed by rapids, rocks, and cataracts to admit of boat navigation. The banks are precipitous and high, clothed with trees of scanty stature and diminutive growth. The fords are numerous, and are marked by the tops of Pines fastened to stakes below the surface of the stream, and which seem as if flourishing in their native element. The arrangement for ferries is somewhat peculiar. Two canoes hollowed from logs are placed parallel with each other; a platform of stout planks is laid over them, and the structure when floating with its burden, appears like a wandering bridge swept away by the swift current, with the passing carriages still on its top.

The road to Quebec leads along the Eastern bank of the Chaudiere. The farms on its margin are laid in narrow tracts, containing usually about 75 acres each, in the remoter settlements, and bounded by fences running at right angles with the river. The front does not exceed thirty or forty rods in width, and as the farm houses are usually built near the centre of the lots, they form a continued village stretching mile after mile along the highways.—Proposing hereafter to speak of the feudal tenures by which the lands are held, we shall not now delay our journey to remark on the system.

The Houses are similar to each other in construction, differing only in size, or external neatness. They are built of timbers, hewn and interlocked at the extremities, and secured in their proper position by upright posts inserted in grooves sawed for their reception. The roofs are steep and high, rising at a great angle of inclination: a mode of erection well suited to the stormy inclemency of a severe climate, affording greater space for the convenience of the inhabitants, and preventing the winter's snow from accumulating. The exterior edge is indented with points, in the form of half diamonds. The rows of shingles in the middle of the ascent are pointed in similar manner, or the figures are traced with paint: a third series of these singular ornaments is worked on the joining at the summit of the two sides. Little turrets are raised on either end, and the chimney of loosely piled stones, scarcely projects above the surface of the wood. The doors are low, with the thresholds raised many inches above the level of the floor, so that the tenants are forced to clamber out as well as to climb in. The windows are divided perpendicularly along the middle and swing on hinges. They are furnished with shutters of substantial plank or board, and, with the sashes, are painted black. Dormant windows

on the roofs admit light to the upper apartment. All the exterior, from the foundation to the top, is whitewashed; a custom giving a general air of neatness and beauty. The owners of some of the dwellings have ornamented their residences by painting diamond shaped figures of a black or red color. Others have chequered their doors with broad stripes intersecting each other, and some have displayed their superior taste, by marking broad spots over the whole edifice. The officers of the Militia apprise the ignorant of their rank by raising a flag staff in front of their homes, ornamented with spiral lines, like the bands around the insignia of hair dressers. In its neighborhood is a huge cross of wood, fantastically decorated with emblems of the Catholic faith, and frequently consecrated by some holy relict, or the venerated effigy of a saint in wax and rags, carefully secured from injury by a covering of glass.

The Barns are large and spacious, commonly thatched with straw, but sometimes protected from the storms by a covering borrowed from the trunk of the Spruce tree. The animals for whose comfort they are provided are of a Norman race. The cows and oxen are diminutive in size; but the former, yield a great quantity of rich and excellent milk, and the latter, though awkwardly fastened to the load by the horns, are efficient laborers.

The interior of the habitations swarm with population. Although small and of one story in height, the roofs often cover the children of many generations. The decrepit grandsires tell the tales of olden times, and the tottering infants sport by their sides or climb the knees of the ancient men. As in the patriarchal days, father and son and the son's son circle around the same board and partake together of the abundance God hath given them. Cheerfulness and content are inmates with them: neatness and gaiety around. Perhaps the counterparts of those pictures the masters of the pencil have loved to form, of "the happy family," would be found more frequently among the simple Canadian peasantry, than in any other portion of the earth.

One trait in the character of this people, it would be great ingratitude to neglect. It is the uniform hospitality and kindness to strangers. Services are rendered with that ready cheerfulness which comes from the hearts of those who give, and goes to the hearts of those who receive. Two pilgrims more forlorn and desolate in aspect than the writer and a merry companion, who traversed the Kennebec woods on the good conveyances nature gave them, their own feet, have seldom made their appearance in a

civilized land. Yet we every where found a disposition to oblige which could have arisen only from the wish to relieve the wants, inducing to make drafts on the civility so freely tendered.

Rude and unpolished as are the inhabitants of the Chaudiere, they possess an intuitive and native sense of politeness, affording the stranger equal pleasure and surprise. A single instance will illustrate the habitual manner of expression. Having entered into a treaty for a conveyance to a neighboring village, and being already apprised of the just price, we demurred to the first demand as excessive. The answer to our remonstrance, when rendered into English, was as follows, "We cannot well afford to go at this time for this sum; but if it will be an accommodation to you we will receive less:" a response containing an argument so convincing, that for the honor of our country we could not further exercise our New England propensity.

So primitive and simple are the manners of those with whom we were visitants, that it required no laborious stretch of imagination to overstep the distance separating us from the sunny land of France, and roll back the years between the present period and the age of her glory, the reign of the fourteenth Lewis, truly called the Magnificent, and to fancy ourselves quietly seated among the vine covered hills and green vallies of the land of their ancestors, in the period when the royal patron of genius and learning held the sceptre with a firmer grasp and wore the crown with a higher dignity, than the successors whose hands have since borne the rod of command and whose brows have been bound with the emblem of power in that realm of crime and blood. More than two centuries have gone by since the possession of Canada by the French; yet they have worked few changes among the population. The customs transported thither by the first emigrants have been transmitted as heir-looms from father to son, through races, whose blood has been but slightly, if at all adulterated, and are now the same we find described in the worm-eaten, and mouldered volumes of the early voyagers. Possessing little enterprize, cultivating a fertile soil freely furnishing the necessaries of life, having few wants, and placed beyond the contagious influence of luxury, they hold firmly the usages and precepts delivered to them. One generation treads in the footsteps of its predecessors, and resolutely resists innovation, in whatever form it appears, whether of improvement or deterioration.

L.

THE CORAL ISLANDS.

THE corals are objects which, from their beauty and singularity, are well known even to those who have never paid any attention to natural history.

Each coral, whatever it be, is a solid calcareous structure, somewhat resembling a vegetable in the general progress and increase of its parts, inhabited by numerous similar animals, which are precisely the same for each individual coral, but different in the different species. Each of these corals may thus be conceived to form a colony, and the inhabitants are disposed in minute cells, where they reside and carry on the operation of extending their habitations. In these operations, however independently each seems to act in the production of its own cell, or in the extension of its own immediate neighborhood, the whole are regulated by some common mysterious principle, by which they all concur towards the production of a structure that would rather seem to have been directed by one mind. Now nothing very analogous to this takes place in the animal creation, except in the case of the gregarious insects that form a common habitation for breeding; such as the bees and the ants. In these there is a possibility of personal communication; and that there is such, is proved by the accurate researches of many naturalists. No such communication can take place among the coral animals, because each is fixed and rooted in its cell, of which it forms a part. It may be considered, indeed, that the whole of the colony are parts of the structure which they inhabit, just as flowers are of a plant.

To take the inhabitant of the madrepore as an example of the animal itself, it may be considered as formed of three parts, the shell, the head, a centre, and the feet, or hands. The latter are very numerous, and are divided, or split at the extremities, while they surround the body of the animal in the form of a circle. Each of these feet or hands embraces a lamella of the star of the madrepore, so that they serve both for the construction of the cell, and for fixing the animal in it. The pedicle, or single part of the hand, appears to be a muscular body, and is fixed in a cylindrical tube, which is properly the body of the animal. Within this is a stellated body, which is supposed to be the head, quick in its motions; while the rays seem to be the tentacula by which it feeds itself.

Nearly all the islands that lie on the south side of the equator, between New Holland and the western coast of America, derive

either the whole, or a great part of their structure, from these animals. The whole of that sea, and, indeed, of some others, abounds in coral rocks and reefs, which are in a state of daily and rapid increase, and which are probably destined, at some future day, to elevate themselves to the level of the water; to become the seats of vegetation; in process of time the habitations of man; and ultimately, perhaps, to produce scarcely less than a continent in this extensive ocean.

Among other places, these reefs abound particularly between New Holland, New Caledonia, and New Guinea; and they are well known to exist in great abundance in the seas of the Indian Archipelago, as at Chagos, Juan de Nova, Cosmoledo, Assumption, Cocos, Amirante, and the Laccadive and Maldive islands. They are also numerous in the east side of the Gulf of Florida, and it is well known that they form a daily increasing impediment to the navigation of the Red Sea.

The extent of these reefs and islands is an object of great curiosity and surprise, when we consider the apparent feebleness of the means by which they are produced, and the minuteness of the agents. An instance or two of this will suffice for our present purpose. One of the Tonga islands, the Tongataboo of Cook, is an irregular oval of twenty leagues in circumference, while its elevation above the level of the water reaches to ten feet. The soundings from which the thickness of this bed of rock might be estimated have not been given, but they are known to be deep in all this sea, and may safely be taken at not less than a hundred fathoms, so that the whole forms what may be considered an enormous stratum of organic limestone. But the largest which appears to have been ascertained, is the great reef on the east coast of New Holland, which extends unbroken for a length of 350 miles; forming, together with others that are more or less separated from it and from each other, a nearly continuous line of 1000 miles or more in length, with a breadth varying from twenty to fifty miles. Before such a mountain of limestone as this, even the Appenine shrinks in comparison; and that such a mass should have been produced by such insignificant means, is a just subject of admiration to philosophical minds, and of wonder to those which have not considered the indefinite powers of units in endless addition.

When the groups are circular, there are some peculiarities in them, as well as in the result, which are worthy of notice. A number of detached rocks and islands are first observed, forming a chain

which becomes gradually united in different places, so as to hold out the prospect of its some day becoming continuous. All round this, on the outside, the water is deep and the walls vertical, but within, it is found to shoal in different places, so as to convey the idea of a large platform, surrounded by an elevated margin, with a depression in the middle. In the smaller circles, when this process is completed, the reefs represent a circular basin. This basin continues salt, and is a receptacle for sea-water for some time, during which it continues to grow shallower, as the animals within it continue their operations upwards. But as the water shoals, and the rains fall into it, it at length becomes freshened, so that the animals die, and the operation of filling it up ceases. Thus it becomes a fresh water lake, and forms that receptacle which is so common a feature in all the flat islands of those seas.

Of whatever size the circle may be, but particularly if large, the islands begin first to collect on the outside, or ridge of the reef, while, within it, projecting parts or banks are scattered in different places. The reef, or dam, to windward, under the protection of which the whole mass extends, is produced by the fragments of the corals. Whenever they have arrived at the surface of high water-mark, they cease to grow any longer, as the animal cannot live out of the water. But at low water, the reef is of course above the sea. Thus its force breaks off the upper parts, and washes them onwards to leeward, where they collect; while the animals, still working upwards on the windward side, keep up a constant supply of materials, destined to the same end. Thus, a bank of dead matter, or of fragments and sand produced by the wear of the corals, is formed on the top of the living rock, and cemented by the solvent power of the water, or the carbonate of lime. In this manner it is raised above the level of the high water-mark, and kept smooth by the surf which continually sweeps over it, until it is raised even beyond its reach. The sand and fragments consolidate in time, so as to produce regular strata; and fragments of these, forming large blocks of stone, are frequently piled up upon the reef, and farther onwards, till a large extent of surface thus becomes consolidated by the aid of more sand and fragments, and sometimes by that of other shells also, into a solid mass of land. The same process going on in the interior parts where the projecting banks are, all these at length extend and unite; so that islands of any magnitude may, in this manner, at length be produced. Occasionally the lakes before

mentioned are also filled up by the growth and decomposition of vegetables, becoming at first marshy spots, and at length dry land.

The remainder of the operation is, to clothe these islands with soil and vegetation. This is the work of time, yet it is more rapid than would be expected. The first foundation of it is laid by the sand which the sea produces from the destruction of the corals, and by the sea plants which take root and grow upon it. Sea birds, finding a place to settle in, add something; and at length the seeds of various plants floating about the ocean are arrested, and begin to grow, when a vegetable covering succeeds. Among these plants, the most conspicuous are the Scævola, Pandanus, Cerbera, Morinda, Hernandia, and others, which first begin to grow on the outer bank, where their seeds are first arrested, and at length spread over the whole. Last of all comes man, and the island forms a part of the inhabited world.

SELECTED FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1749.

Hon[d] Mother,—We received your kind Letter by this Post, and are glad to hear you still continue to enjoy such a share of Health. Cousin Josiah and his Spouse arrived here hearty and well last Saturday noon; I met them the Evening before at Trenton, 30 miles off and accompany'd them to Town. They went into their own House on Monday and I believe will do very well for he seems bent on Industry and she appears a discreet notable young woman. My Wife has been to see them every Day, calling in as she passes by, and I suspect has fallen in Love with our new Cousin, for she entertains me a deal when she comes home with what Cousin Sally does and what Cousin Sally says and what a good contriver she is and the like.

I believe it might be of service to me in the matter of getting in my debts, if I were to make a voyage to London; but I have not yet determined on it in my own mind, and think I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it.—

The Indians are gone homewards, loaded with presents; in a week or two the Treaty with them will be printed and I will send you one.

My Love to Brother and sister Mecom and to all enquiring Friends. I am your dutiful Son B. FRANKLIN.

TO HIS DAUGHTER (AFTERWARDS MRS. RICH. BACHE.)

Reedy Island, Nov. 8th, 1764. 7 at night.

My dear Sally,—We got down here at sunset having taken in more live stock at New Castle with some other things we wanted. Our good friends Mr. Galloway, Mr. Wharton and Mr. James came with me in the ship from Chester to New Castle and went ashore there. It was kind to favor me with their good company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, makes it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice; I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good Mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me; but why should I mention *me* when you have so much higher a promise in the commandments that such conduct will recommend you to the favor of God—You know I have many enemies (all indeed on the public account, for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offence to any one whatever) yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behavior that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

Go constantly to church, whoever preaches; the act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than Sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth; I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express, a little before I came away, some inclination to leave our church which I would not have you do.

For the rest, I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see

company on the hours you set apart for those studies—I think you and every body should if they could, have certain days or hours * * [*a few lines lost*] * * * she cannot be spoken with; but will be glad to see you at such a time.

We expect to be at sea to-morrow if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you, which is worth more than a thousand of mine, though they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister* as I cannot write to them and remember me affectionately to the young ladies your friends and to our good neighbors.

I am my dear child Your affectionate father,

B. FRANKLIN.

TO HIS SISTER MRS. JANE MECOM.

London, Jan. 13, 1772.

My dear sister,—I received your kind letters of September 12 and November 9th.—I have now been some weeks returning from my journey through Wales, Ireland, Scotland and the north of England, which besides being an agreeable tour with a pleasant companion, has contributed to the establishment of my health, and this is the first ship I have heard of by which I could write to you. I thank you for the receipts; they are as full and particular as one could wish—but can easily be practised only in America, no Bayberry wax nor any Brassiletto being here to be had, at least to my knowledge. I am glad however that those useful arts that have been so long in our family, are now put down in writing. Some future branch may be the better for it.—It gives me pleasure that those little things sent by Jonathan proved agreeable to you. I write now to Cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond: there has been forbearance enough on my part, seven years or more without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the Debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania, of whom it was said, that it being against his Principle to pay Interest and against his interest to pay the Principal he paid neither one nor t'other. I doubt you have taken too old a pair of Glasses, being tempted by their magnifying greatly. But people in chusing should only aim at remedying the defect. The glasses that enable them to *see as well* at the same distance they used to hold their book or work while their eyes were good are those they should

* Governor Franklin and Lady.

chuse, not such as make them see better, for such contribute to hasten the time when still older glasses will be necessary.

All who have seen my grandson agree with you, in their accounts of his being an uncommonly fine boy, which brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky though now dead 36 years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every thing and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh—Mr. Bache is here. I found him at Preston in Lancashire with his mother and sisters, very agreeable people, and I brought him to London with me. I very much like his behavior. He returns in the next ship to Philadelphia. The gentleman who brought your last letter, Mr. Fox, staid but a few minutes with me, and has not since called as I desired him to do. I shall endeavor to get the arms you desire for Cousin Coffin; Having now many letters to write, I can now only add my love to cousin Jenny and that Sally Franklin presents her duty; Mrs. Stephenson desires to be affectionately remembered. I am as ever your affectionate brother,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. No arms of The Folgers are to be found in the Herald's office. I am persuaded it was originally a Flemish family which came over with many others from that country in Qu. Elizabeth's time flying from the persecution then raging there.

NOTES.

Dr. Franklin had three children, of whom the eldest Francis Folger Franklin died in childhood, his second son William was the Governor of New Jersey and sided with the crown in the revolutionary contest; his only daughter Sarah, was married to Mr. Richard Bache mentioned above, whose children and grand children now reside in Philadelphia.

Cousin Josiah mentioned in the first letter was Dr. Franklin's nephew, a son of his favorite sister Jane to whom the last of the above letters is addressed.

FROM THE LIFE OF JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

DR. FRANKLIN TO JOSIAH QUINCY, BRAINTREE.

Passy, April 22, 1779.

Dear Sir,—I received your very kind letter by Mr. Bradford, who appears a very sensible and amiable young gentleman, to whom I should with pleasure render any services in my power upon your much respected recommendation; but I understand he returns immediately.

It is with great sincerity I join you in acknowledging and admiring the dispensations of Providence in our favor. America has

only to be thankful, and to persevere. God will finish his work, and establish their freedom; and the lovers of liberty will flock from all parts of Europe with their fortunes to participate with us of that freedom, as soon as peace is restored.

I am exceedingly pleased with your account of the French politeness and civility, as it appeared among the officers and people of their fleet. They have certainly advanced in those respects many degrees beyond the English. I find them here a most amiable nation to live with. The Spaniards are by common opinion supposed to be cruel, the English proud, the Scotch insolent, the Dutch avaricious, &c. but I think the French have no national vice ascribed to them. They have some frivolities, but they are harmless. To dress their heads so that a hat cannot be put on them, and then wear their hats under their arms, and to fill their noses with tobacco, may be called follies perhaps, but they are not vices. They are only the effects of the tyranny of custom. In short, there is nothing wanting in the character of a Frenchman, that belongs to that of an agreeable and worthy man. There are only some trifles surplus, or which might be spared.

Will you permit me, while I do them this justice, to hint a little censure on our own country people, which I do in good will, wishing the cause removed. You know the necessity we are under of supplies from Europe, and the difficulty we have at present in making returns. The interest bills would do a great deal towards purchasing arms, ammunition, clothing, sail cloth, and other necessaries for defence. Upon inquiry of those who present these bills to me for acceptance, what the money is to be laid out in, I find that most of it is for superfluities, and more than half of it for tea! How unhappily in this instance the folly of our people, and the avidity of our merchants, concur to weaken and impoverish our country! I formerly computed that we consumed before the war, in that single article, the value of £500,000 sterling annually. Much of this was saved by stopping the use of it. I honored the virtuous resolution of our women in foregoing that little gratification, and I lament that such virtue should be of so short duration! Five hundred thousand pounds sterling, annually laid out in defending ourselves, or annoying our enemies, would have great effect. With what face can we ask aids and subsidies from our friends, while we are wasting our own wealth in such prodigality? With great and sincere esteem I have the honor to be, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant, B. FRANKLIN.

DR. FRANKLIN TO JOSIAH QUINCY, BRAINTREE.

Passy, September 11, 1783.

My Dear Sir,—Mr. ——— told me not long since, that you complained of my not writing to you. You had reason, for I find among your letters two unanswered. The truth is, I have had too much business to do for the public, and too little help allowed me; so that it became impossible for me to keep up my private correspondencies. I promised myself more leisure when the definitive treaty of peace should be concluded. But that, it seems, is to be followed by a treaty of commerce, which will probably take up a good deal of time, and require much attention. I seize this interim to sit down and have a little chat with my friends in America.

I lament with you, the many mischiefs, the injustice, the corruption of manners, &c. that attended a depreciating currency. It is some consolation to me that I washed my hands of that evil, by predicting it in Congress, and proposing means that would have been effectual to prevent it, if they had been adopted. Subsequent operations that I have executed, demonstrate that my plan was practicable. But it was unfortunately rejected. Considering all our mistakes and mismanagements, it is wonderful we have finished our affair so well and so soon! Indeed, I am wrong in using that expression—*We* have finished our affairs so well. Our blunders have been many, and they serve to manifest the hand of Providence more clearly in our favor, so that we may much more properly say, "These are thy doings, oh! Lord, and they are marvellous in our eyes!"

The epitaph on my dear and much esteemed young friend, is too well written, to be capable of improvement by any corrections of mine; your moderation appears in it, since the natural affection of a parent has not induced you to exaggerate his virtues.

How admirably constituted was his noble and generous mind. Having plenty of merit in himself, he was not jealous of the appearance of it in others. I shall always mourn his loss with you, a loss not easily made up to his country. * * * * * * * * * *
I rejoice with you in the peace God has blessed us with, and in the prosperity it gives us a prospect of. The Definitive Treaty was signed the third instant. We are now friends with England, and with all mankind!

May we never see another war! for in my opinion, there never was a good war, or a bad peace. Adieu, and believe me ever,

My dear Friend,

Yours most affectionately, B. FRANKLIN.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ORIGINAL.

COL. WILLIAM BUCKMINSTER OF BARRE.

No kind of reading affords more entertainment and instruction than Biography. Zeno, the celebrated philosopher, when he enquired of the Delphic Oracle what manner of life he should lead, received for answer, "ask the dead." It enables us to approach without fear and converse freely with the most reserved and inaccessible. The wise and good of other days are made to sit at our tables, and we listen to them, as to friends and companions. The benefits of experience flow from an acquaintance with their actions and lessons in wisdom result from their conversation. We invite them to our firesides and dismiss them one after another, without tedious ceremony or a tax on our hospitality. Intimacy inspires confidence, and their virtues rarely fail of imparting a profitable influence. That is a commendable trait in the human character which instinctively leads us to overlook defects and search only for good qualities in the dead. Some one has said, that no book was ever written that did not contain something worth reading: the same may be said of men; that no one ever attained the middle age of life without having said or done something worth recording.

Persuaded that an account of the lives and characters of those who were the companions of our fathers must be acceptable to the present generation, it has been thought proper to gather facts and collect information relative to those most eminent and worthy, and insert them in the pages of this work. With this view the reader is now presented with a brief notice of Col. William Buckminster, of Barre, who for the ardour of his patriotism and the excellence of his heart, lived and died in the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

Of his ancestry all we know is, that his grandfather, Joseph Buckminster, was a native of Brooklyne, called Muddy River, in this state. He removed from this place to Framingham, in the county of Middlesex, and was one of the earliest settlers of the town. Here he died at the advanced age of eighty four. His son, Joseph Buckminster, father of William, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1697. He represented his fellow citizens in the Legislature for upwards of twenty years. He died in 1780, in the eighty fourth year of his age.

William Buckminster was born at Framingham, the 15th of De-

cember, A. D. 1736. In 1757 he removed to Barre, and there devoted himself to the business of agriculture, the sole occupation of both his father and grandfather. Independent in his opinions, and unwavering in his judgments, with more than ordinary endowments of mind, he obtained the confidence and respect of the people.—His integrity made him friends, and his understanding gave importance and consideration to his political sentiments.

The treaty of peace between England and France in 1763 was attended with important results to the American colonies. An eight years war had involved the former deeply in debt, and its ministry resolved to raise a revenue to relieve the embarrassment by laying a tax on the provinces. This measure, fraught with so much injustice and tyranny, kindled universal resentment. Not only violating the most essential and important rights secured by charter, it manifested a contemptuous disregard to the valuable services performed by the colonies in the late, long and expensive contest. The principal men of Massachusetts, inheriting the highest relish for civil liberty from their ancestors, and watching with a jealous eye the gradual encroachments of power, remonstrated with warmth and vehemence against the oppressive measures of the ministry. The rights and privileges granted in the charter became daily better and more thoroughly understood. The sea-ports took alarm at the exorbitant imposts and duties laid on merchandise, and the discontent and inquietude, at first, confined to a few, shortly spread through the whole community. The insulting tyranny of Bernard the Governor, and the odious course adopted by the officers appointed by the king to enforce the orders of the British parliament, awoke all from their slumbers.

The period that elapsed from 1764 to '75 was one deeply interesting to the colonies. The spirit of party had divided the community. Some were inclined tamely to acquiesce in the oppressive and unjust measures of the parent country, while the major part was for resolute and determined resistance. Mr. Buckminster from the beginning espoused the cause of the latter. His eager zeal for maintaining the rights contended for by the Colony, and the warmth of his patriotism, as early as 1764, made him distinguished among the whig party. Decisive in his measures, open and undisguised in his friendships, he enjoyed to an unusual extent the confidence of his fellow citizens. In 1774 he signalized himself by his activity in providing arms and ammunition, in compliance with the recommendation of the provincial Congress. A new organization

of the militia now took place, and in this as in every instance where liberty was the object, the public was benefited by his active services. The minute men raised in Barre were commanded by him. No exertions were spared to improve them in military discipline and inflame their minds against the tyrannic measures of the British parliament. On information of the skirmish at Lexington, which spread through the country with the rapidity of an electric shock, he marched his company to Cambridge. Here the militia was re-organized, and from a captaincy, he was promoted to the office of Lieutenant Colonel in the Regiment commanded by Col. Jonathan Brewer, of Waltham.

In the memorable battle of the 17th of June, on Bunker Hill, he acquired reputation for prudence and bravery. He continued on the field during the whole engagement. Just before the retreat of the Americans, he received a severe and dangerous wound from a musket shot. The ball entered his right shoulder and came out near the middle of the back. Although this disenabled him from performing further military service, his name was continued on the army list until the close of the war. His usefulness was highly appreciated from the influence he possessed over the minds of the people. His example had discovered entire devotion to the cause of independence, and his opinions, received with readiness, inspired all with courage. No one contributed more to keep alive the spirit enkindled by the attack on the inhabitants of Lexington than Col. Buckminster.

After the battle at Bunker Hill he returned to his farm at Barre. Here he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits the remainder of his life. He was highly respected by the people of the town, and served them acceptably in various offices. Those who knew him best praised him most. Few persons sustained a more spotless character. He seems at all times to have been a man of the most inflexible integrity. The warmth of his patriotism and the zeal with which he served his country made him truly estimable. Our institutions of liberty, the exercise and enjoyments of our dearest rights, resulted from the united efforts of like undaunted spirits. Posterity will ever hold in grateful remembrance their valuable and active services.

His remains are interred in a grave yard in Barre. The epitaph inscribed on the monument erected over him, is said to be a faithful and impartial record of the virtues which distinguished him through life. It is as follows :

Sacred to the Memory of
Col. William Buckminster,
An Industrious Farmer,
A Useful Citizen,
An Honest Man,
A Sincere Christian,
A Brave Officer,
And a Friend to his Country;
In whose cause he courageously Fought,
and was dangerously wounded at
the Battle of Bunker's Hill.
He was born Dec. 15, *A. D.* 1736.
Died June 22, *A. D.* 1786.

The Rev. Joseph Buckminster, of Rutland, was an elder brother of William. He was born at Framingham, March 1st, 1720, and died at Rutland, Nov. 27th, 1792. His son, Joseph Buckminster, D. D. of Portsmouth, was father of the celebrated divine, Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, formerly minister of the church in Brattle street, Boston.

HISTORICAL.

ORIGINAL.

DESTRUCTION OF WYOMING.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

When he had reached the spot designated for making the treaty, he found the place unoccupied. It would seem this had been enough to have put him on his guard. Unwilling, however, to return without effecting the objects of his errand, he continued to advance toward the neighboring highlands skirting the valley of the Susquehannah, to find some person with whom to hold the intended conference. Already too far from the fort to afford or receive relief in the event of an attack, and loth to retrace his steps without seeing the enemy, he still continued to penetrate the solitude of the forest. The sombre appearance of the country from the dense foliage of the trees, the dead silence that reigned on every hand, and the fear of treachery, filled all with gloom. At length, at some distance in the bushes, a flag was descried; the holders, as if apprehending danger from the number of men in the train of Zebulon, seemed to retire as he advanced. The motions of the flag invite

him to follow. The unsuspecting American to dispel the impressions of fear, pressed forward: the timid bearers continued to withdraw; and Zebulon pursued unmindful, until too late, of the snare into which his own imprudence and the perfidy of the enemy had led him. On a sudden John with all his forces sprung from their coverts and with the most hideous yells commenced the work of death. Zebulon notwithstanding the weakness of his measures thus far, now evinced a courage and prudence honorable to a more able and experienced commander. He formed his troops advantageously and withstood the assaults of the enemy for near an hour. The firmness and resolution with which the contest was maintained, and the vigor and warmth displayed throughout his lines came near deciding the victory in his favor. But at this critical juncture a soldier, actuated either by cowardice or treachery, was heard to exclaim, "the Colonel has ordered a retreat," and a scene of the greatest confusion immediately ensued. The ranks were broken, and the Americans fled in every direction. The Indians renewed the war whoop, and with characteristic ferocity fell on the unresisting fugitives. The tomahawk and scalping knife perfected the work of the sword and bayonet. The dead, the dying, and those more unfortunate victims reserved for torture, presented a picture too horrible to be conceived. Of the four hundred who left the garrison only seventy escaped to carry back the sad tidings of defeat. These with Zebulon at their head re-crossed the Susquehannah to fort Wilkesbarree.

The next day, the fourth of July, the enemy re-invested fort Kingston. To aggravate the terrors of the massacre of the preceding day, the conquerors sent into the garrison an hundred and ninety six bloody scalps. The command now fell on Col. Dennison. Zebulon had left the post during the night and with his family passed down the river. It is thought he was the only officer spared.

On the fifth, Dennison having defended the fort against the assaults of the enemy for a few hours, and, seeing, at length, the insufficiency of his means to hold out much longer, sent a flag to Col. Butler to enquire what the garrison might expect on surrender; to this, Butler with more than savage fierceness, and a barbarity peculiar to himself, returned for answer "the hatchet." Dennison now apprised of the determination of the enemy to exterminate the whole colony, resolved to defend the place to the last extremity. After resisting until most of his men were either killed or disa-

bled, he surrendered at discretion. Many of those who had not the good fortune to be killed in the fort were carried out and subjected to the most barbarous and inhuman cruelties. The tories in this business were not behind the Indians. Finding the process of murder in detail somewhat tedious, the women and children were shut up in houses and barracks; these were then set on fire and the whole consumed together. The unhappy victims while the fires were kindling rent the air with the most pitious cries. Venerable age and tender youth were involved in one general ruin. The voices of the devoted people as the devouring element increased, were changed from lamentations to groans and shrieks of extreme torture and agony.

The enemy now passed the river for the purpose of gaining possession of fort Wilkesbarree. This was occupied by an inconsiderable force, altogether insufficient to maintain a successful opposition. No sooner had the summons to surrender been given than the garrison marched out and threw themselves on the mercy of the victors, hoping for their protection and clemency. In this, however, they were disappointed. The tragic scene at Kingston was re-acted with additional horrors. The soldiers of the garrison became the objects of marked vengeance. The ingenuity of the conquerors was exhausted in devising the most exquisite torture. They were all put to death with circumstances of wanton cruelty. What rendered this act of atrocity doubly remarkable was, that the soldiers did not belong to the settlement, but had been employed merely to guard the frontiers. The women and children there as at Kingston, were inclosed in buildings and burnt, while the ferocious victors listened to their cries with satisfaction and delight.—Some of the officers were spared from the general conflagration; regarding them as persons of greater consideration, they were reserved for more marked attentions. Capt. Bedlock was stripped of his clothes and his flesh filled with splinters of pitch pine; a pile of the same materials was then placed around him and set on fire.—While the process of roasting was going on, two other captains, Durkee and Ranson, were caught by these monsters, thrown alive into the same fire, and held down with pitchforks.

In some instances the tories fell on members of their own families who had espoused the cause of Independence, and exercised on them the greatest cruelties. One Partial Terry, whose family was respectable, had sent repeated messages to his father, saying that he hoped one day to wash his hands in his heart's blood. His

wishes were too truly answered. The infuriate demon, after having murdered and scalped his own mother, brothers and sisters, cut off the head of his father. Thomas Hill killed his mother, his father in law, his sisters and their whole families. Other acts of similar enormity were committed. Nothing could allay their fury. Every feeling of humanity was extinct. The ties of relationship instead of affording protection and security, seemed to invite to the perpetration of acts, at which, human nature in the lowest state of depravity shudders.

The annals of Indian warfare do not record transactions of more unnatural wickedness than those perpetrated by the tory refugees. After having committed unprecedented barbarities upon the wretched inhabitants, a scene of general devastation was spread through the whole settlement. Buildings were burnt, fields of grain laid waste, and every object of human industry levelled with the ground. Fire and sword were alternately applied for the purposes of universal destruction. In the general carnage and devastation every where marking their progress, they did not even omit the lower orders of creation. The tories, as if dissatisfied with the little pastime they had enjoyed in massacreing and burning two or three hundred innocent women and children, cut out the tongues of some of the cattle, and to prolong their agonies left them alive to die of hunger. Others were shot or driven off.

Many women and children escaped into the woods and met with a fortune not much less severe than those who had been consigned to the flames. Some wandered too far into the depths of the forest and fell victims to hunger; others, overwhelmed with grief from the loss of friends and the desolation of every object of affection, sickened and died. Mothers with tender infants in their arms, were found dead. Even the small number hunger and disease had spared, were picked up by the Indians and subjected to the most barbarous torture. Few escaped the fury of the unrelenting enemy. Man and his works shared the same fate. Ruin and desolation appeared on every hand. The voices of those who a few days before were cheerful and happy were now silenced in death. Scarce a mourner was left to go about the streets. All was desolate.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION.

BOUNDARIES AND EXTENT.—The County of Worcester, one of the Western Counties of Massachusetts, is bounded on the North by the State of New Hampshire, on the East by the Counties of Middlesex and Norfolk, on the South by the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and on the West by the Counties of Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin. Thus it extends the whole width of the State. Its length is fifty miles from North to South, and its average breadth about thirty six miles. It contains about eighteen hundred square miles, or upwards of a million of acres, exhibiting a surface of three hundred square miles, greater than that of the intire State of Rhode Island, in its vicinity.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.—The surface of this County is generally undulating, rising into hills of gradual swell, forming what in the Western States is called a rolling country, interspersed, however, with a pleasing variety of delightful vallies, exhibiting the most luxuriant fertility. Pine plains seldom occur, and are of very limited extent. No part of the territory exhibits any of those vast plains or savannahs, which form so interesting features of American Geography. Many of our towns, however, furnish extensive tracts of the most beautiful alluvial lands, upon the margins of the rivers, and which are here appropriately styled "intervals." With the exception of some of these interval lands, the whole region, but little more than a century since was covered with a dense forest of all the various trees peculiar to New England. Most of the hills are of comparatively moderate height, and admit of cultivation to their summits. This however is subject to many exceptions. Grass is the principal product of the highlands, for which they are peculiarly adapted. The pastures, particularly, are rich and luxuriant, insomuch that they have recently received from high authority the appellation of "the Paradise of New England for horned cattle." The hills are usually moist to their summits, so that water can be obtained upon them at a less depth than in the vallies. Most of them are too cold and rocky to yield grain to a great profit, otherwise than as a crop preparatory to grass. Few farmers, however, but possess vallies, plains or high intervals sufficient to produce bread stuff for the supply of his family and cattle. In all parts of New England, grazing farms yield the greatest net profit. So generally are the hills interspersed that it is be-

lieved, they are incapable of being classified into distinct ranges. There is one range however, running from the Northeast to nearly the Southwest corner of the County, and constitutes the highlands that separate the waters emptying into the Connecticut river, from those that fall into the Merrimack, the Thames, the Patucket, and the Charles. This is a part of the White Mountain range. These hills may be traced through the towns of Ashburnham, Westminster, Princeton, Rutland, Oakham, Brookfield, Western and Sturbridge. But one of these elevations is dignified by the appellation of Mountain, to wit, the "Wachusett," in Princeton. This majestic pile rising to an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and about 1,000 feet above the surrounding heights, will be more particularly noticed in the description of the town, where it is situated. This mountain is described by that learned and indefatigable tourist, the late President Dwight, as lying east of the White Mountain range, disconnected with any chain of hills, as a detached or solitary mountain. And in this, he has been cited, as authority by other eminent Geographers. But although we would not hastily nor irreverently controvert evidence of such high character—yet the courses of the rivers certainly show the fact to be otherwise. The White Mountain range, runs generally northeasterly, from the lower part of Connecticut river, thence northerly, bearing the name of "Lyme range," until it intersects the Mount Tom range, when its course is northeasterly, crossing the Monadnock, thence to the White Mountains, and thence keeping the same course to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Now the "Wachusett," and the hills connected with it are on this course, and may be distinctly traced. Mount Toby in Sunderland is too far removed from the line to belong to the range even as a spur, and if not a continuation of the Mount Tom range must be classed as a detached mountain.

Lakes and Rivers.—This extensive County, although as well supplied with springs, rivulets and larger streams, adapted to all the conveniences of agricultural and domestic economy, and to all the various purposes of manufactures, as any part of the Globe, is yet entirely destitute of any navigable waters. Of all our various townships, there is scarcely one but contains one or more beautiful sheets of water or Lakes. These cover surfaces of various extent, from the smallest size to ten or fifteen hundred acres. It is believed their whole number will exceed one hundred. They will be particularly noticed in their respective towns. They generally

sustain the homely appellation of "Ponds." This name is strictly applicable to small collections of standing water that have no outlet or emitting stream. In this sense, it is believed the word is used in Europe and in all the States south of Massachusetts. Collections of water like ours are uniformly called Lakes. They are here generally fed by subjacent springs, and scarcely any have not a beautiful outlet at all seasons of the year. Their waters of course are pure and limpid, and their surfaces are rarely defaced by noxious weeds. They are generally surrounded by a tract of country of varied elegance, and the delight with which they strike the eye of a traveller or of a spectator from the neighboring hills, cannot easily be described. The breezes wafted from them are pure and salubrious, and the neighboring inhabitants are not subject to those diseases that are so often the scourge of other regions in the vicinity of standing water. These remarks perhaps will apply to nearly all the lakes in the interior of New England. Their waters are generally stored with fish, and in the summer season, are often the resort of parties of pleasure. Many of the Lakes of this County are ornamented with margins of great fertility, not usual in other parts of the country.

Rivers.—No streams of great magnitude are found in this County, but the fountains that supply the most majestic rivers of New England, are embosomed among our hills.—Of those that run Westerly and fall into the Connecticut, the most noted are Miller's, Ware, and Chickopee Rivers. The first, called by the natives Payquage, has its principal source from a large pond in Winchendon, lying principally in the State of New Hampshire. Another source is from a pond in Ashburnham called Naukheag.—These with other smaller streams, unite in the northeasterly part of Winchendon, and there take the name of Miller's river. The waters of Gardner, Winchendon, Athol, and Royalston fall into this stream, together with a portion of those from Ashburnham, Templeton, Phillipston, and Westminster. Miller's river is broad and deep, and its rapids furnish many valuable mill seats. It empties into the Connecticut between Northfield and Montague, in the County of Franklin.

2d. Ware River has one of its head waters in a pond in Phillipston, and passing through Templeton, Hubbardston, and Barre, where it receives large additional supplies of water, it passes westerly and becomes the boundary line between Hardwick and New Braintree. Then leaving the County and passing through the town

of Ware, it loses its name in the Chickopee in Palmer. Swift river, the east branch of which rises in Petersham, falls into it, before its junction with the Chickopee.

3d. The Chickopee, or according to the classical Dr. Dwight, who retains the orthography of 1654, the Chequapee, rises in Oakham, Spencer, Leicester, and Paxton, from which towns it runs into Brookfield, where it takes the name of Mill River or Quaboag, and thence into Western, where it receives several tributary streams, and takes the name of Chickopee, which it retains until its union with the Connecticut.—This is the river, which in the common language of the people of that country, runs up to Springfield.

The rivers that fall into the Merrimack are the Souhegan, the Assabet, and the Nashaway.

4th. The Souhegan, a noted branch of the Merrimack, has its principal source in a pond in Ashburnham, from whence it passes into Ashby, but soon enters the State of New Hampshire, at New Ipswich.

5th. The Assabet rises in Berlin, Grafton, and Northborough, from thence flows into Marlborough, where it forms the north branch of Concord River.

6th. Sudbury River, which forms the south branch of the Concord, rises partly from a pond in Westborough, and running southeasterly, forms the boundary between Southborough and Hopkinton, where it leaves the County.

7th. The Nashaway or Nashua, the largest and most important of the Rivers of this County, is formed from two branches—the northerly has its source from the Wachusett Pond in Westminster, from whence it passes through Fitchburg and Leominster, to the centre of Lancaster, where it receives the south branch, which also has its principal source near the Wachusett. Its most northerly head water is Rocky pond, in the gore of unincorporated land called Notown, between the towns of Westminster, Fitchburg, Leominster, and Princeton. This branch, called Still river, passes through Princeton, the westerly part of Sterling, receiving large additions in both of those towns, then into West Boylston, where it receives the Quinepoxet from Holden. Now taking its proper name, the south branch of the Nashaway, it continues its course through Boylston into Lancaster, from whence, after its junction with the north branch, it passes through a corner of Bolton, receiving another stream, called also Still river, then washing the wester-

ly borders of Harvard, it holds its long way to the Merrimack, in the State of New Hampshire. Now diffusing fertility and wealth over its variegated and extended intervals, and now again ministering to the wants of men by affording an abundant supply of never failing water power, to the various and magnificent manufacturing establishments situated upon its banks, within almost every mile of its course.

The Quineboag and French rivers fall into the Thames, and seek the Ocean at Long Island Sound near New London:

8th. The first rises in the County of Hampden, and runs easterly through Sturbridge, Southbridge, and Charlton, then through Dudley and joins the French river in the State of Connecticut.

9th. French River, rises in Holden, and is there called Turkey brook:—Tatnick or Halfway river also rises in Holden and passes with Turkey brook through Worcester, these with Boggachoag, that rises in Worcester, together with several streams from Leicester, form the principal sources of French river. It runs through Ward, Oxford, and the easterly part of Dudley, where it leaves the State.

10th. Charles river, has some of its sources from the rivulets in Milford and Mendon, from whence it runs into the County of Middlesex.

11th. The Blackstone is one of the most important rivers of the County. Its most northerly source is North Pond in Worcester; from this flows a small but beautiful stream called Millbrook or Bimilick.* This receiving various other waters in its course, passes through Millbury, Sutton, and Grafton, ten miles below Worcester, where it receives the Quinsigamond river, from the lake of that name, then passing through Northbridge, Uxbridge, and the southerly part of Mendon, it enters the State of Rhode Island a short distance below the noted Blackstone factory, having received in its course Mumford's river, which rises in Upton, with various other streams. In Rhode Island it is increased by various tributaries, and afterwards assumes the names of Pawtucket, Narragansett or Providence River.

This noble stream washes some of the most flourishing and opulent districts of the County. From its sources in Worcester and

*It is believed Bimilick is improperly applied to Millbrook. The name occurs but twice in the Proprietors books of Worcester, where it is given to a hill, north of Wigwam hill, near the north end of Quinsigamond lake. The written authorities found for calling it Bimilick, are Mass. Hist. Collections, Vol. I. 114. Whitney's History of the County of Worcester, 34. EDITORS.

Sutton to the sea at Providence, the traveller upon the fine roads, by its margin, is delighted by the view of a continued series of valuable Manufacturing establishments, furnishing employment for a vast amount of capital, as well as subsistence to an enterprizing, intelligent and thriving population. Where its bed is not precipitous it annually overflows many hundreds of acres of beautiful interval land, inferior to none in the County, if we except the fertile margin of the Nashaway. A canal is now constructing upon the banks of the Blackstone, and with their rapid growth, without this facility for communicating with tide waters, it is no easy task to predict, what improvements will be effected by the Inhabitants of this region, after this great thoroughfare shall be completed. G.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SELECTED FROM THE EDINBURGH SCOTSMAN.

SHAWL MANUFACTURE.

Accidental circumstances lately called our attention to some facts connected with the history of the Shawl manufacture, a short statement of which our readers may perhaps consider not without interest. We need scarcely state that this species of manufacture has risen almost from nothing within the last 30 years, and that little more than twenty years have passed since it was established in this city, which may now be considered as the chief seat of the finest, though not the most extensive branch of the manufacture.—Shawls were originally made in the East Indies, and they exhibit a curious example of the high perfection to which some single species of manufacture may be carried in a country where the arts in general are in a rude state. So highly are these India shawls prized in this country, that they fetch a price of £100 to £200, or even £500, while the best of those of domestic manufacture can be had for £20 or £30. But what makes the preference shown to the foreign article the more surprising is, that no small proportion of the India shawls brought to Britain have been worn by the natives as turbans, girdles, &c. before they were imported. This is no secret among dealers, for the marks of wearing are often manifest to an experienced eye, in the discoloration or roughening of the surface, the attenuation of the fabric at particular places, and now and then in actual rents and holes. Strange as it may seem, therefore, it is literally true, that our wealthy and titled dames are content to array themselves in the cast clothes of our eastern sub-

jects, which vestments, notwithstanding, have no small intrinsic value.

There are two substances of which the body or fabric of fine shawls is made—silk and wool. Silk has generally been employed in Britain; but the Hindoos use an extremely fine wool, and from the use of this material the Indian shawls derive much of their superiority. First, it gives them an exquisite softness and warmth, to which it is impossible to approach when the fabric is chiefly of silk. Secondly, the fine wool takes a brighter color than silk, and keeps it incomparably better. Thirdly, the woollen fabric has an advantage which is perfectly understood by the ladies—its folds dispose themselves in more graceful and flowing lines, and of course it affords a fine drapery to the figure. With regard to the patterns, it must be admitted, that till we have discovered the mode of working the figure practiced by the Indians, and till our weavers can subsist on two-pence a day, and spend three or four years labor on a single shawl, we shall scarcely be able to rival them. In the brightness of the dyes we already surpass the Hindoos, and the figures on their inferior shawls which are sewed in or embroidered, are not nearly equal to the best of those which we execute in the loom; but in the finest of the India shawls the figures are wove in a manner which we cannot perfectly imitate, and of which our weavers only comprehend enough to perceive, that it must be extremely laborious and infinitely tedious. Indeed it is certain, that even the smallest compartment of the figure must be worked on the principle on which we work an entire web—that the weft must be turned at each margin of the compartment, though it should be but a tenth of an inch in breadth. The best idea we can form of the process may be derived from the mode of laying in the figures of tapestry; and hence too the Indian mode of working enables them to sink the ground of the web more completely, and to exhibit the colors of the pattern in a more unmixed state than we possibly can. It is remarkable, too, that long practice has taught them to combine their colors with singular harmony, and to diversify their designs without falling into extravagance or incongruity, to such a degree, that the British manufacturer, with all his skill, finds it the best policy to copy their patterns, because he can seldom invent any thing better himself. In the execution of the figures, however, our manufacturers have made great progress within the last ten years; and this is not now the department in which their work has been felt to be most deficient. Latterly their lead-

ing object has been to rival the Indians in the fabric or basis of the web. Organzine silk was the material originally employed for warp, and upon this a weft of wool or silk, or of various mixtures of the two substances, was thrown in. This was succeeded, about 1804 or 1805, by *spun silk*, that is, the waste of Italian silk chopped into short lengths, and worked upon the same principle as wool or cotton—a process long kept secret, but now well known. It was made to resemble the Indian yarn very closely, and was deservedly considered a great improvement, though it still wanted the best properties of fine wool. Some years afterwards another step was made towards the introduction of the proper material, by preparing a weft of silk and Merino wool, which received the name of Persian yarn. This still continues partially in use. At length, about three years ago, an attempt was made to make the fabric of wool entirely. To the substance employed, the name of Van Diemen's Land, or Indian, or Thibet wool, was given, though in reality it consisted merely of picked quantities taken from picked Saxon or English fleeces. Of this a fabric was made which surpassed those previously used, but it was still deficient in the exquisite softness and warmth which the Indian wool possesses; and what was not of less importance, no figure could be worked in upon it with accuracy and beauty. British enterprise, however, is not easily discouraged. Inquiries were set on foot in the East; and specimens of the actual material used in the fabrication of the very finest shawls were brought home. It was found to consist of the under growth of wool of the Thibet goat, or the down growing beneath the long rough hairs which form the exterior covering of the animal. It was found too that the article, though very expensive, could be procured in considerable quantities. But a new difficulty presented itself—this down was so extremely tender, that the most expert spinners in England despaired of forming it into a thread of sufficient tenacity to bear the operation of the loom. The practical skill and invention of our artizans is, however, inexhaustible; and we verily believe, that if it were required to convert spiders' webs into cables, they would find means to accomplish it. An English spinner discovered a process by which he was able to form a very delicate yet firm and durable thread out of this soft material, and, according to custom, he secured his invention by a patent. Some farther difficulties remained, but not of very great magnitude. Our manufacturers had some advantages before, which the natives of the East wanted, and having now the material in their hands which

gave the others their chief superiority, they were in a condition to unite every possible excellence in their workmanship. We think we may safely say that this has been attained. We have seen shawls of the new fabric made by our townsmen, Gibb and M^c^Donald (who hold the first rank, we believe, in this branch of manufacture,) quite admirable in point of softness, delicacy of texture, and vividness of color, and which, we have been assured by adequate judges, rival the Indian shawls in these, and, indeed, in all the leading qualities for which the latter are prized. Some superiority the Indians have still in their patterns, from the tedious process they employ; but this will be confined to shawls of the very first class. In the others we already equal or surpass them, and future improvements will probably leave us little to desire on this head. To those who know how much our manufacturers contribute to our national wealth, we need scarcely say, that the successful establishment of a branch of industry like this is really an object of national importance. India muslins have been already superseded by the skill of our artizans; and it is probable that India shawls are destined soon to share the same fate. Custom may keep up the old predilection for a time; but self-interest will teach the people to save the two or three hundred pounds paid for an India shawl, when they can have one for ten, twenty, or thirty, so closely resembling the other in fabric and appearance, that only the practiced eye of a dealer can detect the difference. Thirty years ago, there was not a single shawl made in Edinburgh, and the number made in Britain was absolutely trifling. At this day, shawls are made to the value of a million sterling annually at least, and the manufacture now forms a leading branch of our national industry.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

"Fill, fill, and to-night let the loud note of gladness
Resound through the Palace of Babylon's king;
Fill high, and let none dare by sorrow or sadness,
A cloud o'er the fair brow of pleasure to bring.

"Strike minstrel, and wake a proud strain to inspire
Our bosoms with rapture, our spirits with joy,
And heed, while your fingers sweep over the lyre,
You touch not a strain that our bliss may annoy.

"Go, Captive of Judah! bring forth from our store,
To deck this rich banquet, the goblets of gold
That once graced the shrine of the God you adore,
When your country was free, e'er her children were sold."

Belshazzar! the God of Judea has numbered
The hours of thy revel, thy boasting is vain;
His vengeance has waked, though so long it has slumbered,
And no light of the morrow shall wake thee again.

Thy boasting is vain—for the conquering foe
Already has swept like a surge o'er thy land,
And thy bulwarks of strength are around thee laid low,
And thy breast shall be bared to his merciless hand.

Proud King! let the sound of thy revelry cease,
Read, read, on the wall of thy Palace, thy doom,
The vengeance of Heaven when rous'd, knows no peace,
And the Angel has written—go down to thy tomb. W.

SELECTED.

THE LYE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse errant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honor, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favor, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceneſse;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wiseneſse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldneſse;
Tell skill, it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldneſs;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindneſse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindneſse;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundneſse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundneſse,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTED FROM CALDCLEUGH'S TRAVELS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The naturalist, who is here for the first time, does not know whether he shall most admire the forms, hues, or voices of the animals. Except at noon, when all living creatures in the torrid zone seek shade and repose, and when a solemn silence is diffused over the scene, illumined by the dazzling beams of the sun, every hour of the day calls into action another race of animals. The morning is ushered in by the howling of the monkeys, the high and deep notes of the tree frogs and toads, the monotonous chirp of the grasshoppers and locusts. When the rising sun has dispelled the mists which preceded it, all creatures rejoice in the return of day. The wasps leave their long nests which hang down from the branches; the ants issue from their dwellings, curiously built of clay, with which they cover the trees, and commence their journey on the paths they have made for themselves, as is done also by the termites which cast up the earth high and far around. The gayest butterflies, rivalling in splendor the colors of the rainbow, especially numerous Hesperiæ, flutter from flower to flower, or seek their food on the roads, or, collected in separate companies, on the sunny sand banks of the cool stream. The blue shining Menelaus, Nestor, Adonis, Laertes, the blueish white Idea, and the large Eurylochus with its ocelated wings, hover like birds between the green bushes in the moist valleys. The Feronia, with rustling wings, flies rapidly from tree to tree, while the owl, the largest of the moth kind, sits immoveably on the trunk with outspread wings awaiting the approach of evening. Myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air, and sparkle like jewels on the fresh green of the leaves, or on the odorous flowers. Meantime agile lizards, remarkable for their form, size, and brilliant colors, dark-colored poisonous, or harmless serpents, which exceed in splendor the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the leaves, the hollows of the trees, and holes in the ground, and, creeping up the stems, bask in the sun, and lie in wait for insects or birds. From this moment all is life and activity. Squirrels, and troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap, whistling and chattering, from tree to tree. Gallinaceous jacus, hoccos, and pigeons, leave the branches and wander about on

the moist ground in the woods. Other birds of the most singular forms, and of the most superb plumage, flutter singly, or in companies, through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, or red parrots, assemble on the tops of the trees, or flying towards the plantations and islands, fill the air with their screams. The toucan, sitting on the extreme branches, rattles with his large hollow bill, and in loud plaintive notes calls for rain. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent, bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange trees, and their sentinels announce with a loud screaming cry, the approach of man. The flycatchers sitting aloof, watching for insects, dart from the trees and shrubs, and with rapid flight catch the hovering Menelaus or the shining flies as they buzz by. Meantime, the amorous thrush, concealed in the thicket, pours forth her joy in a strain of beautiful melody; the chattering manakins, calling from the close bushes, sometimes here, sometimes there, in the full tones of the nightingale, amuse themselves in misleading the hunters; and the woodpecker makes the distant forests resound while he picks the bark from the trees. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the uraponga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, which, appearing nearer or more remote according to the position of the songster, fill the wanderer with astonishment. While thus every living creature by its actions and voice greets the splendor of the day, the delicate humming birds, rivalling, in beauty and lustre, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers. When the sun goes down most of the animals retire to rest; only the slender deer, the shy pecari, the timid agouti, and the tapir still graze around: the nasua and the opossum, the cunning animals of the feline race, steal through the obscurity of the wood watching for prey, till at last the howling monkeys, the sloth with a cry as of one in distress, the croaking frogs, and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day; the cries of the macuc, the capueira, the goat-sucker, and the bass notes of the bull-frog announce the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now begin to fly about like ignes fatui, and the blood-sucking bats hover like phantoms in the profound darkness of the night.

THE BRAZILS.

A BELT of mountains, of the average height of 4,000 feet, runs north and south at no great distance from, and nearly parallel to, the sea coast, about the central part of the Brazils. Several streams fall from these mountains, those on the eastern side into the Atlantic, but the more numerous and considerable ones on the western side swell the Parana in its course to the Rio de la Plata. The eastern rivers are not navigable, except perhaps the Rio de Francisco, whose tributary branches rise out of the very centre of the mining district.

It appears from the account of this mining district, and also from the books of Von Spix and Martius, that gold is abundantly scattered through the rocks of the mountains, the superincumbent soil, and the beds of the rivers, over a surface of many thousand square miles in extent, but generally in such minute particles as to require a considerable degree of labor in collecting it; sometimes it is found in crystals, sometimes in a dendritical form, and more rarely in lumps; of the latter a piece was found at Villa Rica which weighed sixteen pounds. It is said that this metal has frequently been found in little lumps under the roots of plants pulled out of the ground, having accidentally been washed thither by the rains. So universally indeed is gold disseminated over the central parts of the Brazils, that a golden shower, more extensive and substantial than that which is said to have been poured into the lap of Danae, might be supposed to have fallen upon them. Even in the streets of Rio, children may be seen, after heavy rains, picking up pieces of gold.

In the mountains this precious metal is found in a red heavy loam, in beds of clay slate, quartzy mica slate, or in veins of quartz and red ironstone. It usually assumes its most beautiful form in the large foliated iron mica slate; it is also found in arsenical iron pyrites. All the numerous streams that trickle down the sides of the mountains, but more especially those at their feet which assume a slow and muddy character, are auriferous, not only in their beds but their banks also. Nor is gold the only treasure that the Minas Geraes possesses. We are assured by Von Spix and Martius, that almost every kind of metal is to be found here, with the exception of silver; ironstone, which may be considered to form the chief component part of the long chain, is so rich as to produce ninety per cent. of metal; lead is found beyond the Rio de S. Francisco; copper in S. Domingos; manganese in Paraopeba; platina in sev-

eral of the mountain streams; quick silver, arsenic, bismuth, antimony, and red lead ore, about Villa Rica; diamonds in Tejuco and Abaite; yellow, blue and white topazes, grass and blueish green aqua-marines, red and green tourmalins, chrysoberyls, garnets, and amethysts, in Minas Novas. To which may be added that which is, or ought to be, the greatest of all treasures, yet the most neglected, a very fertile soil covered with a luxuriant vegetation, capable of producing every luxury and necessary of life, under a climate which, from the elevation of the surface, is temperate and agreeable. But here, as elsewhere, the *auri sacra fames* has exerted a baleful influence over the infatuated inhabitants. Neglecting agricultural pursuits, their whole attention has till very lately been drawn to the mines, a lottery in which the great prize generally remains in the wheel. It is a curious circumstance, stated by the Bavarian travellers, that at the first place they entered in the gold district, the only currency was a depreciated paper money, with a large number of forged notes. Mr. Caldcleugh thus describes the capital:—

"As Villa Rica may be considered the emporium of the Minas Geraes, and as the thoroughfare to the diamond district and other parts in the interior of Brazil, there is still the appearance of much bustle; but it is quite evident from the deserted houses and general appearance of neglect, that it no longer boasts the population that it once contained, nor the affluence which at one time prevailed in such an extraordinary degree. No place exhibits a more interesting spectacle to the moralist than this. A large mountain, thickly veined with gold, draws, on that account, a population of upwards of thirty thousand persons, who, in the course of sixty or seventy years, exhaust its precious riches. With nothing else to recommend it, the soil being very unproductive, and the immediate inhabitants little inclined by love of agriculture to endeavor to improve it, the population, at the end of a century, decreases to a third of its former number, and the streets and the palace, the governor, and the establishment, are alone left as monuments of the extraordinary riches which once prevailed. Poverty has now her full sway at Villa Rica; the streets swarm with mendicants, who, if diseased, confine themselves entirely to begging; but if in health, alternately try the bowl in the streams and the charity of the more affluent in the town."

There are three modes of collecting the scattered particles of gold—by scooping up the sediment of rivers—by splitting the rock

with fire or gunpowder, and carrying the fragments to a stamping mill—and by turning streams of water into trenches made in loamy auriferous soils, along the declivities of the mountains. The few solitary negroes that are now employed at the *lavras*, or washing places, may still be seen, each with his wooden bowl, "picking up," says Mr. Caldcleugh, "a miserable and uncertain subsistence of a few *vintems* daily." The isolated hill upon which Villa Rica stands, appears from the base to the summit absolutely like a honeycomb, by the perforations that have been made into the veins or nests of quartz. Whatever gold is found must be carried to the registering office, in order to be smelted and fined, that the Emperor may receive his fifth, and good care is taken, by placing guard houses, that as little smuggling as possible may be carried on. At the diamond mines of Tejuco, the negroes who are suspected of concealing diamonds, are turned over to an old woman, who acts as the village doctress, and doses them with strong decoctions of plants. Mr. Caldcleugh mentions an instance of an old woman of this kind practising upon a lady, on her way from Villa Rica to Rio de Janeiro, who was stopped at the *registro* on suspicion of concealing a very large and valuable diamond; which the old woman very shortly produced, and was rewarded for her pains.

On the river Ypanema an iron foundry has been established, which is now worked by Germans, after having been abandoned by some Swedish miners, introduced by the Conde Linhares.—These poor people, disgusted and dissatisfied with the idleness, irregularity, and impracticability of the mulattoes and negroes, soon became, like the Chinese, lingering and longing after their native land, and some of them having died, the others took an early opportunity to quit the country. The ore is rich, producing ninety per cent, but the iron is brittle, owing, it is supposed, to the nature of the charcoal. Where there are any good roads of communication, this foundry, it is said, would supply all South America with iron.

It would appear from the Bavarian travellers, that the little profit arising from the search after gold has at length induced the inhabitants of the mining districts to turn their attention to their fertile lands, as a surer source of wealth: and that, wherever this has been the case, the appearance of their houses without, and their neatness and comfort within, form a striking contrast with the residences of those who continue the pursuit after gold.

A VISIT IN CANADA.

CHAPTER THIRD.

In many portions of our own country and in those parts of the Canadian frontier bordering on the territory of the States where the work of cultivation is rapidly advancing, a remarkable state of society exists. All the varieties of moral improvement intermediate between the extremes of human condition, are joined in strange union. The descendants of the forest warriors, the masters of our continent, inheriting the proud spirit of their untameable ancestors, and cherishing under every vicissitude of degradation the recollection of the departed greatness of the nation; the emigrant from the mist-clad hills of Scotland still holding fast the economic principles of his native land; the wanderer from the teeming population of Ireland, thoughtless and profligate, brave and generous as in the green island of his birth place; the sturdy native of Holland, careful of his gains, and diligently plodding on the road of persevering industry, the only turnpike leading to certain wealth; the sons of New England exhibiting their characteristic shrewdness and enterprise, their cunning in overcoming the difficulties of a bargain, and their contrivance and hardihood in subduing the wilderness; the subject of France, cheerful, good humored, and contented with any lot Providence has assigned for his occupation, with a capacity to gain an easy livelihood where a grass-hopper would perish by starvation; all these are often gathered within the circle of some little settlement, and their peculiarities of language, manners and feelings are thrown in strong contrast. In some of the youthful towns, on one side the boundary, which have recently sprung up and advanced to maturity with a rapidity of growth only comparable to that of the prolific vegetable in the tales of childhood, and in the more ancient villages, beyond the separation line, it is sufficiently amusing to notice the effects of this intermixture. The most favorable point of time the observer could select for his notices, would be that intermediate period between the closing of day and of labor, and the sleepy hours of repose, the pleasant evening time, every where devoted to rest, refreshment, and amusement, when the noises of industry cease, and all feel at liberty to seek relaxation in the manner best pleasing to each. Then the Dutchman will be certainly found, seated in the "*stoop*," a portion of his edifice more necessary to his comfort than the roof which covers his substantial farm house, with his short pipe, rolling forth clouds of

smoke, and listening to the drowsy humming of the bees from their straw hives, or quietly communing with his family, in the very height of sober enjoyment. From the Irish hovel, where the brown jug was circulating freely, and the contents, loaded with no oppressive excise, were flowing out among the boon companions gathered together to drive away care, he would hear the voices of more noisy merriment, or perhaps the confusion of some quarrel, having its origin, and termination in friendship, amicably settled by a few blows and the seasonable interposition of those with passions less irritable. In passing the white painted ville of the Frenchman, from the fragments of rapid and lively conversation he might chance to overhear, he would believe its inmates were of a quiet and unoffensive race, not disposed to disturb their own peace or that of their neighbors with real or imaginary troubles. The Scot, frugal and industrious, would be engaged with contemplations of past losses or present gains, with devotional meditations or recollections of his former home. The Yankee, he would be at his public or private house, discussing the merits of the officers of government, arguing the mysteries of theology, dealing out political speculations, resolving the difficulties of law, examining the nice questions of military or militia science, driving his bargains, projecting new speculations, and inquiring into matters and things in general, with his countrymen. Skilful in argument, acute in reasoning, ingenious, well informed, and inquisitive, the New England men when they migrate from their parent hives, lose no opportunity of sharpening their faculties, increasing their knowledge, or adding to their possessions, by the wits, the knowledge, or the wants of others. The Indians still hovering about the settlements of the White men, if we may be allowed to borrow a term to express their condition from the scientific stone-hammerers, are in a transition state, adopting some of the improvements of civilized life and retaining much of their fierce character; building houses with the axe and saw, but wrapping the blanket around their athlectic frames; putting the European hat over their black locks, but still girt with the peag belt, and retaining the embroidered mockasin on their feet. They will be seen strolling along the streets, fierce and fiery, or surly and stupid, as the spirit they worship has partially or perfectly finished its work. Or, if the encamping place of their tribe be near, where they have planted their wigwams in contempt of the rights gained by some scrap of paper whose force

they neither understand nor regard, their fires will be seen glimmering among the trees, and glaring on the strange group around.

Thus are the opposites in human character placed side by side. The gradations which in the old world are separated by wide space of distance, or of time, in the new, are brought in contact with each other.

In the region we have invited the reader to traverse with us, but from which we have wandered so far away, we meet with no violent contrasts in the materials of society, and no picturesque wildness in the character of the scenery. The face of the country and the manners of the inhabitants are uniform and monotonous. The faithful adherence to ancient customs has built an insurmountable barrier to the innovations of modern times; it has shut out the spirit of enterprise; and prevented improvement in the moral or pecuniary condition of the population.

A rich and beautiful tract of alluvial land stretches along the Chaudiere. The valley of this river is bounded on either hand by parallel ranges of hills of moderate elevation, following its course at unequal distances. In spots, some members of this rocky family have thrown themselves across the direct path of the turbulent stream, as if intending to imprison its waters, and compelled them to take a circuitous course to avoid the obstruction: at other points the whole company have retreated suddenly away and allowed the "silver tide" to indulge in capricious wanderings through the broad plain spread out at their feet. Occasionally there is a surpassing loveliness in the landscape: the stream, forgetting its noisy and riotous character, rolls peacefully and lazily on through green and beautiful meadows: the tall and noble American Elms, of luxuriant and spontaneous growth, overshadow the tranquil waters resting in little lakes, and their drooping branches sweep gracefully along the surface: the waves of the fields of grain, stirred by the gentle summer's wind, follow each other in quick succession, and break upon the hill sides like the billows of a sea of verdure: the white buildings of the French inhabitants are scattered along the highways: and sometimes the spires of the stone built chapels, covered with tin, are seen glittering with sun beams and reflecting a flood of light. But these fair spots are few and far between, and the passer soon finds fatigue and weariness taking the place of surprise and pleasure. The neat but endless village, where every structure so closely resembles its neighbors in construction, as to be distinguishable only by position, soon loses the freshness of novelty:

the crosses equally emblematical of the piety and indicative of the pride of their proprietors, become familiar: we grow impatient of the constant recurrence of the same objects, and gladly hasten onward to seek variety.

There is a class of those busy travellers, in whose hearts the milk of human kindness has been curdled, and who, having no sufficient causes of discontent at home, scour over the face of the earth to spy out its nakedness and gratify their acid feelings by pouring out continued complaints on every scene and every subject: who have the whole volume of the miseries of human life committed to memory, and ever regale their companions by the melancholy recitations of each chapter of its grievances. So deplorably do they suffer when abroad, and so many evils beset them at every turning, that we know not whether we should pity the morbid disposition to gather poison instead of sweets from every flower, or despise the captiousness which seeks out blemishes and blots on the fair scenes of this goodly world given us as our inheritance. One of these grumbletonian wretches (if we may be permitted to use a term uncouth enough to express the bitter temper of these querulous wanderers,) would find much depraved gratification in the region tenanted by the descendants of the original French inhabitants of Canada, and even one who has not set up a standard of impossible perfection as the rule to guide his judgment, would be compelled to notice many variations from the improvements of other societies, and some defects which enterprise and industry would easily supply.

The beautiful orchards, in spring covered with fair blossoms, and in autumn loaded with rosy cheeked fruits, which spread along the hill sides of New England, are almost unknown in Lower Canada. An opinion has been entertained that the delicious productions which gratify the eye and make glad the heart, have constitutions too delicate to arrive at maturity, in the climate of latitudes visited by the full rigor of inclement winters. The impression may be correct in relation to the Peach, the Plum, and the other tender plants, the natives of more temperate climes and originally flourishing beneath the sunny skies and warm breezes of Southern Europe; that it is erroneous in reference to the hardy Apple and the pleasant Cherry, is proved by the vigorous condition of the trees, where they have been cultivated in the neighboring territory of the Upper Province. To those who have seen these plants springing spontaneously, and having their branches bowed

down almost to the earth beneath the weight of their productions, it was matter of amusement to notice the stems, made tender by too much care, budding in the flower-pots or sheltered gardens of Quebec. Except in a few spots, where the winds have sowed and accident has preserved a few solitary trees, the region we traversed, was destitute of these beautiful ornaments. The white washed houses are not overshadowed by the patriarchal survivers of the forest, or the emigrants of the nursery, around whose trunks successive generations have froliced in childhood and rested in age. There are few places where the traveller may pause beneath the Elm, to escape from the direct influence of the summer sun.

The system of Agriculture, if the term can be applied to the occupation of the lands of Canada, practised on the banks of the Chaudiere, as well as in other sections of the provinces, is apparently injudicious and ill adapted to increase the wealth of the proprietors or tenants. The soil, originally fertile and generous, along the alluvial tracts, is a rich, deep mould, deposited by the inundations of the stream; on the fields swelling backward from the river, there is a good, black earth, formerly accumulated by the annual deposit of the woods; and every where, the evidence is exhibited of the power of furnishing an ample supply of food for the vegetable tribes, if not impoverished and exhausted by indolent husbandry. The lands designed for tillage are universally intersected by shallow trenches, and thrown up in ridges or broad beds, as they are called, and whether requiring drains to prevent injury from the abundance of superfluous moisture, or parched and thirsting for water. These are commonly planted with Peas, Barley, Wheat or Oats. The Maize, or Indian Corn, is not an object of cultivation. In our pilgrimages and sojourning in Lower Canada, we passed but one single little spot where this grain, the staple product of the Eastern states, was grown. The luxuriant vines which creep over our plantations, and furnish with their yellow fruits an abundant and nutricious food for the quadruped tenants of the farm yard, as well as the necessary foundation for the palatable enjoyments of the goodly Thanksgiving time, have not been received as citizens of this territory. The adaptation of plants to soils, the rotation of crops, the proper use of the plough, and the application of manures for fertilizing the earth, cardinal points in the practise of husbandry, are wholly neglected. The same species of grain is sowed, year after year, on the same spot; and when, at length, the fertility of the land is diminished or exhausted, the only process of renovation

familiar to the Canadian cultivator is applied. After the autumnal harvest is gathered, the field is suffered to lie fallow; the grasses and thistles, if they come at all, spring up spontaneously; and the scanty herbage affords a precarious subsistence to the diminutive, but hardy cattle, until the ensuing year; then the earth is again stirred by a superficial ploughing, just sufficient to prostrate, but not to eradicate the sturdy weeds from their patrimonial inheritance. The reverence of the children for the usages of their ancestors has prevented the introduction of those improved modes of cultivation, diminishing labor and increasing its products.

It is a weary and ungrateful task to point out blemishes and blots where there is so much of fair and beautiful, and we gladly turn from the business of fault-finding to pursue our journey. From the confluence of the De Loup with the Chaudiere river, the distance to Quebec is ninety seven miles. Passing along the latter stream, we cross the seignories of Aubert Gallion, Vaudrieul, and St. Joseph, thickly settled and presenting the outward indications of plenty and prosperity. Leaving behind us the beautiful church of St. Marie, with its noble front and its imposing towers and spires, we leave the Chaudiere in St. Etienne. The River Etchemin is crossed at St. Henry's, and the road lays over a country, comparatively flat and unprofitable, intersected in all directions by highways. Spruce and Larch spread over the waste grounds, and wild grass and thistles prevail over the reclaimed lands.

At length we approached Quebec. From the summit of a hill, near to the ancient metropolis, was the first view of the city of the rock. The Martello towers on the plains of Abraham, stood up like mighty giants, guarding the spot once wet by the blood of the departed brave, and consecrated by the memory of their noble actions. As we came nearer, the heavy ramparts, crested with artillery, and the black precipices, burst upon the sight.

But at the very conclusion of a chapter it would be idle to speak of this stupendous fortress, connected with the glorious but sad recollections of our history, and alike distinguished in the annals of two empires. The imperfect and feeble picture we may be able to present of its remarkable scenery, will furnish employment for another chapter.

L.

HISTORICAL.

ORIGINAL.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

RIVERS CONTINUED.

THE notice of the streams in our last number, was merely intended as a general description of those rivers, that leave the County. It was consequently imperfect. Other streams of importance, will be noticed in the several towns, where they are found. On page 90, a material error occurred, in the description of French river. The mistake arose from the circumstance of there being two streams that formerly bore this name. The venerable Whitney fell into the same error. French river, properly so called, or as it is sometimes styled Stony river, has its principal source in Spencer, then passing through Burncoat pond in Leicester, it receives the Rawson brook, that rises in Paxton, and afterwards the waters of the Henshaw pond in Leicester, and also a small feeder from Charlton, then through Oxford and Dudley, it enters the state of Connecticut, where it unites with the Quineboag, also from this County. It afterwards takes the name of Thames, and empties into Long Island sound near New London.

Some errors also are found in the description of the Blackstone river. Its main branch originates also from Paxton, and passing through the easterly part of Leicester, then entering the southwesterly part of Worcester, it passes into Ward, where it is called Kettle brook, and there receives the waters of Ramshorn pond from Sutton, it was called by the Indians Packachoag,* then again appearing in Worcester, it unites with the Tatnuck or Half way river, from Holden. This stream takes its name from the circumstance of our ancestors considering it a middle point between Boston and Springfield, now taking the name of Blackstone river, it then passes on through Millbury and Uxbridge to Rhode Island. Its tributary, which we called Mumford's river, is named West river, which rises in Upton from two ponds, and falls into the easterly side of the Blackstone in Uxbridge. The real Mumford's river rises in Sutton and Douglas, from Manchaog and Badluck ponds, and passing through Northbridge, falls into the westerly side of the Blackstone, before its junction with West River in Uxbridge.

* This in the early records of Worcester is written Pakachoog, and afterwards Bocachoge, and Vol. I. Hist. Col. Boggachoag.

CIVIL DIVISIONS.

This County is subdivided into fifty four towns or townships;—the following Table will show the order of these Incorporations, with the amount of their numbers and relative wealth.

Names.	*Date of Incorporation.*	*In* 1820. *Pop.*	*Polls.*	1825. *County Dolls.*	*Tax. Cts.*
Lancaster	1653, May 18	1,862	438	140	01
Mendon	1667, May 15	2,254	494	177	67
Brookfield	1673, October 15	2,292	537	182	96
Worcester	1684, October 15	2,962	753	485	94
Oxford	*1693,	1,562	338	99	42
Sutton	1715, June 21	2,056	452	135	32
Westborough	1717, November 18	1,326	297	101	18
Leicester	*1720,	1,252	293	114	71
Rutland	*1722,	1,262	307	127	07
Uxbridge	1727, June 27	1,551	429	135	91
Southborough	1727, July 6	1,030	254	87	66
Shrewsbury	1727, December 19	1,458	388	123	54
Lunenburg	1728, August 1	1,209	278	102	37
Dudley	1731, February 2	1,615	405	108	83
Harvard	1732, June 29	1,597	374	112	95
Grafton	1735, April 18	1,154	365	114	71
Upton	1735, June 14	1,088	247	64	71
Hardwick	1738, January 10	1,836	403	130	60
Bolton	1738, June 24	1,229	292	91	77
Sturbridge	1738, June 24	1,633	400	139	43
Holden	1740, January 9	1,402	333	103	54
Leominster	1740, June 23	1,790	444	128	84
Western	1741, January 16	1,112	283	90	01
Douglas	*1746,	1,375	286	77	06
New Braintree	1751, January 31	888	203	86	48
Spencer	1753, April 3	1,548	377	133	55
Petersham	1754, April 20	1,626	394	138	26
Charlton	1754, November 2	2,134	499	190	03
Princeton	1759, October 20	1,261	309	124	72
Westminster	1759, October 20	1,634	421	125	31
Templeton	1762, March 6	1,331	332	98	83
Athol	1762, March 6	1,211	303	90	01
Oakham	1762, June 7	986	229	67	65
Fitchburg	1764, February 7	1,736	393	109	42
Winchendon	1764, June 14	1,263	322	90	60
Paxton	1765, February 12	613	155	50	00
Royalston	1765, February 16	1,424	362	101	77
Ashburnham	1765, February 22	1,230	288	84	72
Northborough	1766, January 24	1,018	269	82	95

* The date of the Incorporation of these towns is variously stated in different authorities.

Names.	Date of Incorporation.	In 1820. Pop.	Polls.	1825. County Tax. Dolls.	Cts.
Hubbardston	1767, June 13	1,367	334	100	01
Northbridge	1772, July 14	905	199	50	59
Barre	1774, June 14	2,077	540	185	32
Ward	1778, April 10	608	124	48	23
Milford	1780, April 11	1,160	276	101	18
Sterling	1781, April 25	1,710	455	144	14
Berlin	1784, March 16	625	184	54	11
Gardner	1785, June 27	911	208	59	41
Boylston	1786, March 1	902	205	73	53
Phillipston	1786, October 20	916	244	71	77
Dana	1801, February 18	664	154	38	23
West Boylston	1808, January 30	886	219	68	82
North Brookfield	1812, February 28	1,095	268	87	07
Millbury	1813, June 11	926	249	88	54
Southbridge	1816, February 15	1,066	247	83	54

No. of towns.....54
Population in 1820.....73,625
Polls in 1820.....17,852
County Tax in 1825.....6,000

Each of these towns is entitled to send a Representative to the General Court. Twenty of them may send two each, two others may send three each, and Worcester is entitled to four, making the whole representation of the County in one branch of the Legislature at least eighty members. The County also forms a Senatorial district, and chooses five Senators to the State Legislature.

DISTRICTS FOR THE CHOICE OF REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

The towns following, to wit: Northborough, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Paxton, Oakham, New Braintree, and Hardwick, together with such towns as lie south of them, form the Worcester South District. The other towns in the County, together with Ashby, Shirley, Townsend, Pepperell, and Groton, in the County of Middlesex, form another Congressional District called the Worcester North District.

PAROCHIAL DIVISIONS.

Each town contains at least one Congregational Parish, obliged by law to support a Protestant teacher of piety and morality.—Brookfield and Mendon include two such Corporations. Parishes or Precincts are distinguished from Religious Societies in this, that they are designated by territorial boundaries, and have jurisdiction over the polls and estates of all persons within their limits, who have not united themselves to some other Parish or Religious So-

cieties. These Societies are already numerous, and are annually increasing. The Congregationalists have already two in Worcester, and one in each of the towns of Fitchburg, Harvard, Leominster, and Petersham. The Congregationalists are the most numerous sect. All other denominations do not probably comprise one fourth of the population. The whole number of Parishes, or Societies, is as follows:—

Congregationalists	62
Baptists	27
Universalists	10
Methodists	4
Friends or Quakers	3
Episcopalians	2
Presbyterians	1
Shakers	1
Total,	110

These various Societies have at least one hundred edifices for public worship. Many of them are elegant buildings, adorned with spires, bells and clocks. There are upwards of eighty stated ordained Ministers belonging to these various Churches now resident in the County. The number is constantly subject to variation.

POPULATION.

By the census of 1820, the whole number of Inhabitants was 73,625. The numbers by different enumerations were as follows:—

A. D.	1764	31,543
	1790	56,807
	1800	61,921
	1810	64,910
	1020	73,625

The numbers are now probably increasing at a much greater ratio, than at any former period. For at least half a century, this County has been the great Hive, that has sent out annually its swarms of emigrants to Vermont, to the western parts of New York, Ohio, and other parts of the United States, as well as to Canada.—The introduction of Manufactures and the improvements in Agriculture, have given a new stimulus to domestic industry, so that our young men find it as easy to gain a subsistence at home as by travelling abroad. The tide of emigration has consequently in a great measure ceased.

HISTORY.

From the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, no permanent settlements were established by Europeans on the northern parts of the Continent until the year 1607, when Jamestown in Virginia was planted by the English. Soon after the Dutch took possession of Hudson's river, and founded Albany and New York. In 1620 the first Colony of New England was planted at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, by the English Puritans. This colony was planned and founded by chosen men every way calculated to be the pioneers or forlorn hope in such a hazardous and bold adventure. Although voluntary exiles from their native land, there were in this little band, men eminent in their own country for extensive learning, stern fortitude, manly courage, and exalted piety. Many of them were from families of fortune and of high distinction. They had not been idle spectators in the wars of the low countries, nor did they leave the schools of Leyden with dishonor. They were induced to the undertaking from an unconquerable love for posterity, and an ardent desire to enjoy civil and religious liberty unmolested. They realized their anticipations in the success of their enterprise. The results that followed this humble beginning, have fixed upon these veteran pilgrims the recollections of a wide spread posterity; and the gratitude of all free people of every region hails them as "the leaders of this great march of humanity."—Their names are embalmed in the memories of their descendants, and their sufferings, their fortitude, and their faith, have been celebrated by the most exalted efforts of genius and of eloquence. The canvas has glowed with their forms, and poetry has lent her aid to perpetuate the memory of their trials and their victory.

Thousands, actuated by the same holy impulse, immediately prepared to follow them. In 1628 Salem was planted, and Charlestown in 1629. In 1630, the principal planters of Massachusetts, at the vast sacrifice of fortune, the endearments of home and the delights of country, established themselves on our coast. This year they laid the foundations of Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, and Cambridge. With the accomplished, the learned, and the opulent Winthrop at its head, a regular Government was established. This year 14 ships arrived with 1500 passengers, men, women and children.

The obnoxious decrees of the Star chamber, and the cruel persecutions of that odious bigot, Archbishop Laud, "sifted the wheat of the three kingdoms," and furnished abundant good seed, to plant the deserts of New England, with men of stur-

dy minds, and unbending hearts. In a few years, the whole circuit of Massachusetts Bay, was surrounded by thriving towns. In 1635, great accessions were made. Sir Henry Vane, the younger, arrived with a fleet of twenty sail, well provided with stores and passengers. Three thousand people were this year added to the colony, including eleven ministers, and these from not among the least learned and faithful of the English Clergy. The emigrants had extended their plantations to the west, and this year Concord and Sudbury were made towns. The fertile lands on the Connecticut river had not escaped the notice of our ancestors. Plymouth settlers ten years before had laid claim and taken possession of them by building the first house. The Dutch at New York resisted the claim of the English, but were compelled to relinquish. This year, a permanent settlement was made there by people from Massachusetts. John Winthrop, son to the Governor of that name, returning from England, brought a commission authorizing him to be Governor of the plantations in the Connecticut. He was also provided with a competency of men, ordnance, ammunition, and £2000 sterling to be appropriated to the enterprise. Thus prepared he immediately commenced the planting of Hartford, and other towns on the River.

Nov. 15, 1635, about sixty men, women and children, went by land towards Connecticut, with their cows, horses and swine, and after a tedious and difficult journey arrived there safe.* This probably was the first time that the wilderness of this County was traversed by civilized man. And on this occasion the first incense of gratitude here ascended from Christian lips to the Benevolent author of all this goodness. The Wachusett in Princeton had been discovered by Gov. Winthrop in his excursion up Charles river, Jan. 27, 1632; on this occasion he went eight miles above Watertown, and from a very high rock, he observes he could see all over Nipnett, and a very high hill due west about forty miles distant.† This is the earliest notice taken of any part of our territory by the historians of the first age of New England.

In 1640 the tide of emigration ceased, in consequence of the favorable change of affairs in England. By this time there had arrived 298 ships, which had landed 21,200‡ passengers, the estimat-

* Savage's Winthrop 171. † Savage's Winthrop 69.

‡ Hutchinson I. 91—Holmes' Annals I. 299. Dr. Holmes very justly intimates doubts as to the correctness of this number of the emigrants. It is true that neither Johnson or Mather are very high authorities, but Sir H. Vane's company of 3000 in one year, would lead us to place the whole number much above 4000.

ed expense of their transportation with their cattle, goods, &c. was £192,000 sterling, or upwards of $850,000. From this period more people returned to England than came from there. This had a powerful effect in depressing the prices of cattle and other commodities. The price of a milch cow had been from £25 to £30; this year it fell to £5 or £6. It was judged that the colony contained 12,000 head of neat cattle, and 3000 sheep. Before this time the sales of cattle to the new planters had been a great source of wealth to the older settlers. For twenty years next following the increase of population was limited.

In examining into the origin of our Institutions, it will be necessary to take a brief review of the character of the age when our fathers emigrated from Europe. It was at the period immediately subsequent to the great Protestant reformation. An age when men had just began to awake from a long and dreary night of abject servitude. The fetters in which tyranny and superstition had manacled the bodies and minds of men, were loosened. It was an age when the human mind was struggling to be free; when the divine right of Kings, and the infallibility of Popes, were found to be blasphemous assumptions of power, when the right of private judgment and the sufficiency of the Scriptures were urged as the indisputable rights of men. But in this twilight of the understanding, it was not to be expected that the true nature of the rights of man would be understood. It was not to be expected that enthusiasm and zeal would acknowledge their proper boundaries, or be restrained within due limits. In the enjoyment of the blessings of freedom, men were unwilling to recollect that others had rights as well as themselves. Claiming exemption from the mandates of human authority in matters of faith, they were still eager to fasten their creeds upon others. Bigotry and superstition were so ingrafted on the minds of men, that little more was gained in the first century of the reformation, than a change of masters. The Princes of the house of Tudor forbid all homage to the Pope, because they were desirous of engrossing it to themselves; and there can be but little doubt that the abject Stuarts would gladly have extinguished the entire spirit of the reformation, and restored Popery with all its horrors.

Most of the Church dignitaries imbibed the spirit of their Sovereigns; and such were some of the obstacles that the friends of toleration had to encounter. Our ancestors fled from the hierarchy rather than from the liturgy, and with all their experience they

appear to have formed very inadequate ideas of what is now ascertained to be the true nature of religious freedom. The imperfections of the age attached themselves to their characters; and even in the solitudes of the wilderness, the *Lord's brethren* exacted obedience as obsequious, as before had been shown to the *Lord's Bishops*. None but Church members, during the first Charter, were entitled to the privileges of freemen; and none could be Church members that did not submit their consciences to the will of the majority. Such were the practices of our fathers. But in their principles and their institutions there was a redeeming spirit, a self renovating power, that purified this part of their constitution, and stripped it of its greatest error. There is little danger that Intolerance will ever become the sin of their descendants; nor that they will assist in again uniting Church and State in unholy wedlock.

The period we have been considering is characterized by the most elegant of our Historians, as an age when it rather might be said that error was falling, than that truth was established; when the rights of Society were unfolding, and kings after having relieved their subjects from the more dreadful tyranny of aristocratic power, were grudgingly conceding as privileges, what men afterwards understood to be their own independent of royal favor; when religion was but just emancipated from the hand of popery, when the great revelation of preserving the spiritual and temporal kingdoms distinct, had not operated upon the reason of the European world.*

In the year 1643, the Colony was first divided into four Counties or Shires, to wit: Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, and Norfolk—the towns included in them were in the following order. This list contains all the towns that were then established. Plantations were formed in scattered situations in various places, but not remote from these towns. The fear of Indian depredations kept the settlers compact. Besides, it was considered irregular to form a lay corporation, without first establishing the ecclesiastical; churches were generally founded prior to the towns.†

* Minot's continuation I. 16.

† Hutchinson 112. All later Annalists have followed this distinguished historian, in this fact, but he cites no authority. It would seem from the reading of the early Colonial Laws, as if Shires existed prior to this period. See Col. Laws, page 45, 69, &c. It is hoped the learned Annotator of Winthrop's Journal, will reconcile these discrepancies.

In Suffolk.	*In Essex.*	*In Middlesex.*	*In Norfolk.**
Boston	Salem	Charlestown	Salisbury
Roxbury	Lynn	Cambridge	Hampton
Dorchester	Wenham	Watertown	Haverhill
Dedham	Ipswich	Sudbury	Exeter
Braintree	Rowley	Concord	Dover
Weymouth	Newbury	Woburn	Portsmouth
Hull	Gloucester	Medford	
	Chochickawick	Lynn village	

It will be recollected that the Southern counties at that time formed a Colony distinct from Massachusetts. It was not divided into Counties until 1685. Anterior to that period all their Courts were held at Plymouth; and their proceedings are contained in the records of the Old Colony. Hampshire county was established in 1662. G.

ORIGINAL.

TOPOGRAPHICAL VIEW OF TEMPLETON.

This town is bounded on the north by Winchendon, east by Gardner, south by Hubbardston, and west by Phillipston. Its shape is oblong. Its greatest length, from north to south, is about seven miles, and its average breadth will not exceed four miles. The original grant of the township was six miles square; but a small part of Gardner and most of Phillipston have since been taken from it. It contains still between seventeen and eighteen thousand acres.

Rivers and Streams.—The waters of the Chickapeet† and Miller's rivers have some of their sources in the highlands of Templeton. Otter river, the principal stream, originates in a small pond

* When the Province of New Hampshire was established in 1680, most of the towns in this ancient County of Norfolk, fell within that jurisdiction. The others were annexed to Essex. It will be perceived by a reader versed in the etymology of the names of these Counties, that there is a coincidence between them and their Geographical position. Suffolk included the most southerly towns, Norfolk the northerly, Essex the eastern, while Middlesex occupied an intermediate station. Our Saxon Ancestors attached an appropriate and a relative meaning to each of these names. The Fathers of New England are vindicated from the apparent absurdity in the modern Geography of Massachusetts, which places Norfolk south of Suffolk county. See "Johnson's Wonder working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England" 2, Hist. Col. XII. 54. "The Government is divided into four counties, which to shew, they would their posterity should mind whence they came, they have named Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex, and *Northfolk*." See also Hume's History of England, first chapter—and each of these names in Bailey's Dictionary.

† In Hist. Col. Vol. I. 271, this is written Chickopee, and Vol. IX. 129, Chickapee. Hutchinson in his History of Massachusetts writes it Chickapi, and Dr. Dwight Chequapee. Whitney page 324, calls it Chicabee.

in the south part of the town: one of its sources, and, perhaps, the main one, is found in the swamps of Westminster. The Templeton branch flows first in a southeasterly direction into Hubbardston, where it changes its course to the northeast and passes into Gardner. It soon re-appears, and forming for some distance the boundary line between the two towns, finally runs into a corner of Winchendon, where it unites itself with the waters of Miller's or Payquage* river.

Trout Brook.—This has its chief source in the northwest part of the town. Flowing first to the southeast, it next turns to the north and joins Otter river, to which it is the most considerable tributary. Compared with the other streams in the town it is less rapid and affords fewer facilities for the employment of water power. The meadows bordering its banks are productive, and its waters abound in fine and beautiful trout. This fish has formerly been taken in great plenty; but as time lengthens and mouths multiply, its numbers rapidly diminish, and must shortly wholly disappear.

Beaver or New Brook.—This stream rises in Phillipston, and is for some distance the dividing line between this town and Templeton. It differs little in its volume of water from Trout Brook. For a mile or more before leaving Templeton its current is remarkably rapid and broken. In some places the stream is intersected by ledges, and excellent sites are found for propelling machinery. It passes back into a corner of Phillipston, thence into Royalston, and there is united to Miller's river. In its channel are yet to be seen traps or weirs constructed by the Indians; these consist of a kind of dam or pavement for taking fish. They still continue in a tolerable state of preservation.

Fales's Brook.—This is a small stream, and has its source in the south part of the town near Cook's pond, the source of Otter river. Its whole length will fall short of three miles; yet from

*It is important that the correct orthography of Indian names be preserved; and to this end we shall follow the readings of Elliot, Williams, and Gookin, whenever they can be found. The name of this river in Mrs. Rowlandson's narrative is Bayquage, and Whitney gives it quite a variety of endings. The town of Athol according to him was called Pequiog or Payquage, and the river, which is undoubtedly the same, Payquage or Bayquage. Weathersfield in Connecticut (see Holmes' Annals, Vol. I. 282) was called Pauquiaug, and in Trumbull's Connecticut, Vol. I. 59, it is called Pyquag, and it is not improbable that this is the same name, though written differently. In the Indian language of this part of the country, (see Roger Williams' key, Hist. Col. Vol. III. 222) the plural in some words was formed by the addition of og. Payquaog seems therefore to be the proper orthography, and this is conformable to the Nipmuck dialect generally.

the abundant springs afforded by a soil naturally moist and porous, and from its rapid descent, its waters are turned to a profitable account. This falls into Otter river, and like the streams already named, flows to the north.

It remains to speak of two others, Burnshirt and Conneystow, which, running south, seek the waters of the Connecticut through the channel of the Chickapee.

The first originating in a pond in Phillipston, passes into Templeton, and after constituting the boundary line between one and two miles enters Hubbardston. This is the western branch of Ware river.

The second is a small brook running south into Hubbardston, where it mingles itself with the waters of Burnshirt.

There are numerous other small and inconsiderable streams in the town flowing into those already mentioned, but are not deemed of sufficient importance to deserve a particular notice. Some of them are sufficiently large during the wet seasons, and immediately succeeding powerful rains, to put in motion light machinery. But in dry weather their fountains are exhausted and their channels without water.

The geographical features of Templeton are easily understood from the direction of the streams. Their general course after descent into the vallies is north and south. The two principal ridges between the three largest streams embrace nearly the whole town. The east ridge extending into Hubbardston may be considered as a detached member of the Wachusett range of dwarf mountains.—Unbroken by abrupt and bold precipices, or disfigured by deep ravines and intersecting vallies, its sides are gradual slopes from the summit to the streams skirting its base. Although it is not more elevated than the highlands in the adjacent country, yet the view afforded the traveller in passing from Hubbardston to Winchendon along the road dividing its centre, is rarely exceeded for extent and grandeur. The Green Mountains of Vermont in the northwest, mingling their tops with the sky; the stupendous Monadnock in the north, sustaining the heavens on its rocky summit; the Watatick in the northeast with its azure companions; the woody toped Wachusett in the south, constitute a scene, grand, sublime and imposing. The western ridge is of about the same elevation, and terminated on the north by Miller's river, extends south into Barre. It is more uneven and generally more rocky. The road here, as on the eastern ridge, divides it lengthwise and presents to

the eye a bold view of mountain scenery. Inclining to the east the soil is naturally fertile, warm and productive. For the purposes of grazing particularly, it is of more than ordinary richness.

TREES.—Oak, chestnut, and sugar maple, are found most abundant in the south part of the town and on the hills. White oak and walnut begin to make their appearance, but at present exist in very small proportions. Beech, white maple, birch, hemlock, hackmantack, spruce, and pine, constitute the common growth of the soil. Elm, basswood and ash are scattered through the forest, but not in great numbers. The single and double spruce and the silver fir or balsam tree are found in the low lands and on the margins of small streams. The giant of the woods, however, in this as in all other parts of the country, is the pine. In the early settlement of the town this was by far the most numerous and abundant member of the forest. It has been for many years, and still continues to be a productive source of wealth. Demand for it, as a material for building, increases with the advance of population. The forests are yet comparatively extensive, but are rapidly disappearing before the axe of industry. The time is not far distant when the majestic pine, like the red men who reclined beneath its musical branches, will be removed from its rightful soil to give place to intruding strangers; for whenever this is cut off a thrifty growth of beech, birch, maple, &c. immediately succeed.

The stupendous height to which the mature pine attains is remarkable. Mr. Williams in his history of Vermont mentions one of two hundred and forty seven feet, but observes that is not so great as might be found. Although it might be difficult, and, perhaps, impossible, to find one of the dimension given above in this town, yet many have been measured whose length exceeded two hundred feet.

MINERALS.—This town affords little interest to the mineralogist. The number of specimens found is not great, and these are not remarkable either for variety or beauty. Bog iron ore, sulphuret of iron, and yellow earth or ochre, are most deserving of notice. The last of these is found in considerable abundance at the north part of the town, on the west bank of Otter river. The process of cleansing and preparing it for domestic purposes has heretofore been followed, but of late has been abandoned. The extent to which iron abounds is doubtful. Appearances indicate, however, its existence in considerable quantities. Mine Hill in the south part of the town yields sulphuret of iron in great plenty. It is imbedded in a loose

granite, and with some care beautiful specimens may be procured. Bog ore is found in the crevices or interstices of the rock, and it is not improbable that at some future day rich and valuable beds may be disclosed. The water issuing from the sides of the hill is highly chalybeate in taste, and is thought by some to possess medicinal properties in an eminent degree. No analysis has yet been had. It has been successfully employed in some cutaneous complaints, and little doubt is entertained, that could the virtues of the water be properly fortified by some of the luxuries of life, as at Lebanon, Saratoga, and elsewhere, the springs of Mine Hill, which now flow idle and unemployed, would be sought after with eagerness and avidity by afflicted and disordered human nature.

Curiosities.—The cavern discovered on Mine Hill in the early part of the autumn of 1824, has been the subject of much speculation. Conjecture supplies the place of records and its origin is involved in much doubt and uncertainty. That it was wrought in the days of a comparatively remote antiquity is evident from appearances about its mouth. It has ever been a common report that there was an excavation somewhere in the hill, but in what particular place, was unknown until the recent disclosure. The entrance to it is about one third of the way from the bottom to the top of the bold rock rising above it. A trench or ditch was first excavated, which in the deepest place may be twelve feet; at the end of this commences the shaft. It penetrates the solid rock in a horizontal direction fifty seven feet and a half. The height and breadth of it will average four and a half or five feet square. Its arched roof bears the marks of the drill, and the quantity of rock thrown out affords ample testimony of the industry and perseverance of those who wrought it. At the foot of the hill, a short distance from the commencement of the ditch, is the well, and near by, the remains of the cellar, for the accommodation of the miners in the prosecution of their work. These are yet in a tolerably entire and perfect state.

The fragments of rock brought from the excavation do not give the slightest indication of the presence of ore. The granite is interspersed with black mica, and is imperfectly stratified. The Miners were induced to commence their operations undoubtedly at this place in preference to any other, from the appearance of the rock immediately over the excavation. It rises perpendicularly forty or fifty feet, and presents a surface of bright yellow color. This, to persons unacquainted with the business of mining, or the science of

mineralogy, would easily lead to the conclusion that precious ore must be concealed within the bowels of the hill; but this originates from the decomposition of the sulphuret of iron lying on the ledge above several rods distant. The water thus impregnated, during the wet season, washes the rock, and imparts to it a deep yellow.

The entrance to the excavation was concealed until recently re-discovered. Its existence was apparent, however, from the marks of the trench or ditch leading to it, and the mass of rock thrown out. Stones and earth had fallen in and entirely hid its mouth. A tree, whose layers or concentric circles denoted the age of upwards of seventy years, had sprung up directly in the trench, where the entrance to the cave began, and thus concealed it from sight.

The probable time when this excavation was made, is uncertain. Mr. Whitney in his history of the County of Worcester, says the hill was supposed to abound in good iron ore, and hence its name; and that it was rich in other more valuable mines and minerals; that it was granted to Capt. Andrew Robinson, of Glocester, prior to the original grant of the township. The first meeting of the proprietors was on the 29th of October, 1733, at Concord. In his account of Hubbardston the same author says, "there is a hill in the north part of it (Hubbardston) extending into Templeton, where a number of gentlemen from Boston and other places wrought near fifty years ago.* They dug several rods into the hill in quest of a silver mine; but whether it answered their expectations or not, was not divulged. A war commencing, put a stop to their pursuit, and it never since has been resumed."

It is not known from what source the venerable historian of our county derived his information respecting this singular excavation. It is believed that the records both of Templeton and Hubbardston are silent in reference to the facts stated above. It is probable persons were living at the time he gave the account who were acquainted with the adventurers.

The success attending the adventurers from Europe to South America induced the belief that this part of the Continent was equally rich in precious ores. The legislature of the Colony of Connecticut, as early as 1712, countenanced and encouraged the search for mines.† Acts were passed affording relief to those engaged in working them, and the miners were exempted from mili-

* The History of the County was published in 1793.
† Trumbull's History of Connecticut, Vol. II. 48.

tary duty. The copper veins at Simsbury and Wallingford were about this time first opened, and as the Legislature indulged the hope of acquiring speedy wealth to the Colony by this easy mode, it is not remarkable that the spirit of mining should influence all classes of the community. We see accordingly that excavations at an unknown period have been made in almost every part of the country, and it is more than probable that most of them were began a few years subsequent to the above date. The ignorant miners trusting too much to the guidance of divining rods, were led into laborious and unprofitable undertakings. Strengthened in the belief, from the sobriety with which the Legislature had engaged in the pleasing speculation, that unbounded wealth would be their reward, they plunged into the wilderness in pursuit of hid treasures. Credulity magnified the mysterious virtues of the divining rod, and the fool hardy adventurers encountered the terrors of the untrodden forest, and surmounted every obstacle in the prosecution of their wild and delusive schemes.

Such must have been the character of those who wrought Mine Hill. The object of their pursuit was undoubtedly silver; though there is nothing indicated in the rock or in its vicinity that would warrant or justify the labor and expense bestowed in its excavation. It is evident that it was first opened before the meeting of the first proprietors of the town in 1733; for it appears that it was in the possession of Mr. Robinson prior to this date; and evidence of the existence of precious metals in the hill, no doubt, resulted from having commenced digging. It appears, however, from the testimony of Mr. Whitney, that it was not finally abandoned until the commencement of the war, which was in 1744. The frontier settlements became alarmed by the suspicious conduct of the Indians as early as 1740, and from this circumstance it is reasonable to conclude that the mine was not wrought subsequent to this period.

It may not be improper to add, that an opinion is entertained by many that there is still another excavation, not yet disclosed.—Drill marks appear in the rock where a shaft was intended to be sunk; but for some reason was abandoned. This is only a few feet above the one already described. This opinion is gathered from tradition.

B.

THE SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMICAL—THE MOON.

BY DR. BREWSTER.

When we look at the surface of the moon with a good telescope, we find that its appearance is wonderfully diversified. Besides the large dark spots, which are visible to the naked eye, we perceive extensive valleys, and long ridges of highly elevated mountains, projecting their shadows on the plains below. Single mountains occasionally rise to a great height, while hollows, more than three miles deep, and almost exactly circular, are excavated in the plains. The margin of these circular cavities is often elevated a little above the general level, and a high eminence rises in the centre of the cavity. When the moon approaches to her opposition with the sun, the elevations and depressions upon her surface in a great measure disappear, while her disc is marked with a number of brilliant points. and permanent radiations. "It is impossible to imitate," says Mr. Leslie, "the lunar surface, with all its irregular distribution of light and shade, by a very simple experiment. Introduce a bit of phosphorus into a glass ball of two or three inches in diameter, and, having heated it to catch fire, keep turning the ball round, till half the inner surface being covered with melted phosphorus, the inflamation has ceased. There is left a whitish crust, or lining, which, in a dark place, will shine for some considerable time. Broad spaces will assume by degrees an obscure aspect, while circular spots, frequently interspersed, will yet glow with a vivid lustre."

Astronomers have not been content with merely inspecting the surface of the moon, they have even attempted to measure the height of the mountains, and the depth of her cavities; and though on this point there is a difference of opinion, greater than might have been expected, the results are still highly curious and interesting.

Dr. Herschel measured several of the lunar mountains with great care, and found that their height had been greatly over-rated by preceding astronomers. With the exception of a few, it appears that the general height of the mountains does not exceed half a mile.

It may be observed with the aid of a common telescope, that the lunar surface is not only diversified with rocks and cavities, but that some parts of it are distinguished from others by their superi-

or illumination. The dark parts of the moon's disc are always smooth, and apparently level; while the luminous portions are elevated tracts, which either rise into high mountains, or sink into deep and extensive cavities. The general smoothness of the obscure regions naturally induced astronomers to believe that they were immense collections of water. The names given by Hevelius are founded on this opinion; and notwithstanding the discoveries which have been made on the surface of the moon, it is still very generally maintained among modern astronomers. When we examine the moon's disc, however, with minute attention, we find that these obscure portions are not exactly level like a fluid surface. In many of these places, the inequality of surface and of light is considerable; and in some parts parallel ridges are distinctly visible. The large dark spot on the moon's western limb, which is called the Crisian Sea, appears in general to be extremely level; but the writer of this part of the article has often observed, when the moon was a little past her opposition, and when the boundary of light and darkness passed through the Crisian Sea, that this bounding line, instead of being eliptical, as it would have been had the surface been fluid, was irregular, and evidently indicated that this portion of the moon's disc was actually elevated in the middle. The light of these obscure regions, likewise, varies very much, according to the angle of illumination, or the altitude of the sun above their horizon; and when the moon is near her conjunction, they are not much less luminous than the other parts of her disc. Now this could never happen if they were covered with water; for when a fluid surface is not ruffled by the wind, the light of the sun, or rather the image of the sun, could not be seen unless when the eye of the observer was in the line of the reflected rays. It would appear, therefore, from these facts, that there is no water in the moon, neither rivers, nor lakes, nor seas; and hence we are entitled to infer, that none of those atmospherical phenomena, which arise from the existence of water in our own globe, will take place in the lunar world.

The strata of mountains, and the insulated hills which mark the disc of this luminary, have evidently no analogy with those in our own globe. Her mountainous scenery, however, bears a stronger resemblance to the towering sublimity, and the terrific ruggedness of Alpine regions, than to the tamer inequalities of less elevated countries. Huge masses of rock rise at once from the plains, and raise their peaked summits to an immense height in the air, while

projecting crags spring from their rugged flanks, and, threatening the vallies below, seem to bid defiance to the laws of gravitation. Around the base of these frightful eminences are strewed loose and unconnected fragments, which time seems to have detached from their parent mass; and when we examine the rents and ravines which accompany the overhanging cliffs, we expect every moment that they are to be torn from their base, and that the process of destructive separation which we had only contemplated in its effects, is about to be exhibited before us in tremendous reality.—The strata of lunar mountains called the Appenines, which traverse a portion of her disc from northeast to southwest, rise with a precipitous and craggy front from the level of the Mare Imbrium. In some places their perpendicular elevation is above four miles; and though they often descend to a much lower level, they present an inaccessible barrier to the northeast, while on the southwest they sink in gentle declivity to the plains.

The analogy between the surface of the earth and moon fails in a still more remarkable degree, when we examine the circular cavities which appear in every part of her disc. Some of these immense caverns are nearly four miles deep and 40 miles in diameter. A high annular ridge generally encircles them; an insulated mountain frequently rises in their centre, and sometimes they contain smaller cavities of the same nature with themselves. These hollows are most numerous in the southwest part of the moon; and it is from this cause that that portion of the moon is more luminous than any other part of her disc. The mountainous ridges, which encircle the cavities, reflect the greatest quantity of light; and from their lying in every possible direction, they appear near the time of full moon like a number of brilliant radiations, issuing from the large spot called Tycho.

It is difficult to say, with any degree of probability, what these immense cavities have been; but we cannot help thinking, that our earth would assume the same figure if all the seas and lakes were removed; and it is therefore probable, that the lunar cavities are either intended for the reception of water, or that they are the beds of lakes and seas which have formerly existed in that luminary. The circumstance of there being no water in the moon, is a strong confirmation of this theory.

The deep caverns, and the broken irregular ground which appear in almost every part of the moon's surface, have induced several astronomers to believe, that these inequalities are of volcanic

origin. This opinion was first maintained by Dr. Hooke in his *Micographia*, and was afterwards supported by Beccaria, Lichtenberg, and Æpinus, the latter of whom published a memoir on this subject in 1781 The conjectures of these astronomers have received no small confirmation, from a number of remarkable phenomena which have been seen in the dark part of the moon in the course of the last century. During the annular eclipse of the sun, which happened on the 24th June, 1778, a very singular phenomenon was observed by Don Ulloa. Before the edge of the sun's disc emerged from that of the moon, he observed near the northwest limb of the moon a bright white spot, which he imagined to be the light of the sun shining through an opening in the moon. This phenomenon continued about one minute and a quarter, and was noticed by three different observers. Beccaria observed a spot similar to this in 1772, and imagined that it, as well as that perceived by Ulloa, were the flames of a burning mountain. Mr. Bode of Berlin also perceived a bright spot in the dark limb of the moon. M. de Villeneuve and M. Nouet saw a luminous point near the spot Heraclides on the 22d May, 1787, and on the 13th March, 1788. It resembled a small nebula, or a star of the 6th magnitude, and seemed to vary considerably in the light which it emitted. This bright spot was again seen on the 8th of May by Mechain, who thought that it was the brilliant point of the spot Aristarchus, shining by the secondary light reflected from the earth. A very brilliant spot was seen in the obscure part of the moon on the 7th March, 1794, by Mr. Wilkins of Norwich, and by Mr. Stretton in London. It appeared in the northeast part of the moon's disc, and continued visible for nearly five minutes. Phenomena of a similar kind have been observed by Dr. Herschel with his usual success. On the 4th May, 1783, he perceived a luminous point in the obscure part of the moon, and two mountains, which were formed from the 4th to the 13th May. In 1787, he perceived similar phenomena, which we shall describe in his own words. "April 19, 1787, 10h. 36′ sidereal time. I perceive," says Dr. Herschel, "three volcanoes in different places of the dark part of the new moon. Two of them are either already nearly extinct, or otherwise in a state of going to break out; which perhaps may be decided next lunation. The third shews an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter. I measured the distance of the crater from the northern limb of the moon, and found it 3′ 57″. 3. Its light is much brighter than the nucleus of the comet which M. Mechain discovered at Paris the 10th of this month."

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO SWILCAR OAK.

Swilcar Oak in Needwood forest, is a very tall tree, measuring thirteen yards round at its base, and eleven yards round at four feet from the ground, and is believed to be six hundred years old.

BY DR. DARWIN.

Gigantic Oak! whose wrinkled form hath stood,
Age after age, the Patriarch of the wood!—
Thou, who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
Their rave'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold;
Ten thousand times yon moon relight her horn,
And that bright star of evening gild the morn!—
Erst, the old Druid-bards with silver hair
Pour'd round thy trunk the melody of prayer;
When chiefs and heroes join'd the kneeling throng,
And choral virgins trill'd the adoring song;
While harps responsive rung amid the glade,
And holy echoes thrill'd thy vaulted shade;
Gigantic Oak!—thy hoary head sublime
Erewhile must perish in the wrecks of time;
Should round thy brow innocuous lightning shoot,
And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy steadfast root;
Yet shalt thou fall!—thy leafy tresses fade,
And those bare shatter'd antlers strew the glade;
Arm after arm shall leave the mouldering bust,
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust!—
The poet's verse shall consecrate thy name,
And rising forests envy Swilcar's fame;
Green shall thy gems expand, thy branches play,
And bloom forever in the immortal lay.

FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SELECTED FROM CONDER'S POEMS.

HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away.
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here,
'Tis where friends are is home to me,
And home without them cannot be.
There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's, on the tented plain,
The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
The infant's, on his mother's breast—
But where friends are, is home to me,
And home without them cannot be.
There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place: it hath no bound:
It is a circling atmosphere
Investing all the heart holds dear;—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course;
It is a presence undefin'd,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and beauty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend;—
Where'er friends are, is home to me,
And home without them cannot be.

HISTORICAL.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

HISTORY CONTINUED.

At this period, (1643)* the race of men from whom the present inhabitants are descended, commenced the first planting of this County. The people of Watertown, straitened for room, commenced a plantation at Nashua, some 15 miles N. W. from Sudbury. A tract was purchased of the natives, restricted by a due regard to their wants, and the cultivation of the land commenced. But the inhabitants did not permanently reside there. In two years not three houses were built. In 1653 nine families were established in the place, which was then incorporated by the name of Lancaster. The beautiful intervals of the Nashua at that time clothed with grass of a most luxuriant growth, and shaded only by lofty trees scattered at graceful distances, offered to the planter the most pleasing invitations. Here and there, groves of the oak and the shagbark walnut covered the retreat of the timid tenants of the wilderness. But the lofty elm, with its drooping, wide spread branches, was the most common shade of these silent regions. Tradition informs us that these intervals were not disfigured by low shrub or underwood, and that many of the cattle found subsistence through the winter without the aid of man. Until this period, if we except some portions of interval and meadow, together with small patches cleared by the Indians, the whole of our territory presented one vast forest, that never yet had resounded to the woodman's axe. The solitude of the desert was indeed sometimes interrupted by the howlings of the bear and the wolf, and sometimes by the shouts of the savage, wandering in pursuit of his scanty food, and sometimes by the war whoop and the death cry of barbarian ferocity. With a scattered population of less than one to a square mile, the petty sovereigns of the native tribes, held con-

*Winthrop's Journal 321, Hartford edition—Holmes' Annals I. 330, on the same authority. I commence the date of our annals this year, notwithstanding Hubbard, 543, places it in 1647. The critical reader will have but little hesitation in deciding between Winthrop and Hubbard, after examining the notes of the intelligent Editor of the recent edition of the work first named. Our own historian, Mr. Whitney, places the date of the first purchase of the Nashua from the Indian Sagamore in 1645. It is agreed that the purchase was made before possession was taken. Mr. Whitney relied on the venerable authority of Mr. Harrington, Century Sermon, 1753—Mr. Harrington probably received it from tradition. Gov. Winthrop on the other hand comes to us in no questionable shape; his work is in the form of a Journal, and in the nature of "a book of original entries."

trol over these fair domains. By the sunny margins of some of our waters, they planted their miserable habitations; and the occasional smoke from their wigwams afforded some relief to the dreariness of the landscape.

Instead of ministering to the wants of a glad creation, these fertile fields seemed doomed to perpetual sterility. The purposes of utility, to which our water power is now applied, were prohibited by the wanderer of the forest. The moral state of the few scattered inhabitants, spread a death-like desolation over a region, where laws and letters are now enjoyed; and instead of an hundred altars surrounded by hosts of the worshippers of the true God, the "incense of idolatrous sacrifice" ascended from the foulest rites of Paganism.

The causes that effected this wonderful revolution were slow and gradual in their progress. From the state of affairs in England and in the Colonies here, the increase of population was very limited. The less rugged lands on the Connecticut, were not yet wholly occupied, and those were the Ohio of the emigrants of that day. But in 1660, Brookfield began to be settled by people from Ipswich.* In 1667, planters from Roxbury commenced the settlement of Mendon.†

Worcester township was granted by the Government in 1668, but the settlement did not commence until 1685.

Such was the state of our infant plantations at the breaking out of the Indian war in 1675. It would, perhaps, be interesting to take a brief review of the state of the Indian tribes, upon our territory at that period. Unfortunately our annalists have left but scanty materials, to enable us to form a distinct and correct conclusion as to the situation of that ill-fated race, as they then existed here. True it is, that in the fall of 1674, the heroic and persevering Gookin, visited the tribes in the south and east parts of the County, in company with the venerable Missionary and Indian Apostle Elliot, but he has recorded but little information, excepting of those, who were converted to christianity and inhabited the praying towns. The Indians of New England were then divided into five great tribes, all of whom probably extended their governments into this County. The smaller tribes, that traversed these regions were under the government of various Sachems or Sagamores, but they were all tributary to the sovereign Princes of the larger tribes.

* Holmes Annals I. 377. Hist. Col. I. 258. Hubbard 591.
† Holmes I. 400. Hubbard 591.

1. Beginning southerly, we find the Pequods, whose principal Sachem lived at New London. They formerly could muster about 4,000 warriors, and held dominion over many petty Sagamores, and particularly over the southern inhabitants of Nipmuc, near Quineboag. They were troublesome neighbors, and became much reduced in their wars with the Narrhagansetts. In 1637, they made war upon the English settlers of Connecticut, and by the aid of the neighboring tribes were conquered and subdued. They were then (1674) not more than 300 fighting men.

2. The Narrhagansetts occupied what was then included in the Colony of Rhode Island. They too were formerly powerful, and could arm 5000 men. They were now reduced to about one fifth of their ancient number. They had tribute from some of the Nipmucs that lived remote from the sea. The seat of their Sachem was near Narrhagansett bay.

3. The Pawkunnawkutts, or Pokanokets, or as they are more frequently called the Wampanoags, inhabited the principal parts of the Old Colony of Plymouth. Philip of Mount Haup near Bristol was their chief. His dominion extended as far south as Nantucket, and the Vineyard Islands. They could once raise 3000 men, but the tribe was principally swept away by a malignant disease, supposed to be the yellow fever, that desolated them three or four years before the landing of our ancestors. They too claimed dominion over some of the Nipmucs. The Quabaog Indians at Brookfield were probably under the jurisdiction of the Pawkunnawkutts.

4. The Massachusetts Indians were the next great people northward, and inhabited from the bay of that name, into the interior, probably as far as the borders of the Mohawk or Maquas country on Connecticut river. The Nashuas in the vicinity of Lancaster, and some of the Nipmucs, were under this tribe. They too, were much reduced by the same pestilence that destroyed their southern neighbors, insomuch that they were reduced from 3000, to one tenth of that number of warriors.

5. The northeastern parts of this State were possessed by the Pawtuckets, who dwelt principally upon the banks of the Merrimac, and its tributary waters. They were formerly as strong as the Massachusetts, but the sickness reduced them so that they did not then exceed 250 fighting men. Their realms extended eastward as far as the sea, and according to Gookin, included Agawam

and Naumkeag.* This tribe probably extended over the northerly parts of this County; but we find no certain memorials of the Indians of that territory. The Penicooks resided in the region about Concord, N. H.

The Nipmuc country, or as it is sometimes written the Nipmug or Nipnet country, extended over the southerly parts of this County. From the variety of its fishing and hunting grounds, and from the adaptation of much of the soil to the purposes of Indian culture, we may justly presume it formerly contained a comparatively large population. But from some misfortune not recorded, the Nipmucs were politically, at the period under consideration, in a broken state. Most of the neighboring Sachems, severally claimed sovereignty over their citizens. If they ever were an independent people, their nation was now extinct. From scattered fragments of history, we may form some conjectures of the extent of their domains. The Blackstone was called the Nipmuc river.† Gookin places Weshakim, alias Nashua,‡ in the Nipmug country, as he does likewise Quabaog,§ Manchaog,‖ Chabanakongkomum,** Waeuntug,†† Hassanemesset‡‡ and Packachaog,§§ as well as three Indian villages now within the limits of Woodstock. It would seem that they formerly extended as far as Connecticut river, although the expression is rather equivocal.‖‖ Judging from the number of converts, which was about one thousand in this region, we must conclude it was more populous than most other Indian places. The Nashuas or Weshakims had but fifteen or sixteen families.

Until the fatal war of 1675, these Indians had lived with the settlers upon the most pacific terms. They were serviceable to them in their planting, their hunting and their trade. That ferocity that so generally predominates in the savage, never discovered itself in the simplicity of the Nipmuc character. Until this period, the Government of the Colony had kept the oversight over the planters, and no purchases of lands were made from the Indians, without the intervention of a judicious Committee of the General Court. In all the various transactions of our settlers, with the Indians of this County, I have been unable to find any charges of injustice or wrong on the one side, or the other. They were mutually feeble and mutually dependent, and until the fatal hostilities, they were constantly interchanging offices of kindness. One

* Ipswich and Salem. † Gookin in I. Hist. Col. 1—194. ‡ Sterling and Lancaster. § Brookfield. ‖ Oxford. ** Dudley. †† Uxbridge. ‡‡ Grafton. §§ Partly in Worcester and Ward. ‖‖ See Gookin, ibid. 148.

of our historians relates an anecdote that strongly exemplifies their national character. When our fathers were in want of bread, soon after their arrival, one of these faithful people carried a bushel and a half of corn upon his back, the whole way from the south part of this County to Boston, for the relief of the inhabitants. We believe the records of civilized life will exhibit few such instances of persevering goodness. Many of this inoffensive people, owed fealty to Philip, and true to their allegiance, were drawn into the war, that laid waste his domains and exterminated his tribe.

This conflict, known by the name of King Philip's war, scattered desolation and death over all our interior settlements. The plantations of this County were entirely broken up. The houses were laid in ashes, and the whole region abandoned to savages and wild beasts. It was a contest of no ordinary character, not a history of seiges and battles, not a war merely against the physical force of our fathers, but against all they held dear on earth. It seemed to be a war of extermination waged against their race, and prosecuted with undistinguished rancor against hoary age and helpless infancy, and alike unsparing to the soldier in arms, and to his feebler and defenceless companion, by the domestic fire-side. It was war in its most terrific form. Burning and desolation were its mildest features. Ordinary death was insufficient to glut the vengeance of savage monsters. The unhappy sufferer was generally doomed to perish in tortures, and to hear his cries of agony re-echoed by the triumphant shouts of his fiend-like conquerors. Even the dumb creation, the domestic animals, often fell a prey to the same malignant temper, that proved fatal to their owners.—Horses, cattle, and sheep, were generally destroyed, and lest savage malice should be incomplete, methods were generally contrived to prolong their sufferings. It was a combination of all the powerful tribes to regain their lost dominions, and to rid the soil of its new possessors. The Savages were instigated to this deadly purpose by Philip, a master spirit, actuated by various motives, some of them base, but many of them honorable to him as a patriot and a soldier, and not dissimilar to those which in the annals of war, have heretofore reflected no dishonor upon the characters of more civilized Princes. G.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

The following interesting remain contains the history of the depreciation of currency during the contest for Independence. It illustrates the exertions, the sufferings and the merits of the gallant Soldiers of the time. The document has been preserved among the papers of our late respected fellow citizen, Judge Benjamin Heywood, and we are indebted to the kindness of his son and our friend, Dr. B. F. Heywood, for permission to present them to our readers.

The Committee appointed by the Massachusetts line of the Army, to adjust and settle the accounts of the Officers and Soldiers, with regard to the depreciation of the currency, having attended that service, report,

That they proceeded to Boston as directed, where they arrived on the 20th November, and after waiting some days, were joined by a Committee of Court, with instructions as follows, viz.

State of Massachusetts Bay,

In House of Representatives, Nov. 24, 1779.

Resolved—That the Committee who have been appointed to meet a Committee from the Army, to adjust and settle the accounts of the Officers and Soldiers, belonging to the Continental Army, from this State, be,and they are hereby directed to take into the accounts for said settlement, any advances made by Congress, to Officers and Soldiers, over and above their established pay and subsistence; also, all gratuities and advances, made by this State, either in money, clothing or stores; likewise, the supplies made for the Soldiers' families by the several Towns in this State, in obedience to the orders of the General Court; but no account is to be made of any bounties given to encourage the men to enter the service, either by the Continent, this State, or any Town or person therein; and the said Committee are further directed, to proceed in said business with all possible dispatch, and as soon as part thereof is completed they are to lodge in the Secretary's Office, a return of the ballances together with the persons' names, to whom they are due, and the Hon. Council are requested, (on proper application therefor,) to grant warrants on the Treasurer for the payment thereof, and the Treasurer aforesaid is hereby directed, to pay the balances of such as are engaged in the Service during the War, in Current Money, if the state of the Treasury will admit of it, otherwise in Government Securities on interest, payable the 1st day of January, 1781, which securities shall be exchanged and Current Mon-

ey given therefor, by any of the Collectors or Constables in this State, allowing the principal and interest due at the time of such exchange, at which time the Interest on such Notes shall cease, and the Treasurer of this State is hereby directed, to receive such Notes in payment for any Taxes, allowing the Interest due thereon at the time they were exchanged by such Collector or Constable: And it is further

Resolved—That the Treasurer of this State be, and he is hereby directed, to pay all the balances due to those who have not engaged during the War, in his Notes on Interest payable, on the first day of June one Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty One.

Sent up for Concurrence.

JOHN HANCOCK, *Speaker.*

In Council, November 25th, 1779.

Read and Concurred,

JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

Consented to by the major part of the Council.

True Copy Attest. JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

The Committee from the line having Communicated their instructions, the Joint Committees then proceeded to consider of the most proper means to obtain a true state of the Currency, from January 1st, 1777, to January 1st, 1780, and after considering the matter in every point of view, and making the best enquiries the circumstances of affairs would admit, it was finally agreed, (though not without the assistance of an additional Committee of both Houses,) to establish a monthly rate of depreciation, upon a mean rate of the current prices, throughout the State; of Beef, Indian Corn, Sheep's Wool, and Sole Leather, calculated as follows, viz:

	1777.	1778.	1779.
January 31st	1,03 for 1	4,64	9,34
February	1,03	4,80	10,87
March	1,28	5,19	12,35
April	1,57	5,80	14,14
May	1,69	5,91	16,02
June	1,82	6,34	22,57
July	2,38	6,30	20,38
August	2,50	6,90	16,95
September	3,82	6,90	17,14
October	3,96	6,97	23,87
November	4,34	7,47	30,25
December	4,50	8,38	32,50

But previous to making out the above rate of depreciation, it was urged by the Committee from the line, that the Army had suffered a considerable loss on account of not receiving their Continental pay, at the close of each Month when it became due, which ought to be taken into consideration in the settlement; as this was a matter so very evident, and the propriety of valuing the Continental pay of the Army, by the rate of depreciation at the time when the general payments were made, being as was supposed, fully consented to on the part of the Court's Committee, and as the Committee from the line had every reason to suppose it would be carried into practice, without the least objection, they were therefore induced to consent to the above rate of depreciation. Though sensible at the same time, that if a perfect account of the prices of the necessaries of life throughout the State could have been obtained from time to time, it would have produced a higher rate of depreciation; yet taking the delay of payments into consideration, and as no Town Bounties or private hires, were to be charged upon the Soldiers, and finding upon this plan it would nearly answer the expectations of the Army, it was thought best by the Committee from the line, for the sake of accommodation to establish the above rate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL.

MASASSOIT.

Masassoit, or Oosamequen,* was chief Sachem of a powerful tribe of Indians called Wampanoags. His territories were included for the most part within the jurisdiction of Plymouth Colony, and were bounded on the north by the Massachusetts, west by the Nipmuck and south west and south by the Narrhaganset tribes. The subordinate Chiefs inhabiting Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and the Elizabeth Islands owed him allegiance, and three thousand strong armed bowmen constituted the military strength of his wild domains.† Besides these, a small portion of the Nipmuck country, a name applied generally to all that territory lying between the eastern boundary of the County of Worcester and Connecticut river, and extending south near twenty miles into the State of Connecticut,‡ looked to Masassoit as the lawful prince and sovereign. The Massachusetts

* It was a custom with the Indians to change their names—see Morton's New England's Memorial 149: This name is written differently, Osamekin, Savage's Winthrop, 139; Woosamequen, Morton, 148; Ousamequen, His. Col. Vol. 1, 276; Asuhmequin, Church, 79—84; Massassowat, Belknap's Biog. Vol. 2—290. †Gookin in His. Col. Vol. 1. ‡Trumbull, Vol. 1—43.

tribe, which acknowledged no supreme head, but divided into small cantons, and governed by petty Chiefs, was partly tributary* to the great Sachem of the Wompanogs.

Of his early life and the condition of his nation prior to the arrival of the Pilgrims in 1620, but little is known. In 1616 or 17† a desolating epidemic broke out and depopulated almost the whole of his empire. In the language of a faithful annalist, so many thousands of them died that the living were unable to bury the dead, and that their bones were to be seen lying on the surface of the earth about the places of their habitations, many years afterwards.

Patukset, the place now called Plymouth, the landing of the first settlers in 1620, was within the territories of Masassoit. Fortune seemed to have prepared the country for the reception of the Pilgrims. The soil had been vacated by pestilence and disease, and a magnanimous prince permitted them a quiet and undisturbed possession. It was in the power of the natives at this time to have easily exterminated the infant colony. That advantage was not taken of its weak and unprotected condition, must partly be ascribed to the clemency and generosity of Masassoit.

The first interview between the subjects of Masassoit and the colonists, was on the 16th of March, a few months subsequent to their arrival at Plymouth.‡ An Indian, named Samoset, now came boldly among them with bow and arrow in his hands and addressed them in broken English. He had derived an imperfect knowledge of the language from having been connected with some fishermen at Moratiggon, an island near the mouth of Penobscot Bay. The colonists eager for an opportunity of forming an intimacy with the natives, received him with kindness and treated him with hospitality. He answered enquiries respecting the state of the country, the strength of the inhabitants and the awful calamities that had befallen them. Disease and a most exterminating war, he observed, had carried universal desolation before them: scarce one among twenty of his countrymen were spared; and of those formerly inhabiting the adjacent parts, only one solitary individual was living.

To secure the friendship of Samoset, and open the way to a profitable understanding with his countrymen, he was loaded with presents and invited to return with some of his friends. He accordingly appeared again among them the next day with five com-

* Hutchinson, Vol. 1—253. † Neal's N. England, Vol. 1—103. ‡ Morton 30 —Prince's Annals, 46—Neal's N. England puts it in 1619, Vol. 1—87. § Belknap's Reg. Vol. 2—210.

panions,* who brought with them skins for trade. The same endearing civilities were extended to these, and after entertaining the colonists with dancing after the Indian manner, they disappeared in the forest, first intimating the intention of their prince to pay them a visit.†

The principal seats of Masassoit were at Pokanoket,‡ on the head of Narrhaganset bay. The number of subjects immediately about him was about sixty. One of these, Tisquantum, was among the unfortunate ones captured by Hunt, who visited the coast in 1614, under the celebrated navigator, Capt. John Smith. Hunt was left in charge of a vessel, with instructions after it was laden with fish, to sail for Spain. Smith in the mean time, embarked on board his own ship and returned to London. When Hunt had accomplished the objects of his stay, and his vessel was ready to sail, under the pretence of trading with the natives, he decoyed the number of twenty seven on board, and perfidiously threw them in irons. The unsuspecting Indians were shipped to Malaga, and most of them were there sold as slaves for twenty pounds the man. The whole would have been disposed of in the same manner had not the Monks compassionately interceded and procured a release of the remaining ones out of their hands. Tisquantum was carried thence to Spain, afterwards to England, where he remained long enough to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and finally returned in a fishing ship to America.§ During his absence the plague had desolated his country, and he found himself the only survivor of a once populous district. His family and friends had been swept away by the pestilence, and he beheld himself the unhappy remnant of a once powerful and dreaded people.

Samoset having informed Masassoit of the disposition of his new neighbors to be at peace and live in the interchange of friendly offices, he went from the royal seat at Sowams, attended by sixty followers,‖ with a view to pay a visit to Plymouth. When he had come within a short distance of the town, he commissioned Samoset and Tisquantum, the two most accomplished personages of his court, to approach and apprise the English Sachem of his arrival. They accordingly acquainted the colonists that their prince, the most con-

* Prince, 100. † Morton, 31. ‡ Prince, 112. This included the present townships of Bristol, Warren and Barrington, in Rhode Island, and Swanzey in this state. Masassoit resided principally at Sowams and Kikemuit, villages within the country of Pokanoket. Kikemuit was afterwards called Montaup, now vulgarly called Mount Hope. Belknap's Biog. Vol. II. 221. Holmes, Vol. I. 211. § His. Col. Vol. VIII. 160. ‖ Neal, Vol. I. 96. Prince, 101.

siderable sovereign of the country, was encamped on a neighboring hill with his train, and was desirous of an interview. Mutual distrust, or a want of conformity to the etiquette of the two courts, for a time delayed the intended conference. It was at length agreed, however, that the colonists should first appoint some one to wait on Masassoit, and enter into a parley with him. Edward Winslow was the person selected to go out and ascertain the further pleasure of the royal stranger. For the purpose of accomplishing his errand the more satisfactorily, he took with him two knives, a copper chain, and a jewel, to present to the cautious Sachem. Other articles of a kind best calculated to please him were taken, and on delivering them, he signified to him that what he had given him were tokens of friendship from the colonial governor, and that it was his earnest desire that a treaty of peace might be made, and a league entered into, which would result to the mutual benefit and happiness of the two nations.

Winslow having delivered his message, Masassoit committed him to his brother, Quadequinah, a subordinate chieftain, and accompanied by twenty of his followers, unarmed, descended the hill toward the town. When he had reached a brook, a short distance from the settlement, he was met by Capt. Standish with six men, and politely escorted to one of the best houses. Here a pile of cushions was placed on a green rug, and other accommodations corresponding with the dignity of the guest, provided. Gov. Carver shortly appeared, preceded by a drum and trumpet, and a military escort. This exhibition excited great admiration among the Indians. It was showing unexpected deference to their sovereign. After an interchange of civilities, the Governor and Sachem kissing each other, they agreed on a league of friendship, the substance of which was, that they and their subjects should perpetually continue in the exercise of kind and obliging offices toward each other; that in the event of hostilities with other powers mutual aid and support should be afforded; that the subjects of each on approaching the towns of either party, should in all cases leave their weapons of war at a certain distance. The treaty being concluded, which was called the peace of Plymouth, "entertainment was brought in, consisting chiefly of strong waters, a thing the Savages love very well; and the Sachem took such a large draught of it at once, as made him sweat all the time he staid."*

When the conference was ended, Masassoit returned to his camp

* Neal, Vol. I. 97.

on the hill, and the hostages on both sides were restored. Thus was formed an alliance remarkable above all others with the Indians, for the length of its duration. The articles of it were adhered to with fidelity as long as Masassoit lived. It remained unbroken until the war of 1675, when the celebrated Philip, second son of Masassoit, commenced hostilities on the settlements.

In the month of July, 1621, Gov. Bradford appointed envoys to pay a visit to his generous friend and ally, Masassoit. Mr. Winslow and Hopkins, accompanied by Tisquantum as guide and interpreter, were intrusted with the mission. The object of it was to explore the country, confirm the league, and ascertain the number of the natives. The distance from Plymouth was about forty miles southwest. In their way thither, they observed the desolation every where marking the progress of the plague. Villages formerly thickly inhabited, were deserted, and the whole country depopulated. Indian skeletons in many places unburied, laid whitening on the earth.*

The envoys were received at the court of the forest warrior with much pomp and ceremony. When introduced to his presence they saluted him by a discharge of their muskets. This done, they were kindly invited into his house and welcomed in the most obliging and cordial manner. They disclosed to him the object of their visit, renewed the protestations of friendship of their Governor for him and his people, and accompanied these with a present of a horseman's red coat, gaudily set off with lace, and a chain to go about the neck. Nothing could have gratified the royal vanity more than trinkets of such imposing character. Having arrayed himself in these, "he was not a little proud to behold himself, and his men also to see their king, so bravely attired." In this new armor, after making an appropriate speech to the message of the envoys, his men gathering around him, he addressed them in the following words: "am not I Masassoit, commander of the country around you? Is not such a town mine and the people in it? Will you not bring your skins to the English?" After mentioning twenty or thirty places in this manner, and his subjects rending the air with their plaudits at the naming of each, he lighted the pipes of the envoys,

* The whole number of the Wampanoags, sometimes called Pawkunnawkuts or Pokanokets, was before the plague, about 20,000. It is probable the number left was only a few hundred. "Thousands of men have lived there (banks of Taunton river) which died in a great plague not long since; and pity it was and is to see so many goodly fields, and so well seated, without men to dress the same." Winslow's Narrative.

and seating himself beside them, entered into conversation relative to the people of England. His inquiries were chiefly with reference to the king; and of the many strange and unaccountable things related of him, none gave such surprise and wonder as to be told he lived without a wife.*

The entertainment afforded Winslow and Hopkins, from the account the former has left of it, was neither splendid or liberal; for besides being compelled to retire to rest without supper, they slept on the same bed with Masassoit and his wife; the former at one end, and the latter at the other. The bed consisted simply of some planks raised about a foot above the floor, covered with mats.—Two of the principal characters in the court of the Sachem, for want of room, took lodgings in the same bed; and, no doubt, the ambassadors passed the night pretty uncomfortably. Although they remained during two nights and a day, the only food they saw, was two fish and a partridge; and these were divided among nearly forty. They supported their hunger, however, with a good grace, from the circumstance that all shared alike. When they took their leave to return to Plymouth, Masassoit, conscious of the scanty entertainment his friends had received, and remembering, perhaps, the hospitality with which he was served by the English Governor, was filled with grief and shame.† No people are more poor than the Indians, and none more liberal of the substance. They give cheerfully whatever they have to strangers and guests, and the treatment here extended to Winslow and Hopkins, ought in no wise to affect the reputation of Masassoit.

Tisquantum proved but a hollow-hearted friend to the colonists. To elevate himself to the first office of government, he plotted the destruction of Masassoit, by creating a war between him and the English.‡ Canonicus, chief Sachem of the Narrhagansetts, and an ancient and implacable enemy of the Wampanoags, regarding with a jealous eye the formidable alliance between the Planters and Masassoit.§ From the devastation of his subjects by the late pestilence and the disaffection of Conbutant, a petty Sagamore, the ambitious Canonicus had conceived of the bold design of wresting the sceptre from the hands of Masassoit, and placing the crown upon his own head. Tisquantum had been apprized of the determinations of the Narrhagansett Sachem, and was not backward to second his views. To lead the colonists to distrust the friendship of

* Holmes, Vol. I. 221. † Belknap's Biog. Vol. II. 269. ‡ Prince, 118. § ibid. 116.

their ally, he instructed one of his family to wound his face and alarm the town with the approach of Canonicus, Conbutant and Masassoit, with their forces to attack the settlement, saying that his life had been endangered by speaking in defence of the English. A strong guard was placed about the town, and all hearts for a time were filled with deepest consternation. Hobomak disclosed the true character of Tisquantum, and vindicated the fidelity of Masassoit, his master.* A messenger was instantly dispatched to Pokanoket to ascertain the truth of the report circulated by the wounded Indian. An answer was returned, and the treachery of Tisquantum fully brought to light. The indignant chief soon followed and insisted on the surrender of him into his hands that he might avenge the insult according to the laws of his country. He urged the articles of treaty that the offender might be delivered up, and that the peace of his nation and dignity of his crown might not be further jeopardised. Notwithstanding the usefulness of Tisquantum as interpreter was set forth by the Governor and other reasons given why his life should be spared, nothing but his death could appease the royal indignation. After his return to his subjects, he sent two men back to Plymouth, with his own knife, with a commission to bring him dead or alive, and they would have succeeded in their errand had not the Governor averted them from their purpose by arguments of clemency and promise of reform.

Nothing could have proved more happy and fortunate for the colony than the friendship of Masassoit. Although his fortunes were now broken down by the devastation of his subjects by the plague, he was found to possess a powerful influence over the councils of neighboring princes. Many of the petty Sachems under him were opposed to the settlement of the English at Plymouth, and some of the more discontented and rebellious went so far as even to threaten its peace and safety; yet, from the deference paid the opinions of Masassoit, and the weight of his judgment, nine of them went voluntarily to Plymouth, and there on the 13th of September, 1621, acknowledged themselves the loyal subjects of King James.†

In the beginning of the year 1623, news was brought to Gov. Bradford, that Masassoit was very dangerously sick. It was a custom among the Indians when one was ill, for the friends to visit him, or send presents. In compliance with a practice so praiseworthy, and out of gratitude for the many acceptable services rendered the colony by the generous Sachem, Mr. Winslow was again

* His. Col. Vol. VIII. 242. † Belknap's Biog. 223.

appointed to wait on him in his illness, and offer him such relief as should be in his power. Mr. Hamden went with him, accompanied by Hobomak, a faithful friend to the English, as guide and interpreter. Before they reached his seat, the melancholy intelligence was brought them that the royal patient is dead. While at Mallapuyst the report of his death was contradicted, and a messenger dispatched to apprise the inhabitants of their coming. He returned in a short time with information that he wass yet alive, but could hold out but a short time. Mr. Winslow hastened to the place where Masassoit then was, and although not dead, yet in a very low and hopeless condition. His sight had gone from him, and his appearance was that of one in the last struggles: his tongue was so much swollen and furred, that he had not been able to swallow any thing for two days. After giving him some cordials, and finally some broth after the English manner, he began to recover, and in a few days was beyond danger.*

In return for so friendly a service, Masassoit disclosed to Hobomak a dangerous conspiracy, then forming for the extermination of the colonists. The conspirators were principally of the Massachusetts Indians. Masassoit had been solicited to join with them, but had declined. On the return of Winslow to Plymouth, this information was communicated to the Governor, and measures adopted to quell it. The intrepid Capt. Standish with only eight men was dispatched to Wesagusset (Weymouth) with orders to fall on the foremost in the plot and put them to death. When he arrived among them, he endeavored to conceal the object of his errand, but the Indians suspecting their plans had been disclosed, resolved to put the best face on their affairs, and by that means fright the Captain away. Wituwamet and Pecksuot were among the most dangerous of the conspirators. The latter told Hobomak, "We know that Capt. Standish is come to kill us all; tell him that we know it, but fear him not, neither will we run away from him. Let him begin as soon as he will, he shall not come upon us unawares." At another time he rated the Captain to his face, about the smallness of stature. "You, says he, "though a great Captain, are but a little man; and though I am no Sachem, yet am a man of great strength and courage." Wittewamet† used a freedom of speech not less annoying to the resolute Standish. Once praising the excellent qualities of his knife, on the handle of which was

* Belknap's Biog. Vol. 2, 196–7. † Winslow calls him a "notable insulting villain."

carved a woman's head, said, "I have a better than this at home, with a man's face carved on the handle, and these two knives I intend shall be married together. That knife at home has done many an execution on the English and French, and as for this, by and by it shall eat and devour, though without speaking a word." This was quite too much for the patience of the Plymouth Captain. Watching an opportunity when the number of the enemy should be the same as his, he shut the door and gave his men the signal to commence the assault. As Pecksuot had been most provoking, he took charge of him himself. The contest lasted for some time; at length Standish got him down, and taking his own long knife, cut his throat. Wituwamet shared the same fate.*

Mr. Winslow, in 1634, on returning from a trading expedition to the Dutch at New York, left his vessel in Narrhaganset Bay and thence went by land to Plymouth. He called on his old friend Masassoit, who promised to accompany him home. Before he set off, the sportive Sachem dispatched a messenger before them to Plymouth to tell the inhabitants that Winslow was dead. This report filled the whole colony with grief and lamentation. The sorrow and mourning of the people, however, were of but short duration; for the next day, Masassoit (or as he was now called Oosamequen) appeared conducting the lamented Winslow into the town. On being enquired of, why he sent such a message, he answered by saying, that he might be the more welcome when he come home.†

Besides selling some land to Roger Williams,‡ for a plantation about Seekonk, nothing more is known of the noble Sachem until his appearance at the Court at Plymouth, in 1639, with his eldest son and successor, Mooanam or Wamsitta, (afterwards nicknamed Alexander by the English, in 1662,) renewing the ancient covenant and league with the Plymouth colony.‖

Masassoit died at an advanced age, in 1656,§ beloved by his subjects, respected and esteemed by the colonists. He was ever opposed to the conversion of his people to the Christian religion, and urged it as a condition in the sale of his lands that no exertions should be made to dissuade his followers from the practice of their ancient faith. In his person he was tall and robust:¶ His countenance indicated that gravity and reflection which in him were char-

* Neal, Vol. 1—110 and 11. † Savage's Winthrop, 139. ‡ Hist. Col. Vol. 1.—Holmes, Vol. 1,—369. ‖ Morton, 148. § Hutchinson, Vol. 1—252. ¶ Neal, Vol. 1—97—Prince, 103.

acteristic. As a warrior, his name carried terror among neighboring nations. The great Annawan, his prime captain, the fellow soldier of the celebrated Philip, was taught in his school. Of his qualities as an orator, history has left us but imperfect specimens. His voice in council was ever heard with attention and his opinions received by his subjects with unlimited confidence. To benefactors, he was grateful beyond all others; a dreadful enemy, a faithful ally and a warm friend. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTED FROM RUSSELL'S GERMANY.

WEIMAR.

As the traveller proceeds northward from Frankfort towards Saxony, the vine-covered hills of the Main disappear to give place to the Thuringian Forest, which still retains its name, though cultivation has stripped much of it of its honors. The country which it covered forms a succession of low rounded ridges, which inclose broad valleys swarming with a most industrious population. Except towards Cassel, where many summits still retain their covering of beeches, the corn-field and orchard have only allowed an occasional tuft to remain round the cottages for shelter, or to crown the brow of the hill to supply fuel. To the territory of Cassel succeeds part of the Grand Duchy of Weimar, for, between the Thuringian forest and the foot of the Erzgebirge, nestles a crowd of the small princes who, by family influence, or political services, have saved their insignificant independence. To a few miles of Weimar succeed a few miles of Gotha; these are followed by a slip of Prussia, and the Prussian fortress Erfurth; you are scarcely out of the reach of the cannon, when you are out of the territory, and find yourself again in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

Weimar, the capital of a state whose whole population does not exceed two hundred thousand souls, scarcely deserves the name of a town. The inhabitants, vain as they are of its well earned reputation as the German Athens, take a pride in having it considered merely as a large village. Neither nature nor art has done any thing to beautify it; there is scarcely a straight street, nor, excepting the palace, and the building in which parliament assembles, is there a large house in the whole town. In three minutes a person can be as completely in the country as if he were twenty miles re-

moved. The palace is imposing only from its extent, and is still unfinished; for the Grand Duke, having made as much of it habitable as was required for his own court and the family of his eldest son, is too economical with the money of his subjects to hasten the completion of his palace, before his little territory shall have recovered from the misery and exhaustion which began with the battle of Jena, and terminated only after the victory at Leipzig.

Close by the town, the Ilm creeps along, a narrow, muddy stream, devoid of rural or picturesque beauty, and confining its boastings to what Schiller has put into its mouth, in "The Rivers;"

> Though poor my banks, my stream has borne along,
> On its still waters, many a deathless song.

Along the river woods have been planted, walks laid out, rocks hewn into the perpendicular where they were to be found, and plastered up into monticules where they were not to be found, all to form a park, or, as they often style it, an English garden. In the detail of ornament, the wits of Weimar have fallen into some littlenesses, too trifling perhaps to be noticed, were it not that here we expect to find every thing correct in matters of taste, because Weimar has been the nurse of the taste of Germany. It is quite allowable, for instance, to erect an altar in a shady corner, and inscribe it GENIO LOCI; but though a serpent came forth from beneath the altar on which Æneas was sacrificing to the manes of his father, and ate up the cakes, that is no good reason why a stone snake should wind himself round the altar of the Genius of the English garden of Weimar, and bite into a stone roll laid for him on the top.

It is not in Weimar that the gaiety, or the loud and loose pleasures of a capital are to be sought; there are too few idle people, and too little wealth, for frivolous dissipation. Without either spies or police, the smallness of the town and the mode of life place every one under the notice of the court, and the court has never allowed its literary elegance to be stained by extravagant parade, or licentiousness of conduct. The nobility, though sufficiently numerous for the population, are persons of but moderate fortunes; many of them would find it difficult to play their part, frugal and regular as the mode of life is, were they not engaged in the service of the government in some capacity or another, as ministers, counsellors, judges, or chamberlains. There is not much dissoluteness to be feared where it is necessary to climb an outside stair to the routs of a minister, and a lord of the bedchamber gives, in a third floor, parties which are honored with the pres-

ence even of princes. The man of pleasure would find Weimar dull. The forenoon is devoted to business; even the straggling few who have nothing to do would be ashamed to show themselves idle, till the approach of an early dinner hour justifies a walk in the park, or a ride to Belvedere. At six o'clock every one hies to the theatre, which is just a large family meeting, excepting that the Grand Ducal personages sit in a separate box. The performance closes about nine o'clock, and it is expected that by ten, every household shall be sound asleep, or, at least, soberly within its own walls for the night. It is perhaps an evil that, in these small capitals, the court, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up every other species of society; but at Weimar this is less to be regretted, because the court parties have less parade and formality than are frequently to be found in those of private noblemen in London or Paris: it is merely the best bred, and best informed society of the place.

The Grand Duke* is the most popular prince in Europe, and no prince could better deserve the attachment which his people lavish upon him. We have long been accustomed to laugh at the pride and poverty of petty German princes; but nothing can give a higher idea of the respectability which so small a people may assume, and the quantity of happiness which one of these insignificant monarchs may diffuse around him, than the example of this little state, with a prince like the present Grand Duke at its head. The mere pride of sovereignty, frequently most prominent where there is only the title to justify it, is unknown to him; he is the most affable man in his dominions, not simply with the condescension which any prince can learn to practise as a useful quality, but from goodness of heart. His talents are far above mediocrity; no prince could be less attached to the practices of arbitrary power, while his activity, and the conscientiousness with which he holds himself bound to watch over the welfare of his handful of subjects, have never allowed him to be blindly guided by ministers. Much of his reign has fallen in evil times. He saw his principality overrun with greater devastation than had visited it since the Thirty Years' War; but in every vicissitude he knew how to command the respect even of the conqueror, and to strengthen himself more firmly in the affections of his subjects. During the whole of his long reign, the conscientious administration of the public money,

*Father of the distinguished visitor, who travelled in the United States during the last year.

anxiety for the impartiality of justice, the instant and sincere attention given to every measure of public benefit, the ear and hand always open to relieve individual misfortune, the efforts which he has made to elevate the political character of his people, crowned by the voluntary introduction of a representative government, have rendered the Grand Duke of Weimar the most popular prince in Germany among his own subjects, and ought to make him rank among the most respectable in the eyes of foreigners, so far as respectability is to be measured by personal merit, not by square miles of territory, or millions of revenue.

His people, likewise, justly regard him as having raised their small state to an eminence from which its geographical and political insignificance seemed to have excluded it. Educated by Wieland, he grew up for the arts, just as the literature of Germany was beginning to triumph over the obstacles which the indifference of the people, and the naturalization of French literature, favored by such prejudices as those of Frederick the Great, had thrown in its way. He drew to his court the most distinguished among the rising geniuses of the country; he loved their arts, he could estimate their talents, and he lived among them as friends. In the middle of the last century, Germany could scarcely boast of possessing a national literature; her very language, reckoned unfit for the higher productions of genius, was banished from cultivated society, and elegant literature: at the beginning of the present, there were few departments in which Germany could not vie with her most polished neighbors. It was Weimar that took the lead in working out this great change. To say nothing of lesser worthies, Wieland and Schiller, Gothe and Herder, are names which have gained immortality for themselves, and founded the reputation of their country among foreigners. While they were still all alive, and celebrated in Weimar, their *noctes cœnasque deorum*, the court was a revival of that of Ferrara under Alphonso; and here, too, as there, a princely female was the centre round which the lights of literature revolved. The Dutchess Amelia, the mother of the present Grand Duke, found herself a widow almost at the opening of her youth. She devoted herself to the education of her two infant sons; she had sufficient taste and strength of mind to throw off the prejudices which were weighing down the native genius of the country, and she sought the consolation of her long widowhood in the intercourse of men of talent, and the cultivation of the arts. Wieland was invited to Weimar to conduct the education of her el-

dest son, who, trained under such a tutor, and by the example of such a mother, early imbibed the same attachment to genius, and the enjoyments which it affords. If he could not render Weimar the seat of German politics, or German industry, he could render it the abode of German genius. While the treasures of more weighty potentates were insufficient to meet the necessity of their political relations, his confined revenues could give independence and careless leisure to the men who were gaining for Germany its intellectual reputation. The cultivated understanding and natural goodness of their protector secured them against the mortifications to which genius is so often exposed by the pride of patronage. Schiller would not have endured the caprices of Frederick for a day; Gothe would have pined at the court of an emperor who could publicly tell the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men, I need no learned men." Napoleon conferred the cross of the Legion of Honor on Gothe and Wieland. He certainly has never read a syllable which either of them has written, but it was, at least, an honor paid to men of splendid and acknowledged genius.

It was fortunate for Weimar, that the talent assembled within it took a direction which threw off, at once, the long endured reproach, that Germany could produce minds only fitted to compile dry chronicles, or plod on in the sciences. The wit and vanity of the French, aided by the melancholy blindness of some German princes, had spread this belief over Europe. It is not difficult to conceive that Voltaire should have treated Germany as the abode of common place learning, where the endless repetition of known facts or old doctrines, in new compends and compilations, seemed to argue an incapacity of original thinking; but it is more difficult to conceive that a monarch like Frederick, who possessed some literary talent himself, and affected a devoted attachment to literary merit, should have adopted so mistaken an opinion of a country which he must have known so much better than his Gallic retinue. Yet he had taken up this belief in its most prejudiced form. Instead of cherishing the German genius that was already preparing to give the lie to the wits of France, he amused himself with railing at her language, laughing at the *gelehrte Dunkelheit*, or "erudite obscurity" of her learned men, and proscribing from his conversation and his library every thing that was not French, except the reports of his ministers, and the muster-rolls of his army. The delirium spread to less important princes, and caught all the upper

ranks of society. The native genius of the country, scarcely venturing to claim toleration, wandered forth in exile to the mountains of Switzerland. On the banks of the lake of Zurich, where a small society of literati had assembled, Wieland followed, unknown and unnoticed, the pursuits which soon placed him among the foremost men of his age. The house of Baden gave its countenance to Klopstock, and Lessing had found protection in Brunswick; but it was Weimar that first embodied, as it were, the genius of the country, and that genius speedily announced itself in a voice which, at once, recalled Germany from her error. The Parisians, who, a few years ago, would have reckoned it infidelity to the muses to open a German book, have condescended to translate Schiller, and translate him almost as successfully as they do Shakspeare or the Scottish Novels.

SELECTED FROM AN ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

I'LL never forget the first day that I got my regimentals on; and when I looked myself in the bit glass, just to think I was a sodger, wha never in my life could thole the smell of powder, and hadna fired onything but a penny cannon on a Fourth of June, when I was a haflins callant. I thocht my throat wad have been cuttit in the black corded stock; for, whenever I lookit down, without thinking like, my chaft blade played clank against it with sic a dunt, that I mostly chackit my tongue aff. And, as to the soaping of the hair, that beat cockfighting. It was really fearsome, but I could scarcely keep from laughing when I glee'd round ower my shouther, and saw a lang glazed leather queue hinging for half an ell down the braid of my back, and a pickle horse hair curling out like a rotten's tail at the far end o't. And then the worsted taissels on the shouthers—and the lead buttons—and the yellow facings,—oh but it was grand! I sometimes fancied mysell a general, and gieing the word of command. Then the pipe-clayed breeks—but that was a sair job; mony a weary arm did they gie me—bait, baiting campstane into them.

The pipe-claying of the breeks, I was saying, was the most fashious job, let alane courtship, that ever mortal man put his hand to. Indeed, there was no end to the rubbing, and scrubbing, and brushing, and foiling, and cleaning; for, to the like of me, wha was nae weel accustomed to the thing, the whitening was continually coming aff, and destroying my red coat, or my black leggins. I had

amaist forgot to speak of the birse for cleaning out the pan, and the piker for clearing the motion-hole. But time aneugh till we come to firing.

Big Sam, wha was a sergeant of the Fencibles, and aneugh to have putten five Frenchmen to flight ony day of the year, whiles cam to train us—and a hard battle he had with mair than me. I have already said that nature never intended me for the soldiering trade; and why should I hesitate about confessing, that Sam never got me out of the awkward squad? but I had twa three neibors to keep me in countenance. A weary wark we made with the right, left,—left, right,—right-wheel, left-wheel,—to the right about, at ease,—attention,—by sections,—and all the rest o't. But then there is nothing in the course of nature that is useless; and what was to hinder me from acting as orderly, or being ane of the camp-colour-men, on head days?

We all cracked very crouse about fighting, when we heard of garments rolled in blood, only from abroad; but, ae dark night, we got a fleg in sober earnest.

There were signal-posts on the hills, up and down all the country, to make alarms, in case of needcessity; and I never gaed to my bed, without giving first a glee eastward to Falside-brae, and then anither westward to the Calton-hill, to see that all the country was quiet. I had just pappit in—it might be about nine o'clock,—after being gay hard drilled, and sair atween the shouthers, wi' keeping my head back, and playing the dumb bells; when lo! and behold, instead of getting my needful rest, in my ain bed, with my wife and weans, jow gaed the bell, and row-de-dow gaed the drums, and all, in a minute, was confusion and uproar. I was seized with a severe shaking of the knees, and a flaffing at the heart; but I hurried, with my night-cap on, up to the garret window, and there I too plainly saw that the French had landed—for all the signal posts were in a bleeze. This was in reality to be a soldier! I never got sic a fright since the day I was cleckit. Then sic a noise and hullabaloo, in the streets—men, women, and weans, all hurrying through ither, and crying with loud voices, amid the dark, as if the day of judgment had come, to find us all unprepared; and still the bells ringing, and the drums beating to arms. Poor Nanse was in a bad condition, and I was weil waur; she, at the fears of losing me, their bread-winner; and I, wi' the grief of parting frae her, the wife of my bosom, and going out to scenes of blood, bagonets, and gunpowder, nane of which I had the least stamach for. Our

little son, Bengie, mostly grat himsell blind, pulling me back by the cartridge-box; but there was nae contending with fate, so he was obliged at last to let go.

Notwithstanding all that, we behaved oursells like true-blue Scotsmen, called forth to feight the battles of our country; and, if the French had come, as they didna come, they would have found that to their cost, as sure as my name is Mansie. However, it turned out as well, in the meantime, that it was a false alarm; and that the thief Buonaparte had not landed at Dumbar, as it was jaloused; so, after standing under arms half the night, with nineteen rounds of ball-cartridge in our boxes, and the baggage-carts all loaden, and ready to follow us to the field of battle; we were sent hame to our beds, and notwithstanding the awful state of alarm to which I had been putten, never in the course of my life did I enjoy six hours sounder sleep; for we were skippet the morning parade, on account of our being keepit sae lang without natural rest. It is wise to pick a lesson even out of our adversities; and, at all events, it was at this time fully shown to us the needcessity of our regiment being taught the art of firing—a tactic to the length of which they had never yet come.

Next day, out we were taen for the whilk purpose, and we gaed through our motions bravely. Prime—load—handle cartridge—ram down cartridge—return bayonets—and shoulder hoop—make ready—present—fire. Such was the confusion, and the flurry, and the din of the report, that I was so flustered and confused, that, will ye believe it? I never yet had mind to pull the trigger. Howsomever, I minded aye wi' the rest to ram down a fresh cartridge, at the word of command; and something told me I wad repent no doing like the lave, (for I had half a kind of notion that my piece never went off;) so, when the firing was over, the sergeant of the company ordered all that had loaded pieces to come to the front. I swithered a little, no being very sure like what to do; but some five or six stappit out; and our corporal, on looking at my piece, ordered me with the rest to the front. It was just for all the world like an execution; us six, in the face of the regiment, in a little line, going through our manœuvres at the word of command; and I could hardly stand upon my feet, with a queer feeling of fear and trembling, till, at length, the terrible moment came. I looked straight forrit—for I durstna jee my head about, and turned to the hills and green trees, as if I was never to see nature more.

Our pieces were cocked; and, at the word, off they went. It

was an act of desperation to draw the trigger, and I had hardly weel shut my een, when I got such a thump in the shoulder, as knocked me backwards head-over-heels on the grass. Before I came to my senses, I could have sworn I was in anither world; but, when I opened my een, there were the men, at ease, halding their sides, laughing like to spleet them; and my gun lying on the ground, twa three ell before me.

When I found mysell no killed outright, I began to rise up. As I was rubbing my breek-knees, I saw ane of the men gaen forward to lift up the fatal piece; and my care for the safety of ithers o'ercame the sense of my own peril. "Let alane—let alane!" cried I to him, "and take care of yoursell, for it has to gang aff five times yet."

The laughing was now terrible; but being little of a soldier, I thocht in my innocence, that we should hear as mony reports, as I had crammed catridges down her muzzle. This was a sair joke against me for a length of time; but I tholded it patiently, considering cannily within mysell, that knowledge is only to be bought by experience. A fule ance showed me the story afterwards in a jeest book, as if it wasna true!

SELECTED FROM HOOKER'S TRAVELS.

AN ICELANDIC DINNER.

The arrangement of a dinner table in Iceland, says Mr. Hooker, is attended with little trouble, and would afford no scope for the display of the elegant abilities of an experienced English housekeeper. On the cloth was nothing but a plate, a knife and fork, a wine-glass and a bottle of claret for each guest, except that in the middle stood a large and handsome glass castor, with a magnificent silver top. The natives are not in the habit of drinking malt liquor or water, nor is it customary to eat salt with their meals. The dishes are brought in singly: our first was a large turenne of soup, which is a favorite addition to the dinners of the richer people, and is made of sago, claret and rasins, boiled so as to become almost a mucilage. We were helped to two soup-plates full of this, which we ate without knowing if any thing more was to come. No sooner, however, was the soup removed, than two large salmon, boiled and cut in slices, were brought on, and with them melted butter, looking like oil, mixed with vinegar and pepper; this, likewise, was very good, and, when we had with some difficulty

cleared our plates, we hoped we had finished our dinners. Not so, for there was then introduced a turenne full of the eggs of the cree, or great tern, boiled hard, of which a dozen were put on each of our plates: and for sauce, we had a large bason of cream, mixed with sugar, in which were four spoons, so that we all ate out of the same bowl placed in the middle of the table. We petitioned hard to be excused from eating the whole of the eggs upon our plates, but we petitioned in vain. "You are my guests," said our host, "and this is the first time you have done me the honor of a visit, therefore you must do as *I* would have you; in future, when you come to see me, you may do as *you* like." He pleaded age as his own excuse for not following our example, to which we could make no reply. We devoured with difficulty our eggs and cream, but had no sooner dismissed our plates, than half a sheep, well roasted came on, with a mess of sorrel (*rumex arcetosa*) called by the Danes *scurvy grass*, boiled, mashed, and sweetened with sugar. It was to no purpose we assured our host that we had already eaten more than would do us good: he filled our plates with mutton and sauce, and made us get through it as well as we could; although any one of the dishes of which we had before partaken, was sufficient for the dinner of a moderate man. However, this was not all; for a large dish of waffels, as they are here called, that is to say, a sort of pancakes, made of wheat flour, flat, and roasted in a mould, which forms a number of squares on the top, succeeded the mutton. They were not more than half an inch thick, and about the size of an octavo book. The *Stiftsamptman* (or Governor) said he would be satisfied if each of us would eat two of them, and with these moderate terms we were forced to comply. For bread, Norway biscuit and loaves made of rye, were served up; for our drink, we had nothing but claret, of which we were all compelled to empty the bottle which stood by us, and this too, out of tumblers, rather than wine-glasses. It is not the custom in this country to sit after dinner over the wine; but we had instead of it to drink just as much coffee as the *Stiftsamptman* thought proper to give us. The coffee was certainly extremely good, and we trusted it would terminate the feast. But all was not yet over; for a large bowl of rum-punch was brought in, and handed round in large glasses pretty freely, and to every glass a toast was given. If at any time we flagged in drinking, "*Baron Banks*" was always the signal for emptying our glasses, in order that we might have them filled with bumpers to drink to his health; a task

that no Englishman ought to hesitate about complying with most gladly, though assuredly, if any exception might be made to such a rule, it would be in an instance like the present. We were threatened with still another bowl, after we should have drained this, and accordingly another actually came, which we were with difficulty allowed to refuse to empty entirely; nor could this be done but by ordering our people to get the boat ready for our departure, when having concluded this extraordinary feast by three cups of tea each, we took our leave, and reached *Reikevig* about ten o'clock, but did not for some time recover from the effects of this most involuntary intemperance.

SELECTED FROM CAPT. LYON'S NARRATIVE.

WINTER SKY IN THE NORTH SEAS.

As we now had seen the darkest, although not by many degrees the coldest season of the year, it may not here be irrelevant to mention the beautiful appearance of the sky at this period. To describe the colors of these cloudless heavens would be impossible; but the delicacy and pureness of the various blended tints excelled any thing I ever saw, even in Italy. The sun shines with a diminished lustre, so that it is possible to contemplate it without a painful feeling to the eyes, yet the blush color, which in severe frost always accompanies it, is, in my opinion, far more pleasing than the glittering borders which are so profusely seen on the clouds in warmer climates. The nights are no less lovely, in consequence of the clearness of the sky. The moon and stars shine with wonderful lustre, and almost persuade one to be pleased with the surrounding desolation. The aurora borealis does not appear affected by the brilliancy even of the full moon, but its light continues still the same. The first appearance of this phenomenon is generally in showers of falling rays, like those thrown from a rocket, although not so bright. These being in constant and agitated motion, have the appearance of trickling down the sky. Large masses of light succeeded next in order, alternating from a faint glow resembling the milky way, to the most vivid flashes, which stream and shoot in every direction with the effect of sheet lightning, except that after the flash, the aurora still continues to be seen. The sudden glare and rapid bursts of these wondrous showers of fire, render it impossible to observe them, without fancying that they produce a rushing sound; but I am confident that there is no actual noise at-

tending the changes, and that the idea is erroneous. I frequently stood for hours together on the ice, to ascertain this fact, at a distance from any noise but my own breathing, and thus I formed my opinion. Neither did I observe any variety of color in the flashes, which were to my eye always of the same shade as the milky way, and vivid sheet lightning. The stars which gleam through the aurora certainly emit a milder ray, as if a curtain of the finest gauze were interposed. It is remarkable that whenever the weather is calm, the aurora has a tendency to form an arch, at whatever position it may occupy in the heavens. On the 29th of this month we were particularly gratified by a beautiful exhibition of this kind at near midnight. A perfect arch was formed to the southward, stretching from east to west; its centre elevated about two degrees above the horizon. The night was serene and dark, which added considerably to its effect, and the appearance continued unchanged for about a quarter of an hour; but on a slight breeze springing up, small rays shot occasionally to the zenith, and the arch became agitated with a gentle and undulating motion, after which it spread irregularly, and separating into the usual streamers, soon diffused itself over the whole sky. In stormy weather the northern lights fly with the rapidity of lightning, and with a corresponding wildness to the gale which is blowing, giving an indescribable air of magic to the whole scene.

SELECTED FROM EASTERN LETTERS.

MANNA.

The Wady El Sheikh, the greatest valley of Western Sinai, is in many parts thickly overgrown with the tamarisk or tarfa; it is the only valley in the peninsula where the tree now grows, in any great quantity, though small bushes of it are here and there met with in other parts. It is from the tarfa that the manna is obtained, and it is very strange that the fact should have remained unknown in Europe, till M. Seetzen mentioned it. This substance is called by the Bedouins mann, and accurately resembles the description of manna given in the scriptures. In the month of June it drops from the thorn of the tamarisk upon the fallen twigs, leaves and thorns, which always cover the ground beneath the tree, in the natural state; the manna is collected before sunrise, when it is coagulated; but it dissolves as soon as the sun shines upon it. The Arabs clean way the leaves, dirt, &c. which adhere to it, boil it, strain it brough a coarse piece of cloth, and put it in leathern skins. In this

way they preserve it till the following year, and use it as they do honey, to pour over unleavened bread, or to dip their bread into. I could not learn that they ever made it into cakes or loaves. The manna is found only in years when copious rains have fallen; sometimes it is not produced at all, as will probably happen this year. I saw none of it among the Arabs, but I obtained a small piece of last year's produce in the convent; where, having been kept in the cool shade and moderate temperature of that place, it had become quite solid, and formed a small cake; it became soft when kept sometime in the hand; if placed in the sun for five minutes, it dissolved; but when restored to a cool place, it became solid again in a quarter of an hour. In the season at which the Arabs gather it, it never acquires that state of hardness which will allow of its being pounded as the Israelites are said to have done, in Numbers, xi. 8. Its color is a dirty yellow, and the piece which I saw was still mixed with bit of the tamarisk leaves; its taste is agreeable, somewhat aromatic, and as sweet as honey. If eaten in any considerable quantity, it is said to be slightly purgatory.

The quantity of manna collected at present, even in seasons when the most copious rains fall, is trifling; perhaps not amounting to more than five or six hundred pounds. It is entirely consumed among the Bedouins; who consider it the greatest dainty which their country affords. The harvest is usually in June, and lasts for about six weeks; sometimes it begins in May. There are only particular parts of the Wady Sheikh that produce the tamarisk; but it is said also to grow in Wady Naszeb, the fertile valley to the S. E. of the convent, on the road from thence to Sherm.

In Nubia and part of Arabia the tamarisk is one of the most common trees; on the Euphrates, on the Astabetas, in all the valleys of the Hedjaz and the Bedja, it grows in great plenty. The tamarisk abounds more in juices than any tree of the desert, for it retains its vigor when every vegetable production around it is withered, and never loses its verdure till it dies. It is remarked by Niebuhr, that in Messopotamia manna is produced by several trees of the oak species; a similar fact was confirmed to me by the son of a Turkish lady, who had passed the greater part of his youth at Erzerum, in Asia Minor; he told me that at Moush, a town three or four days distant from Erzerum, a substance is collected from the tree which produces the galls, exactly similar to the manna of the peninsula in taste and consistence, and that it is used by the inhabitants instead of honey.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE mass was said o'er the soldier's bier,
While his comrades around were weeping;
For his heart was cold that ne'er felt fear,
And no sister was there, and no mother was near,
To mourn though their loved one was sleeping.

He was far from the scenes his youth had known,
Nor fell on the field of glory;
And his grave was dug all secret and lone,
Where no eye should gaze on the humble stone,
To read his simple story.

They followed his corse to its lowly bed,
By the mournful bugle's wailing;
All was hushed save its note and the soldiers, tread,
As they slowly marched to the field of the dead,
Their useless muskets trailing.

And they fired o'er his head, as their last adieu,
When the priest had his requiem chaunted,
A volley to one whom his comrades knew,
To his King and his country had ever been true,
And in danger had never been daunted.

'Twas a summer's eve when they left the spot,
And the twilight around them was stealing;
That scene by the stranger can ne'er be forgot,
Till oblivion the last trace of memory blot,
And hush his heart's last throb of feeling. W.

NIGHT SCENE IN SUMMER.

THERE came a sigh upon the passing breeze,
A vacant sigh, responsive to my own;
All else around was still—the night bird's tone
Was heard no longer, and the fair moon shone
Upon the lake's clear bosom—by degrees
It sunk, and in the shadow of adjacent trees,
Left me reclining, pensive and alone.

A thousand stars dim twinkled in the sky,
A thousand stars shone upward from the wave,
Where streaming meteors oft sunk down to lave;
It seemed as if some guardian spirit gave
A secret charm to all that met the eye.—
Here (when at last in death's cold arms I lie)
Recluse and hallowed be my lonely grave!

This was an hour of exquisite delight,
To memory sacred and to friendship more,
For then I felt as I had not before,
When past endearing scenes I counted o'er,
My heart was buoyant as the beams of light,
That sparkled still upon the waters bright,
While ran the ripples, rushing to the shore.

I thought of early years and youthful friends,
With whom I bounded over glen and glade,
Along the streamlet's willowy margin strayed,
Or sought repose beneath the thicket's shade,
Reckless of future ills; but time his hand extends,
And they are gone—where truest friendship ends;
Nay; *friendship* lasts when *friends* in dust are laid. A.

SELECTED FROM CAMPBELL'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE HOME BOUND SHIP.

The ship was homeward bound—the thrilling cry
Of "Land! our native land!" from tongue to tongue
Has been proclaimed, and hearts were beating high
With hope's wild tumults, as its echo rung—
And rapture smiled or wept in many an eye,
Whilst in the shrouds aloft the sea boy sung
Snatches of songs, which bring to those who roam
The thoughts of welcome, and of home, sweet home!

And gallantly before the favoring gales
She moves in all her pride a pageant fair,
The breezes wanton in her swelling sails,
And her gay fluttering pennons fan the air;
While music is on deck, the dance prevails,
And every shape of gladness revels there;
Through the far wasted night, as with her store,
Of Indian wealth, the vessel nears the shore.

But hark! e'en now, with awful change of cheer,
The billows rave, the giddy whirlwinds blow,
And breaks the dismal sound on every ear,
Of crashing contact with dread rocks below;
And the wild shriek of agonizing fear,
"The ship is sinking!" in deep tones of woe,
Burst from the lips of all, with piercing cries
For succor, as the gurgling waters rise.

And hues of death were seen on every face,
And sighs of terror, e'en among the brave,
And lovers folding in a last embrace
The trembling forms of those they could not save!

Then for the lowered boats, the frantic race,
And desperate struggle, while the ocean wave
Grew level with the deck, and kissed the feet
Of those for whom remain'd not a retreat.

From some with outcries borne the billows o'er,
There was the sob, the sigh, the whisper'd prayer;
While others wrapt in silent grief are there,
Who breath'd no plaint, but gazed upon the shore,
With the fix'd glances of intense despair;
And thought of those they should behold no more,
With whom was fondly twined each tender tie,
That knits life's cords, and makes it hard to die.

That pause of bitter agony is past,
And the still agitated waters glide
O'er the last vestige of the buried mast,
But striving stoutly with the eddying tide
The greedy billows, and the roaring blast,
(In furious and tempestuous wrath allied)
And rising o'er their mingled might, is seen
A gallant stripling with undaunted mien.

His widow'd mother's hope, the aid and joy
Of orphan sisters—on the treacherous main
With firm resolve, no hardships could destroy,
For these, life's needless comforts to obtain,
Had early ventured this heroic boy,
Deeming all suffering light and terrors vain,
That frowning Fortune sternly might oppose,
To cross the stormy path he nobly chose.

And must that glowing heart be whelm'd beneath
The raging waters of the restless deep!
And that fair form untimely chill'd in death,
Unshrouded in its gloomy caverns sleep?
E'en now with fainting limbs, and laboring breath,
He strives, while thought of those who soon shall weep
In cureless anguish for his fate, comes o'er
His soul, and nerves his fading arm once more.

His rolling eye grows dim, though from the strand,
The fishers cheer him, and, intent to save,
The life boat launch'd by her determined band
Of dauntless heroes dances o'er the wave,
He sees not, feels not, does not understand,
His own deliverence from a watery grave,
Till his fond mother's joyful sob he hears,
And reads his recent peril in her tears.

HISTORICAL.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

HISTORY CONTINUED.

PHILIP of Pawkunnawkut, a son of Massassoit, who at the time of the emigration of our fathers was the reigning sovereign of the Wamponoags, beheld with dismay the falling fortunes of his country. He saw his race wasting away, and speedily to become extinct. His forests and his hunting grounds would no longer afford more than a scanty subsistence for his people. Strangers more adroit and successful than himself engrossed his fishing grounds, and, as he conceived, invaded his rights. The arts of agriculture interrupted his extensive forest ranges, and the establishment of mills obstructed the progress of the fish over his water falls and his rivers. Notwithstanding the new Governments protected him in all the rights that he or his predecessors had claimed, still he found that the restraints of law and of civilization were incompatible with the freedom of the savage life. The vices of Europe too, were making fearful inroads upon the national character; his subjects naturally inclined to indulge in propensities of indolence and sloth, were now sinking their lofty spirit of noble daring, in the effeminacy of debasing habits. And what is more to the savage soul, he had family wrongs to redress, and personal enmities to avenge. His venerable father had yielded too early to the pacific propositions of the Whites, and in reciprocating the benevolent offices of Christian kindness, the good Massassoit had paid too little regard to the future destinies of his country. A beloved brother and reigning prince had been basely surprised at a hunting house, and carried to the Governor at Plymouth, to answer to a charge, founded merely upon suspicion, of his plotting with the Narrhagansetts against the English. The haughty spirit of the savage King could not brook this indignity; the turbulence of his feelings threw the unhappy Alexander into a violent fever, which terminated his existence and his feeble reign. Philip was the next heir, and although then a youth, the Government was now placed in more energetic hands.* He had been subjected to the most ignominious treaties; to humiliating disavowals of measures, which he considered necessary for the preservation of his empire. For these purposes he was repeatedly summoned before the English courts at Boston and

* Hutchinson I—252.

Plymouth. He was required to deliver into the hands of his enemies all his weapons of defence; and was charged with perfidy in breaking promises made while under restraint; and with impiety, for adhering to the religion of his ancestors in compliance with the injunctions of his father.* Expressions of reverence and respect for the British Monarch were tortured into declarations of submission and fealty. Three of his intimate friends and counsellors whom he had impelled to the base act of assassinating an Indian friendly to the English, were arraigned and ignominiously executed for the murder.† Such were his supposed wrongs; whether real or imaginary, it is not our province to determine. His vengeance could be glutted only by the blood of his enemies. In violation of all his treaties and promises, without waiting for his allies, the more perfidious Narrhagansetts, he flew to arms, on the 24th of June, 1675. The war began in his immediate neighborhood, but in July his Nipmuc subjects fell upon Mendon, in this County, and killed four or five of the inhabitants. This is said by the historians of that day, to be the first blood shed in Massachusetts in a hostile manner, after its settlement by the English. The town was deserted by its inhabitants, and the next winter was laid in ashes.‡ Early in August Brookfield was destroyed. Twenty houses were consumed by fire, and the inhabitants slaughtered or hurried into a dreadful captivity. These outrages were not, probably, committed without the direction of Philip; for when the facts were communicated to him by the Quabaog and Nipnet Indians, the next day in a swamp where they had been secreted, and where the Sachem and his men joined them, he rewarded the perpetrators, by a liberal supply of Wampum. After this event Philip disappeared. He knew that vengeance awaited him, and that a price was set upon his head. There is some evidence that he passed the winter in the vicinity of Albany, or in Canada. It is not improbable that he was at the destruction of Lancaster, or, at least, that he instigated the bloody deed.§ This

* Hutchinson I—253. † Ibid—260. The unfortunate victim of this cruelty was John Sausaman, who had been educated by the English and by Philip considered as a renegade. These criminals were tried by the humane principles of the English common law; and in order to afford an impartial trial, one half of the Jurors were Indians.—Col. Records. ‡ Mather's Magnalia II—493. The learned pedant of the Magnalia uses the vulgar Orthography, "Mendham," in speaking of this town. § Harrington's Century Sermon—12. Mr. H. states that Philip with 1500 of his men achieved these atrocities. Dr. Mather says that the French from Canada sent recruits for this purpose. This is the first instance when our Fathers were called to drink the waters of bitterness, that afterwards flowed in such profusion, from that baleful spring.

event took place, February 10th, 1676. The whole of that flourishing plantation, containing above fifty families, was destroyed.—Most of the houses were burnt. A quarter part of the men were instantly killed or reserved for torture. About twenty of the women and children were carried into captivity, among whom was the wife of their minister, the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, who upon her return, published a minute history of her "twenty removes." About six weeks after this desolation, the town was abandoned, and remained in that state for four years.

The death of Philip, in August of that year, put an end to hostilities in this part of the country. He was killed by one of his own tribe to whom he had given some offence. His body which was identified by a remarkable scar upon the right hand, was treated with indignities, more worthy the malignant triumphs of barbarians, than of conquerors who boasted civilization and christianity. This noted right hand which had achieved so many feats of valor, was shown about the country for money. The body was hung in quarters, and his head carried in triumph to Plymouth, where it was received on a Thanksgiving day.* His followers immediately shared his fate, or fled with precipitation from our borders, and were incorporated with the more distant tribes. Most of the Indians who had been converted to christianity took no part in this controversy and those who have since resided here, were all, probably, descendants from those faithful disciples. In reviewing this period, a thousand interesting reflexions crowd upon the mind. The brief limits set to this retrospect of our history forces us to reserve for a future opportunity many of the remarks fitted for this occasion. In tracing the progress of society in New England, the present generation, while they find many causes for humiliation, must also find much for gratitude, and much to felicitate themselves upon their present situation. Great allowance must, undoubtedly, be made for the errors of the age in which our fathers were placed, and much for the exasperated state of mind into which they were thrown by the cruel barbarities of the Savages. Out of their scattered population, six hundred at least fell victims in this war, and the same number of dwelling houses were burnt. The most impartial historian informs us that there was scarcely a person in the two colonies, but mourned the loss of a relation or near friend.† Living as we do at this remote period with more exalted ideas of justice and the rights of men; with better notions of international law; and influenced as we

* Math. Mag. II—499. † Hutchinson I—277.

ought to be, by more liberal sentiments of christianity, it is difficult for us to judge properly of the merits of this great controversy. In their early treaties with the Savages, our fathers undoubtedly obtained more than they intended, and the natives yielded much that they expected to retain. Neither party could foresee the consequences of two independent nations, with different laws, customs and religions, inhabiting the same territory. That our ancestors were scrupulously conscientious of right in their early contracts with the Indians, no facts from history will lead us to doubt. They proceeded upon erroneous principles, when they attempted to coerce them to allegiance to their King, or to enforce penal laws against them for the exercise of what they conceived to be the religion of their fathers.*

New provocations daily springing up, they were at last driven to all the horrors of a civil war. It resulted in a war of mutual extermination. The superior prowess of civilized life prevailed over the rude violence of barbarian warfare, and the ancient inhabitants of New England were erased from the lists of nations.

After this war, it was long before our infant plantations again struggled into existence. In 1680, the re-settlement of Lancaster commenced. It advanced prosperously until the year 1689, when the great French Monarch, Louis XIV. espousing the cause of the renegade King, James II. of England, the Colonies were again involved in a most bloody contest, called King William's war. The French from Canada with their Indian allies, again carried all the atrocities of savage warfare into the frontier settlements. Many of the inhabitants were barbarously butchered in their houses or fields, and many endured the sufferings of captivity in the wilderness.—Worcester was settled about the year 1685. The sufferings of the inhabitants were great, but not to the extent of their neighbors at Lancaster. Mendon was also re-settled about the same time, but the precautionary measures taken by the planters, prevented any enormities by the Savages. History, at least, is silent upon the subject. In 1692, Brookfield was so far re-built, as that a Committee of the General Court was appointed to manage the affairs as formerly. In the summer of that year it received several attacks from the Indians, and many lives were lost.†

In 1686, a number of families of French protestants or Hugo-

* Colony Laws—61, Sect. 19, A. D: 1646. † Rev. Mr. Fiske's History of Brookfield, and Rev. Mr. Whitney.—These venerable authors mistake, in placing this mischief in Queen Ann's war.

nots flying from the sanguinary persecutions that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantz, planted themselves in Oxford in this County; but in this war they were destroyed, or driven off by the natives. After the peace, many of them returned to their possessions, and their descendants have been found among the most respectable inhabitants of that town.

The peace of Ryswick, Dec. 10, 1697, put an end to hostilities between the parent countries, and the Indians, unsupported by their French allies, ceased any further depredations. G.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136.

Nothing now being necessary with regard to the rate of depreciation, but the approbation of the whole court, it was accordingly submitted to them on the 1st January, where it met with the most violent opposition; and after fully debating the matter previous to the final vote, they passed the following Resolve, viz:

In the House of Representatives, January 6, 1780.

Whereas, it is just and reasonable, that all advances which have been made to that part of the army, raised in this State, in consequence of the high prices of the necessaries of life, should be taken into the account when their wages are made good, therefore, *Resolved*, That the committee who have been appointed to settle the accounts of the army, be, and they are hereby directed to reckon to the accounts of any of the non-commissioned officers or private soldiers, any bounties they already have or may receive, from any town or individual person in this State; provided proper return of the same is made, agreeable to the orders of this court; the resolve of November 25th, 1779, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sent up for concurrence.

JOHN HANCOCK, *Speaker.*

In Council January 7, 1780,

Read and Concurred.

JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

Consented to by the major part of the Council.

True Copy Attest. JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

This Resolve being agreed to by both Houses, the Court then approved of the rate of depreciation, and proceeded to enact the following Law,

State of Massachusetts Bay, in the year of our Lord, one Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty.

An Act to provide for the security and payment of the balances that may appear to be due by virtue of a Resolution of the General Assembly, of the 6th of February, 1779, to this State's Quota of the Continental Army, agreeable to the recommendation of Congress, and for supplying the Treasury with a sum of money for that purpose.

Whereas, it is necessary immediately to make provision, to enable the Treasurer of this State, to pay to this State's Quota of the Continental Army, the balance which may appear to be due to them on the first day of January in this present year.—Be it therefore enacted by the Council and House of Representatives in General Court Assembled, and by the Authority of the same, that the Treasurer of this State, be, and he hereby is directed, on the credit thereof, to issue his notes, for the payment of the balances which shall appear, were on the said first day of January, due to each Officer and Soldier, belonging to this State's Quota of the Continental Army, (upon receiving a Warrant from the Council of this State for the same,) in the manner and form following, viz:

State of Massachusetts Bay the first day of January, A. D. 1780.

In behalf of the State of Massachusetts Bay, I the subscriber, do hereby promise and oblige myself and successors in the office of Treasurer of said State, to pay unto or to his order, the sum of on or before the first day of March, in the year of our Lord one Thousand Seven Hundred and with interest at six per cent. per annum; both principal and interest to be paid in the then current money of said State in a greater or less sum, according as five bushels of Corn, sixty-eight pounds and four-seventh parts of a pound of Beef—ten pounds of Sheep's Wool—and sixteen pounds of Sole Leather, shall then cost more or less than one hundred and thirty pounds current money at the then current prices of said articles, this sum being thirty two times and an half what the same quantities of the same articles would cost at the prices affixed to them, in a law of this State, made in the year of our Lord, 1777, intitled "an act to prevent monopoly and oppression," the current prices of said articles, and the consequent value of every pound, of the sum herein promised, to be determined agreeable to a Law of this State Intitled, "An act to provide for the security and payment of the balances that may appear to be due by virtue of Resolution of the General Assembly of the sixth

of February, 1779, to this State's Quota of the Continental army, agreeable to the recommendation of Congress, and for supplying the Treasurer with a sum of money for that purpose.

Witness my hand,

A. B. }
C. D. } Committee. H. G. *Treasurer.*

Which form shall be printed on good paper, to be procured by the Treasurer, with a suitable Border round the same, within which shall be inserted the Words, 'State of Massachusetts Bay,' the word 'Committee,' the words 'Witness my hand,' and the word 'Treasurer'—struck off from a Copper plate, which the Treasurer is likewise directed to procure, and each Blank shall be stamped in some convenient part of it, with a stamp to be procured by the Treasurer for that purpose, and when said notes are issued, a counterpart indented of each note, shall be kept by the Treasurer.

And be it further enacted, That Thomas Dawes and Richard Cranch, Esqrs. be a committee to sign Blank notes in the form prescribed, at the left hand, and to number them before they are filled up by the Treasurer.

And be it further enacted, That the Treasurer be, and he is hereby directed, to issue to each of said officers and soldiers, in favor of whom a warrant shall be drawn by the Council of this State, for their respective balances, four notes, (in form aforesaid,) of equal sums as near as may be, the whole containing the balance due to them respectively; one of which notes to be payable the first day of March, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty one, another payable the first day of March, 1782, the third payable the first day of March, 1783, and the fourth payable the first day of March, 1784, and the Council are hereby empowered and requested to issue their warrants in favor of any of the said officers and soldiers, upon its being certified to them by the Committee of this Court, appointed to settle with the army, what is the balance due to such officer and soldier; provided it shall appear by a return made by a General officer or Commanding officer of a Regiment, that any such General, Field, Staff, or Commissioned officer, belongs to this State's Quota of the Continental army, during such returns, specifying to what Company, Regiment or Corps they belong.

And be it further enacted, That the Treasurer of this State be, and he is hereby directed and empowered to issue his notes, in the manner and form aforesaid, to each non-commissioned officer, and

private soldier, who is or hath been of this State's Quota of the Continental army, who engaged for three years, and who hath not or shall not before the settlement is made, and the balance due to him ascertained, re-inlist as one of this State's Quota of the Continental army, during the war, upon receiving a warrant upon the Council therefor; saving that the payment of the balance due to such officer or soldier, shall be in four notes, of equal value, as near as may be; and the first note shall be made payable the first day of March, 1785, the second note shall be payable the first day of March, 1786, the third note shall be payable the first day of March, 1787, and the fourth note shall be payable the first day of March, 1788—and the Council are hereby empowered and requested in like manner, to issue their warrants in favor of such non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, on being certified as before mentioned by the committee of this Court, appointed to settle with the army, what the balance due to such non-commissioned officers and soldiers is, and upon its appearing by a return aforesaid, that he was enlisted for three years as one of the State's Quota of the Continental army—and that he hath served in said army the whole of the three years, or that his time is not yet expired, and he is still in the service—and the Council are also hereby empowered and requested, and the Treasurer is hereby empowered and directed, to proceed in the same manner and form, (Mutatis Mutandis,) with respect to the Executors, Administrators, or Heirs, at Law, of such officers and soldiers who were engaged for three years, or during the war, as part of this State's Quota of the Continental army, and who have died or been slain in the service, upon similar certificates being produced.

And be it further enacted, That the Justices of the Superior Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, or the Major part of them for the time then being, are hereby empowered and directed, to compute and determine at their first session, in every year, what are the current prices of the said four articles, of Corn, Beef, Sheep's Wool,and Sole Leather, upon an average through the State at the several times of payments of the aforesaid notes, herein mentioned—and also what is the true value of every pound of said notes, in the then current money of the State, and shall certify the same to the Treasurer, and lodge a copy thereof in the Secretaries Office, upon the first day of March every year during the term of eight years. And the Treasurer is thereupon directed to pay the value of said notes, and the interest thereon remaining unpaid, as they become due accordingly.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a Band of Exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the Conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of Fame:

Not as the Flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer!

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the Anthem of the Free!

The ocean Eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that Pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither *there*,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high;
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought for Faith's pure shrine!

Aye! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

FROM BAKEWELL'S OBSERVATIONS ON MENTAL AFFECTIONS.

ANECDOTES OF INSANITY.

A GENTLEMAN who was under a violent paroxysm of mania, and confined to his room, was called upon by an old acquaintance, who had not seen him for several years. Upon going into his apartment, the gentleman said to the person who conducted him, "Will he know me, Sir?" "O dear, yes, he knows *every body*," was the reply. This the maniac overheard, and laughed. "What do you laugh at, Sir?" said the attendant. "Why," said he, "I don't know *every body*, but I know all those I used to know," putting out his hand at the same time to the stranger, and calling him by his name.

I once knew a patient, who was so violent and vindictive, that the securing of his arms and legs, so that he could neither strike nor kick, was absolutely necessary. In this state he continued raving, and abusing all about him. Among other things, he observed respecting himself, "What a shame for a man of my consequence to be kept as a prisoner! what is the reason of it? what has brought me to this?" I replied in a whisper, "Your pride, Sir?" Never shall I forget that look of rationality and placidity, which his countenance immediately assumed. "Give me your hand, Sir; give me your hand, Sir," said he: "I had thought you must be mad for treating me as you have done, but I ask your pardon; you are a wise and understanding man, for admitting pride to be my complaint, you have taken a most excellent way to cure me. Your physic, and your authority, and these shackles, will cure pride, I'll warrant them."

Walking out with a patient on one occasion, we met a gentleman of our acquaintance, to whom, after the first salutations were over; the patient said, "Well, Sir, I don't eat the bread of Idleness at Spring Vale. What with eating and drinking, taking medicine, and walking over these hills, &c. our time is pretty well taken up. Besides, I am busy composing a book. I am writing a sort of epitome of the history of man, from his cradle to his grave."—"Very well," said the gentleman, "when you publish your book, I shall take care to be a purchaser."—"What!" said the patient, "publish a book—a madman publish a book—why, was such a thing heard of?"—"O, but," said the gentleman, "you don't call yourself a madman."—"No, no," he replied, "I don't call myself

a madman, but master here does." And truly I did, for a more confirmed and inveterate case of insanity I never saw.

At another time, I was walking out with him, and we were accosted by a beggar.—"Art thou in real distress?" said my patient. "I am, indeed," replied the beggar. "Dost thou want food?" said the other. "I do, Sir, I assure you," was the reply. "Well, then," said the patient, "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I will give unto thee. I will give thee advice; go into the next village, and feign thyself mad; the people will then take thee up, and carry thee to that house above there, and they'll give thee plenty of food. I want to fast, and they will not let me. The scripture says, 'fast and pray,' now I only want to fast and pray, but as they will not let me fast, I cannot pray." I must observe here, that previous to his being put under my care, he had fasted six days at one time; but, upon seeing me, he said it was all over, and he began to eat; and yet in a little time he was as obstinate with me, till he found that I could force food into him with little trouble. He then said, he might as well take it quietly. At one time, observing that we were annoyed with some sheep breaking into our premises from the adjoining waste, he called out to me, "Master, I'll tell you how to keep those sheep away; you have only to catch the leader, and drench him with some of your physic, and hang me if either he or any of the flock will ever come again."

A gentleman who had made his escape from the asylum, after being taken, on finding himself closely watched, came to me and said, "I confess that I have been wrong in escaping, but to put you at ease on my account, I promise, upon my honor, that from this time I will never run away,—and you well know I am too tenacious of my honor even to violate it." Soon after this, however, he again made his escape, and I was put to much trouble and expense in having him brought back. On his return he came with a great deal of confidence to shake hands with me.—"No," I said, "I will not shake hands with any such person as you are; a pretty expense we have been at! What do you think of yourself, did you not promise upon your word of honor that you would never run away?" With a most sly look, he replied, "Sir, I did not run away, I walked every step."

Once, at breakfast, the morning being fine, I said, "Well, now, ladies, for a long walk! nothing like exertion in these cases; nothing is got by sitting still." "True, said one of them, "how should the mind regain its rational powers, if it is not rationally exercis-

ed?" These words should be written in letters of gold, and placed in every house where the cure of insanity is attempted, and yet they were spoken by one really insane.

If any mental attack can be made upon the hallucination of insanity, with a prospect of success, it must be by the shafts of ridicule.—I have often been highly pleased with the adroitness of my patients in ridiculing the folly of other patients, though they were affected in a similar way themselves. And even in those low desponding cases, which require every possible consolation, I have frequently observed with great delight, the sympathies of friendship exerted by those afflicted with the same disease, with most happy effect; so that, under constant and judicious regulations, the insane may be the best society for each other. But it is not by wit or repartee, or in the occasional expression of the social feelings, that the nature of insanity can be determined. Those afflicted with this malady may, generally, under proper management, be rendered agreeable and intelligent companions; capable of communicating any knowledge they previously possessed, and while those of a lower rank in life shall be capable of useful employment, those of a higher shall be able to exhibit their superior education to the best advantage.

POPISH MIRACLE OF ST. ANTHONY.

St. Anthony, (not the Paduan Anthony, the patron of fishes,) is the protector of horses, mules, and asses; for, on this Saint's day, at Rome, a priest, in a surplice, stands at the door of the church, and, with a long brush, dipped, as often as occasion required, into a pail full of holy water, scattered this unction three times upon the horses, as they entered the court. The priest receives for this horse baptism large wax candles, money, &c. (*Owen's Travels*, ii. 65.) We believe that this is the St. Anthony, who is commonly thought to have great command over fire, and a power of destroying, by flashes of that element, those who incur his displeasure. He, *consequently*, cures the erysipelas, or St. Anthony's fire. The relics of this Saint were transferred from Egypt to Constantinople, and thence to Dauphiny, in France, where a church was built on the spot where they were deposited, and a new order of friars established, who, by the following story, were up to the good of the convent. A certain monk of the fraternity, who was well acquainted with the prepossession of the vulgar concerning the power of this Saint, used, on Sundays, to preach in public, in different villag-

es within a certain distance of the convent. One day he assembled his congregation under a tree, wherein a magpie had built her nest; into which he had previously found means to convey a small box filled with gunpowder, which he had well secured therein; and out of the box hung a long thin match, that was to burn slowly, and was hidden among the leaves of the tree. As soon as the monk or his confederate, had touched the match with a lighted coal, he began his sermon. In the meanwhile, the magpie returned to her nest; and, finding in it a strange body, which she could not remove, she fell into a violent passion, and began to scratch with her feet, and shatter unmercifully. The friar affected to hear without emotion, and continued his sermon with great composure; only he would now and then lift up his eyes towards the top of the tree, as if he wanted to see what was the matter. At last, when he judged the fire was very near reaching the gunpowder, he pretended to be quite out of patience, he cursed the magpie, and wished St. Anthony's fire might consume her, and went on again with his sermon; but he had scarcely pronounced a few periods, when the match, on a sudden, produced its effect, and blew up the magpie with her nest; which miracle wonderfully raised the character of the friar, and proved, afterwards, very beneficial both to him and his convent.

THE TELESCOPE.

In or about the year 1590, was the invention of the telescope, or spying-glass made known, being justly esteemed one of the most useful and excellent discoveries of modern times; though it was, it seems, produced by mere chance. The common account is, that two children of one Janssen, a spectacle maker of Middleburg, in Zealand, being at play in their father's shop, and looking through two pieces of glass between their fingers, which were at some small distance from each other, the weather cock of the church steeple appeared to them unusually large, and much nearer. Of this they instantly told their father, who, surprised also at first, made the experiment of fixing two such pieces of glass in brazen circles or cylinders, so as they might be placed nearer or farther, at pleasure. Janssen very soon improved this discovery so much, that he presented a telescope, 12 inches long, to Prince Maurice, and another to the Archduke Albert. Prince Maurice, it is also said, conjecturing the discovery might be made of great use in war, desired the secret might be concealed, and had nearly deprived

Janssen of the honor of inventing it; the great Des Cartes attributing the invention to one Metius of Alcmaer.

None of the first telescopes, however, appear to have been properly framed for astronomical observations, until Galileo, astronomer to the Grand-duke of Tuscany, hearing of this discovery for bringing objects nearer, made such great improvements therein as gained him in the opinion of many, the honor of the invention itself, by giving the telescope the appellation of Galileo's tube.

Sir Isaac Newton was the inventor of the reflecting telescope; which is considered as much more exact and useful than the common or reflecting one. He completed two small ones in the year 1672.

The achromatic telescope, which destroys the colors and gives a more perfect image, was the invention of Mr. Peter Dollond.

PAPER.

The materials on which mankind have contrived to write their sentiments in different ages and different countries, have been extremely various. The most ancient, perhaps, were stone and plates of metal. Tablets of wood, particularly of the cedar wood, were afterwards used; and these were again followed by tablets covered with wax, which were written on according to the fashion of the time, either with iron bodkins, the bones of birds, or reeds cut into the form of pens.

At length the *papyrus* of Egypt was invented, which not only gave a great facility to the art of writing, but was a portable material. It was formed of thin coats stripped from the reed which grows upon the banks of the Nile. The date of its discovery and the date of its disuse have been equally disputed. Nor is it yet completely ascertained whether its first application may be ascribed to an earlier or a later date than the conquest of Egypt by the Macedonians.

Parchment was the next invention; originating in a country where no such material as the papyrus reed could be discovered; and it has been found at once so durable and useful that it is still employed upon important occasions in every European country.

The art of making paper, such as we now see it, was a late discovery; and its first material was cotton. The linen paper which is now in use, is supposed to have *followed* the discovery. They are both dated by the generality of writers at the eleventh

or twelfth century, though the honor of the discovery is claimed not only by different but distant nations.

The first book which was printed on paper, manufactured in England, came out without a date, about 1495 or 1496; though for a long while afterwards it was principally brought from abroad.

The first paper mill in England was established about 1590 at Dartford in Kent, by one Spilman, who died in 1607.

WRITING PENS.

In ancient times, when people wrote on tables covered with wax, they were obliged to use a style, or bodkin; but, when they began to write with colored liquids, they employed a reed, and afterwards quills or feathers.

The most beautiful reeds grew formerly in Egypt, as well as in Armenia and Italy.

Sir John Chardin speaks of the reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, which are sold and much sought after in the Levant, particularly for writing. They are transported, he says, throughout the whole East. Miller, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says, the best writing reeds are procured from the southern provinces of Persia. They are still used by the Turks, Moors, and other Eastern people. These reeds are split, and formed to a point like our quills; but it is not possible to make so clear or fine strokes with them, or to write so long or so conveniently.

The oldest certain account, however, known at present respecting writing quills, is a passage in an author (Isidore,) who died in the year 636, and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers.

Alcuinus, who lived in England in the eighth century, speaks of the pen; so that it must have been used in this country almost as early as the art of writing was known.

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

Oh thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?—
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The gnawing cankerworm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glowed in morning's beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the crystal stream;

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the night-bird's love—
Perfumed the deep blue sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
Look on that azure wave!

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power upreared the bloody hand,
And there it scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
The judgment-thunders pealed;
The fiery earthquake blazed below;
Its final doom was sealed.

Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of wrath and crime.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

NOTES OF A VISIT IN CANADA.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

The ancient capital of Canada is seated on a promontory formed by the confluence of the beautiful Saint Charles with the majestic Saint Lawrence. Descending from Montreal on the broad expanse of the latter stream, the outlet of the noble lakes and the drain of the regions of the north, the course is in a direction varying from the eastern point by a few degrees of southern inclination. The traveller finds the banks of moderate elevation, and the country in the vicinity of the river, low, level, and fertile, spreading out in rich tracts of alluvial plain studded with brilliant white cottages. On approaching Quebec, the river sinks down in the deep channel worn out by the ceaseless rushing of its waters over the rocks, and is bounded on both sides by steep and lofty banks. On the northeastern shore, extends a ridge of land terminating abruptly in a precipice elevated three hundred and forty five feet above the tide dashing on its base. Here are placed the ramparts and battlements of the grand military fortress of the new world, in the centre of a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. On the north is the estuary of the Saint Charles: southward and eastward, the precipitous banks terminating in the lofty and almost perpendicular rock of Cape Diamond, washed by the broad stream and the spacious basin of the Saint Lawrence. Thus fortified on three sides by nature, the city can be approached in one direction only by land; and there art has been exhausted in constructions for defence. Westward are the heights of Abraham, overlooked by towers and parapets, curtains and bastions, loaded with all the implements ingenuity has contrived for the work of destruction, and prepared to impede the progress of an enemy.

That we may enable the reader, who has never been rolled in stages and tossed in steam boats so long and so far as to view the castellated heights of Quebec, to perceive the situation of that spot connected with the melancholy yet glorious remembrances of our history, to appreciate the natural strength of its position, and to understand the inaccessible and wild grandeur of its appearance, we must invite him to accompany us on a topographical excursion in its vicinity: we more willingly impose this tax on his patience now, because we wish, in some future chapter, to wander with him over the fields where the desolating tempest of war has broken;

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS

BY THE REV. G. CROLY

Oh thou Atlantic, dark and de
Thou wilderness of wave
Where all the tribes of ear
In their uncrowded

The sunbeams on th
Yet never light
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crushed,
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mmence at the dis-
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ge masses of rock, rushes
, and the channel is turbu-
ere too begins the change
ld cliffs and steep acclivities.
d the river girt by a range of
the water's edge, and ascending
vance eastward, until they far over-
ships. Eight miles above the city, pro-
of Cape Rouge, deriving its descriptive
deep red hue painted on its ruinous and de-
the rust of iron, a metal which enters freely
ion. A few stinted and poverty stricken shrubs
plants, fixing their roots in the crevices, have climb-
ep, and clothe the inhospitable spot with a scanty veg-

A little rivulet here pours in its tribute to the mighty of the St. Lawrence, through a valley, perhaps scooped out at some former period by the action of a deluge bursting its way through the barrier of stone and earth. The slope of the lofty banks at the place of its discharge leaves a beautiful and rich glen. Through the interval, we see a landscape eminently beautiful, diversified by cultivated lands, broken by little clusters of houses and spots of woods or clumps of forest trees, and skirted by distant hills. The effect of the prospect through the opening, exactly resembles that produced by looking on some elegant painting, through a tube, when every object assumes its just perspective, and stands forth from the canvass in due relief. Here was once the encampment of a detachment of the army operating against the French masters of Quebec; and hence, at break of day, on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, fifteen hundred chosen troops went down on the ebb of tide to join their gallant comrades on the blood stained heights of Abraham.

Continuing our course between the lofty banks, which still increase in height, and are indented with little coves and projecting

mouth of the Chaudiere on the south, and ar-
northern shore, only three miles above Que-
table as the site of a village of the Algon-
ere the lords of its soil; for the grass
and for the ruins of ancient religious
ce called the children of the wil-
votion.
ave mentioned, in altitude vary
wo hundred feet of perpendicular
at their bases, are scattered houses;
s ship yards, whence the busy noises of
, and the cheerful voices of industry are

rrived within about one mile of the fortress. On
's Cove, now filled with lumber and shipping, a
ll be consecrated as long as the memory of noble dar-
roic achievements shall be preserved. It is a little bay
by the retreating shores. The rugged precipices and
ing cliffs rising over it, seem almost impassable even for men
incumbered by arms, and unopposed by the batteries that frown-
ed from their summits in 1759. Here was the point where the
landing was effected by Wolf's troops, on the memorable night pre-
ceding the battle; and the spectator who, at the present day, has
clambered along the path way cut obliquely on the declivity, is
struck with astonishment at the rashness of the attempt to gain a
passage in the face of an enemy's force. While viewing the ground
he feels the full force of the difficulties which were encountered,
and will cordially assent to the correctness of the expression of the
English General to one of his officers, "I don't believe there is any
possibility of getting up; but you must do your endeavor." Above
are the plains of Abraham, where four huge Martello towers of
solid masonry, stand, like giant sentinels, to guard the rest of the
slain and watch the advance of a foe.

The Plains stretch to the western walls, and the bank becomes
more black, bare, and precipitous, till it terminates in the naked
rock of Cape Diamond, crowned with the heavy batteries of the cit-
adel, where "the black artillery, pointing over the parapet, look
like beasts of prey, crouching, and ready to spring upon their vic-
tims." After passing this point the river suddenly spreads out in a
broad and spacious basin, swarming with the ships of commerce, but
ample enough to shelter the whole navy of England.

We now turn northward, and see the whole lower town encircling the naked rock which towers above. The upper city is inclosed with heavy walls, covered with cannon, pierced with loop holes and embrasures, and running along the verge of the precipice, which overhangs the confused piles of buildings beneath. The Castle of Saint Louis, the residence of the Governor, forms a conspicuous object in the landscape; it stands on the very brink of the cliff, and is supported by pillars of masonry resting on the masses below. We cannot now pause to describe the picturesque view presented by the city, but must hurry on our way.

The beautiful River St. Charles is formed by the confluence of many little streams, rising in the country northwestward from the ancient fortress of the North and fed by the mountain springs of a wild region, so barren, rude, and rugged, as to hold out no temptations of agricultural wealth to allure the cultivator. At the distance of about four leagues from Quebec, its waters spread out in a little lake, described as presenting one of the most exquisitely picturesque scenes in the whole province.* The margin presents an appearance romantic and lovely. The devious course of the shores, broken by retreating bays and projecting headlands, the surrounding hills crowned with green woods, and sloping downward to the water's edge, the distant and abrupt elevations, are united in one view to gratify the visitors who retire from the commotion of the city to enjoy the solitude of the spot. Wandering onward, the river passes the village of Jeune Lorette, inhabited by the feeble descendants of the once warlike tribe of the Hurons.† Roving along the borders of Lakes Erie, Ontario, and Huron, they long prosecuted a destructive warfare with the Iroquois. At length, their formidable enemies gained an entire ascendency. The young warriors were killed in fight, died in captivity by cruel tortures, or, adopted by their enemies, swelled the numbers of the foes: the villages were burnt: famine and pestilence desolated the settle-

* Bouchette, 112.

† Much doubt exists as to the proper appellation of the original nation of the Hurons, and obscurity remains on the origin of the present name. Champlain calls them "Ochastequins" and confounds them with the Iroquois, deceived by the similarity of language. The intelligent and accurate Charlevois, (His. Nouvelle France I—183) considers the true name to be Yendats, and explains their modern and vulgar designation. The French, on their first interview with the tribe, seeing their hairs bound up in a fantastic and peculiar manner, giving a savage and terrific expression to their fierce countenances, exclaimed in surprise "Quelles Hures!" "What Wolves' Heads," and by repetition, fixed upon them the abusive title of Hurons, an epithet which has survived the changes of their national degradation.

ments spared by the hatchet: and the survivors after enduring the extremity of suffering, deserted the places of their birth and took refuge under the protection of the French. A collection of white houses surrounding a plain church at the distance of nine miles above the mouth of the St. Charles, and situated on a little eminence near the Eastern bank, contains the descendants of the forest hunters. Their wild and shaggy locks, from which their appellation is supposed to be derived, are curiously at variance with the European costume covering their limbs. They speak the French language readily, and in their negociations with strangers are sufficiently adroit to protect their interests and defend their rights.

Near this village, the river rushes over a steep and irregular rock, in a wild and foaming cataract, about thirty feet in descent. Flowing onward the stream spreads out in a spacious bay, at its junction with the Saint Lawrence. The precipice of the upper town overhangs its southern shore, and the declivity beyond the walls is covered with the crowded settlements of the suburbs.

Coasting along the northern shore of the bay, we find the road to the capital passes through a continued settlement. The village of Beauport, situated on a gently rising ground, four miles below Quebec, consists of about eighty houses, of neat and elegant appearance. A church with three spires invites the Catholic, to enter the doors always open, and sanctify the duties of the day by prayer to Him, whose altar is reared beneath its ceiling. Still further, is the river Montmorenci tumbling over the rocks in a cataract, which in grandeur and magnificence is second only to Niagara and in beauty far superior. The water falls in one unbroken sheet into a chasm 240 feet below.

At the distance of four miles from Cape Diamond is the Island of Orleans in the midst of the river, bounding the basin on the east. The shores slope gently down to the channels on both sides, and are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. The soil is fertile, and the whole island blooms like a garden.

Crossing the stream to its southern shore, the promontory of Point Levi rises opposite to Beauport, distant about one mile due east from Cape Diamond. Scarcely less elevated than that fortress, it was occupied during the siege of Quebec, by a corps under Gen. Moncton. The lines of entrenchments whence the cannonade of the assailants was directed on the city are still visible.

To this point we arrived at the conclusion of our weary pil-

grimage. The mists of a summer morning were scattered by the bright sun, and as they receded to the hills, a scene was presented of unrivalled magnificence and beauty. Beneath was the river, spreading out like a fair lake in the wide expanse of the basin, covered with many a sail, from that of the noble ship down to the humble fishing boat. Before us were the battlements of the citadel, the prize of bloody contests and the object of desperate adventure. The lower town, overshadowed by impending precipices, skirting their base, and crowded with tall warehouses and edifices of ancient architecture, was full in view. The upper town, sat perched on the summit, like an eagle in its nest; its spires glittering with tin, rose from the green trees of its gardens and dazzled the eye with their brightness. Eastward was the green island, glowing with the luxuriance of its verdure. Northward, the River Saint Charles, swept through the delightful valley and rich fields. As far as the eye could stretch, the thick settlements extended on by the road sides, like the streets of a metropolis. Fields waving with harvests ascended the slopes, and hills rose above hills, until the view was terminated by the mist clad summits of majestic mountains, rising in the regions of primeval forests. The loveliest creations of nature and the proudest works of man were contrasted. Lofty precipices, rushing floods, foaming cataracts, green fields, and tall mountains are clustered around Quebec. There too are towers and bulwarks, battlements standing in all the proud defiance of war, and temples where the spirit bows down before the altar of religion. There are plains where the blood of the brave has been profusely poured out. The canoe of the Indian from the woods where the White Man has never corrupted or improved, and the ships from the distant shores of other lands, are moored together. No description can convey an adequate idea of the loveliness, the grandeur, and the sublimity of a scene where all the objects we love to contemplate, are grouped together in one bright picture. L.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Talk not of love's extatic thrill,
Tell not of friendship's holy flame,
Say not the charms of beauty kill,
Nor virtue boast, nor kindness claim—
Talk not of these, if thou can'st feel
Indifferent to woman's worth.—
His heart must be a heart of steel,
His soul a sordid soul of earth,

Who on that form one glance can fling
Of proud disdain or cold neglect—
That form, creation's finishing,
The image of the Architect!

I speak not of her dark blue eye,
I care not for her curls of jet;
Her rosy cheek may redden high—
For there are charms more lovely yet.—
To smooth the wrinkled brow of care,
To ease the burden of distress,
To elevate the soul in prayer,
At once to aid, and please, and bless;
Beside the sickly couch to stay,
To watch the lingering, fleeting breath,
And when the spirit flits away,
To seal the glassy eyes of death;
To brighten still life's brightest hour,
To give each scene a richer zest,
Is woman's part—man boasts of power,
And all must yield at his behest.
He kneels, indeed; but how sincere
Can he before the altar bend,
Who looks not, save with scornful sneer,
On Heaven's best gift—man's truest friend?—

I had a dream. Methought I saw
A pale emaciated form,
Whose frozen heart no tears could thaw,
No smile dissolve the wintry storm,
That long upon his haggard brow
Had hung, and still was hovering,
Though soon to burst; for even now
His lamp of life was flickering.
His friends had left him, one by one,
As fall the leaves in Autumn's blast,
And now, of all he boasted, none
Were found to mourn for him at last—
None, save the one he slighted—she
Yet stood beside him, watching close
Each want and movement—just as free
Each want to succour—and compose
The movements of his troubled soul.
It might not be—that wildering gaze
Bespoke him near life's dreaded goal—
The goal of hapless, hopeless days!
His clay-cold hand she gently took,
One parting prayer to Heaven she sighed;—

He answered with a withering look,
Withdrew his hand, and blackening, died.

It was a dream; and yet it told
No more than the reality
Of man's proud heart, obdurate, cold,
And woman's fond fidelity.
I've seen her weep at others' woe,
I've seen her dry the orphan's tear,
And when, beneath misfortune's blow,
The object that she held most dear,
Was sinking fast, to rise no more—
When summer friends their flight had sped,
And foes were sterner than before—
When every earthly hope had fled,
And she was flung alone, forgot,
Upon the earth's cold charity,
With few to mourn her wretched lot
Amid the world's hilarity—
I've seen her meekly bend in prayer,
A suppliant at her Father's throne;
She laid her wants, her sorrow's there,
And said, "Thy will, not mine, be done!" A.

FORT ERIE.

"the shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was when steel and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight,
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain.
But peace destroyed what war could never blight;
And laid those proud roofs low to Summer's rain,
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain."

Scarcely ten years have passed since the commotion of warfare raged along the northwestern frontier of the United States, and those peaceful inhabitants, separated by the broad stream, and interchanging mutual offices of friendship, hospitality, and kindness, were divided by the barrier of hostility, and met only as foes to seal their union in blood. Yet even now, time has obliterated the traces of desperate encounters, and the visitor of this classic ground, needs an admonition from the record of history to tell him, that every step he treads is on the graves of the slain; that the fields where the harvest spreads its golden mantle and the green grass waves high, were the scenes of carnage: that from each silent embrasure of the ruined fortresses the battle gun poured out its iron hail: and that the fair tree, bending so gracefully in the summer

wind, has been nourished by the purple current flowing from the hearts of the brave. The luxuriant verdure of Erie, of Chippewa, of Queenstown, and of Bridegwater, springs from clay once animated by living valor; and the reaper gathers up his sheaves of grain where death has rioted on a nobler harvest. The same careless forgetfulness that prompts the merry song of the laborer on those wide burial plains, has extended to our own countrymen. The memory of the departed slumbers with the past; and we hold no solemn anniversaries to brighten the recollection of their great actions. The names of the dead are seldom heard, except from those who mourned, when they fell, for the loss of some who were dear in the circles of domestic and social affection. The band of the survivors spared by the fight is fast diminishing. Perry died on a foreign shore: Decatur escaped the shot of the foe to expire by the hand of a friend: the gallant Macdonough, who displayed our flag in triumph on the waters of Champlain, has yielded to the slow advances of wasting disease; and few will be left to feel the mortifying contrast between the honors so warmly given in the hours of recent success and the coldness of neglect. But the duty of gratitude, so reluctantly performed by this generation, may be safely trusted to posterity: they will appreciate the merits, and freshen the laurels of the men who so well served their country, and they will guard with equal veneration the memories of Perry and of Nelson, and keep with the same fidelity the fame of the brave of our infant republic and the names of the great of the proud monarchies of ancient days.

Around those spots which have been reddened with the blood of our countrymen, there is an attraction, which will often draw the traveller from his path. The fields where the finger of decay has wasted the traces of sanguinary encounter, are still full of interesting associations. His temperament must be cold indeed, who can tread where the youthful and the brave have fallen like the summer leaves. There is a silent eloquence in those spots, which stirs the deepest feelings of the soul. We shall incur no risk of exhausting the patience of the reader so far, that no stock will remain for our future draughts, if we carry him to one of the scenes of carnage, and briefly trace the dim recollections of its history.

The fortress of Erie, during the late war with England, was the theatre of gallant exploits, and the scene of brilliant victories. The movements of the contending armies in its neighborhood, were then watched with intense interest and keen anxiety. This post is situ-

ated on the northeastern shore of Lake Erie, in the province of Upper Canada, about twenty miles above the Falls, on a plain overlooking the magnificent expanse of waters. Here the Niagara river goes out, and its floods, confined in a narrow and rocky channel, rush impetuously along. On the American shore is the flourishing and neat town of Buffalo, which, in the course of a contest, marked on both sides by most disgraceful and barbarous acts of wanton destruction, and in this quarter diversified by deplorable incidents of cruel outrage and individual suffering, was burnt by the British forces; but has now risen in renewed beauty from its ashes, and presents an animating picture of the effects of enterprise, industry, and consequent prosperity. On crossing from this village, we embark on the foaming stream for a passage, rendered fearful by the violence of the waves rolling down from the lake, and the whirling and eddying of the waters among the hidden rocks. So rapid is the current, that the boat usually ascends about three quarters of a mile, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the expert and athletic oarsmen, is frequently carried far below the point, opposite to the spot of its departure. A short distance downward, in the midst of the river, is Grand Island, smiling like another Eden, now well known as the chosen spot selected by the self constituted Governor of Israel, for the metropolis of his assumed empire, the asylum where the dispersed tribes of the Hebrews should gather under the shadow of his protection, and find an Ararat of refuge from the persecutions of the nations. A short walk, along the margin of the English territory, brings us to the military works, now dilapidated and ruinous. In the centre, stands a heavy wall of solid materials, thirty feet in height, pierced for artillery, still bearing the dint of cannon balls, fired during the long siege it sustained, and surrounded with numerous entrenchments. The principal gate way was through this piece of masonry, and was defended by a triangular mound, so situated as to compel the assailants to advance in a direct line with the range of the guns. On the East, a line of defences extended down to the lake, then turning northward and running parallel with its margin and with the ramparts of the fort, it went far onward. Northward was the front, where the fortifications were constructed with the greatest care. Two huge bastions projected towards the plain, and, with their connecting parapet were joined to the walls At their base was a deep ditch, and the remains of batteries and other parapets are thrown still further in advance. The plains beyond, is skirted by an ancient forest, under whose thickets were

planted the battering train of the British army. The lofty trees are pierced with large holes made by the passage of cannon bullets, and their shattered trunks and mutilated bodies, still bear the scars of the fight and the memorials of warfare.

Soon after the commencement of the war, in May, 1813, this post was abandoned by the British, and occupied by the Americans. Before the close of that year it fell again into the hands of its former owners. On the 3d of July, 1814, it was seized by Gen. Brown, and soon became the seat of destructive warfare. The series of bloody battles, distinguishing the campaign of that year, had enfeebled the army, and after the carnage at Bridgewater, where one thousand three hundred and eighty four gallant men were sent to render up their last account, or, lingering under the torture of severe wounds, were disabled from the pursuit of their dreadful profession. Gen. Ripley, the officer in command, finding himself unable to keep the field against a superior force, retired to Fort Erie, then scarcely tenable. On the 3d of August, Gen. Drummond, with a force of five thousand men, invested the post, and despairing of success by assault, commenced a regular siege. A cannonade was opened and constant skirmishes took place. The besieged labored incessantly to strengthen their position and increase their defences. Many days were passed without any decisive action, while the one party were slowly and cautiously making their approaches, and the other, patiently, but actively, preparing for the reception of their foes. Gen. Gaines in the mean time had arrived and taken the command of the fort. The armies lay within full view of each other. The British camp was placed on the margin of the woods, and its numerous tents whitened the plain. The morning of the 14th was bright and fair; the glittering of bayonets, the waving of the long line of plumes, and the gay dresses of the assailants mustered behind their entrenchments, could be seen from the fortress No extraordinary movement foretold the fearful events of the night that came on dark and heavily. But many a soldier who at evening had laid down to repose from his toils at midnight, when the trumpet sounded its signal note, started from his bed, to exchange the visions of slumber for the dreamless sleep of eternity. The British General had arranged his forces in three columns for a desperate attempt. About two o'clock in the morning the advance of the first division was discovered through the darkness, on the left of the garrison, where a line of brush hastily thrown up was the representative of earth and stone. They ap-

proached silently, when the blaze of musketry flashed along the American line, and the assailants recoiled before the destructive fire. Rallied by the exertions of the officers, they again advanced, and were again driven back with terrible loss. A third time they renewed the attempt, but again, routed and broken, they were compelled to retreat. The second column advanced on the front: but there, the artillery, at every discharge, swept through their ranks; they paused, and in dismay followed their companions. The third division, eight hundred strong, after a bold and equally ineffectual assault, retired in confusion. Drummond, unwilling thus to abandon his undertaking, concentrated his troops for another onset. The darkness of the night, made more thick by the smoke of the battle, favored his approach. Stealing silently along the ditch, on the eastern side, the scaling ladders were applied, and he mounted the parapet, shouting to his men to give no quarter. The sanguinary order was obeyed, and the bastion carried, after the slaughter of its defenders. Lieut. Macdonough, wounded, and faint with floss of blood, called for mercy; the sanguinary order was repeated; the spirit of the dying man revived, and seizing a handspike, he fought until the blood-thirsty officer shot him with his own pistol. The murder was soon avenged. After finishing this act of cool barbarity he received a ball in the breast and instantly expired. The enemies, notwithstanding the loss of their leader, maintained their position and repulsed the attempts to dislodge their forces. The reserve was preparing to move to their support, when suddenly, an explosion burst from the magazine beneath the battery where they stood, and the mangled bodies of the soldiers, blackened with smoke and scorched with flame, were seen, as they were thrown to a great height, and fell amid the masses of rock and timber, in the overwhelming ruin. Thus ended the tremendous encounter of that night. When the morning sun rose on the scene of slaughter, two hundred and twenty two of the assailants were stretched out on the field of death; one hundred and seventy four were wounded; and one hundred and eighty six remained as prisoners.

From this period, until the 17th of September, the siege was prosecuted with vigor. Daily recruits of militia and volunteers arrived to the support of the garrison, and Gen. Brown having recovered from his wounds resumed the command of the army. On that day, led on by Miller, Ripley, Davis and Porter, the forces made a sortie, one of those bold movements, decisive of the fate of war. The beleaguering corps were cut in pieces, their cannon de-

stroyed, their batteries blown up, their entrenchments prostrated, and they soon after abandoned their position and retired to Fort George.

At the close of the campaign the fort was dismantled, and Gen. Brown retired across the river to his winter quarters.

The ramparts are now grass grown and the ditches choked with rank weeds. Along the breast work which guarded the shore of the lake, the road to the village of Erie now passes, and the defences which once sheltered our countrymen from the death shot are levelled, that the luxurious visitor may roll along over its smooth highway. The miserable huts of the emigrants are erected where the tents of an army were once reared. The wall, once lighted by the flash of musketry and shaken by the burst of cannon, now supports the roof of a stable. No watch fires blaze, and no sentinel paces his weary round, within those lines where desolation reigns. The little hillocks and swelling turf on the plain around, which mark the resting places of almost four hundred brave soldiers gathered in the freshness of youth and the vigor of strength to the congregation of the silent, are fast diminishing in height as the plough sweeps over the field of sepulchres. Every where destroying time is busy. The scene presents an image of desolation. Yet it has a melancholy beauty particularly when viewed by the dim light of a summer moon, silvering wood and field, bastion and parapet, grave and mound, and brightening the surface of the lake whose waves roll and break on the shore with a mournful murmur.

L.

VARIETY.

Distant views of Jerusalem.—At length, while the sun was yet two hours high, my long and intensely interesting suspense was relieved. The view of the city burst upon me as in a moment; and the truly graphic language of the psalmist was verified, in a degree of which I could have formed no previous conception. Continually, the expressions were bursting from my lips—'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion!' Among the vast assemblage of domes which adorn the roofs of the convents, churches, and houses, and give to this forlorn city an air even of magnificence, none seemed more splendid than that which has usurped the place of Solomon's Temple. Not having my companion with me, I surveyed all in silence and rapture; and the elegant proportions, the glittering, gilded crescent, and the beautiful

green blue color of the Mosque of Omar, were peculiarly attractive. A more soothing part of the scenery, was the lovely slope of the Mount of Olives on the left. As we drew nearer and nearer to 'the city of the Great King,' more and more manifest were the proofs of the displeasure of that Great King resting upon His City. Like many other cities of the east, the distant view of Jerusalem is inexpressibly beautiful; but the distant view is all. On entering at the Damascus gate, meanness, and filth, and misery, not exceeded, if equalled, by any thing which I had before seen, soon told the tale of degradation. 'How is the fine gold become dim!'

John Bunyan's Indictment.—The bill of indictment preferred against John Bunyan ran thus:—"John Bunyan hath devlishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord and king." He was convicted and imprisoned twelve years and six months.

Tobacco.—Tobacco was not known in Europe till after the discovery of America by the Spaniards, about 1520. The Americans of the continent called it Petun; those of the islands, Yoli. The Spaniards, who gave it the name of tobacco, took it from Tabaco, a province of Yucatan, where they first found it and learned its use.

It is generally supposed that the first tobacco ever seen in England was brought from Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585; but Camden, the historian, says, it was introduced the next year by Mr. Ralph Lane, who came with Sir Francis Drake on his return from the expedition against the Spanish settlements.

Paine's Political Rise.—He came to Philadelphia (says Dr. Rush) in the year 1774, with a short letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to one of his friends. His design was to open a school for the instruction of young ladies, in several branches of knowledge, which at that time was seldom taught in the schools of our country. Mr. Aitkin employed him as the editor of his Magazine, with a salary of £25 currency a year. This work was well supported by him. His song upon the death of General Wolfe, and his reflections upon the death of Lord Clive, gave it a sudden currency which few works of that kind have since had in our country. In the summer and autumn of 1776, he served as a volunteer in the American war, under General Washington. Whether he received pay and rations I cannot tell. He lived a good deal with the officers of the

first rank in the army, at whose tables his 'Common Sense' always made him a welcome guest. The legislature of Pennsylvania gave Mr. Paine £500 as an acknowledgment of the services he had rendered the United States by his publications.

Foraging.—In October, 1817, one of the constables of London, made a complaint before the magistrates, against a horse for stealing hay. The complainant stated, that the horse came regularly every night of its own accord, and without any attendant, to the coach stands in St. George's, fully satisfied his appetite, and then galloped away. He defied the whole of the parish officers to apprehend him; for if they attempted to go near him while he was eating, he would throw up his heels and kick at them, or run at them; and if they did not go out of the way, he would bite them. The constable therefore thought it best to represent the case to the magistrates: when one of the magistrates replied,—"Well, Mr. Constable, if you should be annoyed again by this animal in the execution of your duty, you may apprehend him if you can, and bring him before us to answer your complaints."

Saladin died at Damascus soon after concluding a truce for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours, with the leaders of the third crusade, A. D. 1192. He was a Prince of great generosity and valor; and it is truly remarkable, that during his fatal illness, he ordered his winding sheet to be carried as a standard through every street of the city, while a crier went before the person who bore this ensign of mortality, and proclaimed with a loud voice, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East." His last will is also remarkable. He ordered charities to be distributed to the poor, without distinction of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan, intending to inculcate by this legacy that all men are brethren, and that, when we would assist them, we ought not to enquire what they believe, but what they need; an admirable lesson to Christians, though from an Infidel! but the advantage of Science, of moderation and humanity, were at that time entirely on the side of the Saracens.

Dr. Hinchcliffe, who died Bishop of Petersborough, had much ready wit, and was extremely apt at checking those who were fond of cavilling in the different texts of scripture. On being asked one day what was to be understood by the expression, "He clothed himself with curses as with a raiment?" "The clearest thing in the world (replied the doctor) the man had a *habit* of swearing."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

JANUARY—1826.

FINANCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The receipts into the public treasury from all sources during the year 1824, amounted inclusive of a loan of five millions, to the sum of $24,381,212 79. The balance in the treasury on the 1st of January, 1824, was $9,463,922 81. The whole resources of the Government in that year amounted to the sum of $33,845,135 60.

The actual expenditures for defraying the expenses of Government, Domestic and Foreign, Civil, Military, and Naval, as well as for the payment of the interest and the reduction of the principal of the public debt, were $31,898,538 47, leaving a balance in the treasury, on the 1st of January 1825, of $1,946,597 13.

The receipts of the past year are not yet ascertained, but are estimated at $26,781,444 56, with the unexpended balance, making the aggregate of resources, $28,728,041 69. The expenditures of the nation, during 1825, are estimated at $23,443,979 91, leaving a balance on the 1st of January, 1826, of $5,284,061 78 in the purse of the nation.

The total amount of public funded debt due on the 1st of Oct. 1825, was $80,985,537 72.

DEATHS IN THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER,

IN DECEMBER—1825.

For the purpose of furnishing a record for illustrating the events in our own County, we propose to furnish a list of the deaths occurring within its limits, in each month. We hope in future to present a list more complete and full.

Worcester—23d—Mrs. Eliza T. Knox—41. 27th—Thomas Knowles—82. 20th—Benjamin Palmer Swett—2½.

Southbridge—21st—Benjamin F. Shumway—33.

Westborough—24th—Miss Susan W. Brigham—27.

Boylston—27th—Sally Andrews Davenport—19.

Royalston—22d—Mr. Silas Heywood—79.

Princeton—4th—Hannah Sawin—61.

Lancaster—19th—Widow Ruth Townsend—50.

Berlin—7th—Mrs. Hannah Park—39.

Leicester—Timothy P. Bridges—20.

Holden—18th—Dr. Aaron Holbrook—43.

Oxford—9th—Mrs. Eunice Turner—75. 9th—Lieut. Jonas Eddy—78.

Millbury—14th—Mrs. Sally Mann—24.

HISTORICAL.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

HISTORY CONTINUED.

In 1702, hostilities again commenced between England and France. This noted conflict in which so many distinguished heroes acquired their fame, is known by the name of Queen Anne's war, which continued eleven years. The subjects of the Gallic monarch in Canada again "let slip the dogs of war" upon our frontiers. During this period but little progress was made, in settling the waste lands of the interior. The few planters that were fixed here were called again to drink deeply of the cup of misery. This year (1702) the town of Worcester was entirely depopulated, and continued desolate until after the peace, when a single family took up its residence here. They were not joined by other settlers until 1715. Lancaster was once more doomed to feel the united vengeance of French and savage ferocity, in the death and captivity of many valued citizens, and in the burning of their meeting house and many dwelling houses. In this war as well as the last, they were called to lament the loss of a beloved Clergyman. Brookfield likewise again suffered, but the year 1710 is the latest date when this barbarous warfare was carried home to either of those ancient settlements. In this war settlements at Westborough and Northborough, that then constituted parts of Marlborough, were visited by like calamities. Two of the principal settlers were carried captive into Canada. The year 1707 is rendered memorable by a savage incursion in what is now Northborough, from whence the Indians were pursued, and a bloody battle was fought in the westerly part of Lancaster, now Sterling: the spot has ever since borne the name of the "Indian fight."

The peace of Utrecht in 1713, caused a cessation of hostilities. There had been little progress made in the plantations for many years. All was trepidation and alarm. The colonists were called upon to partake largely of the sufferings of the war. They were loaded with a heavy debt occasioned by acquiring their country and maintaining their possessions. The mother country afforded them no relief. It was computed that the losses of the Colonies from 1675 to the peace of 1713, amounted to nearly 6000 men.*

During this peace, Sutton, Westborough, and Leicester, were incorporated into towns. In 1722, the eastern Indians, exasperated

* Hutchinson II—183.

by some supposed encroachments upon their lands, again took up the tomahawk. The war was carried on in a manner peculiarly bloody in the settlements within New Hampshire and Maine. It is known by the name of Lovewell's war, from the circumstance of the famous battle between the Indians and the heroic Captain of that name, near the Saco river. This was one of the most fierce and obstinate battles ever fought with the savages. Our men were overpowered by superior numbers, but the survivors maintained the fight with such fury that their opponents left the field. Such is the peculiar characteristic of the savage temper, that neither time nor distance mitigates the spirit of revenge for supposed wrongs. Rutland, in this County, although far removed from the scene of action, felt the fury of their vengeance. In the two succeeding years, they continued to receive the most violent assaults from the barbarians. Several of the inhabitants were killed or captured, and among the former their minister. Oxford was also attacked, but the enemy were vigorously repulsed by the enterprise of a courageous female.*

This war is also identified with the history of Father Ralle, a noted French Jesuit, and for nearly forty years a missionary among the Indians, submitting to an unrepining conformity to all their privations, hardships and wanderings. He was a learned scholar, and a sensible man. There is some evidence that he countenanced, if he did not instigate the savages to many of their barbarities upon our settlers. He was slain by our men, in their attack upon the Indians at Norridgewock, August 23, 1724. Among many other interesting documents belonging to this learned man, that fell into the possession of our soldiers, there was found a voluminous Dictionary of the *Abenaki* language, translated with unwearied perseverance into Latin. It is now in the Library of Harvard College. Whatever may have been the demerits of this interesting man, his self immolation and devotedness to the cause of his religion and his country, ought to shield his memory from a multitude of reproaches.†

In 1726, the war was closed by an honorable and equitable

*Hutchinson II—279.

†Ibid II—282. Belknap's New Hampshire II—50. The elegant writer of Father Ralle's panegyric, Hist. Col. VIII—250, is referred to Capt. Harman's testimony on oath, for the evidence of the base act charged upon the Priest, in the last moments of his life. Is it right to reject the testimony of Capt. Harman and Moulton, who were eye witnesses of the facts, and to receive that of Charlevoix, with all its ornaments, or that of Pere de la Chasse, with all his indignation?

peace, and since that period, the villages of this County have been but little disturbed by the sound of the war whoop or the yells of prowling savages. It is true that great alarms were excited in the subsequent French wars, but the mischiefs resulted in a few solitary deaths at various intervals. The settlements now advanced with great rapidity. Lancaster had extended her borders; and a grant of land made to her inhabitants in 1713, began to be occupied at this period. This was the foundation of Leominster and Sterling. Uxbridge, Southborough and Shrewsbury were incorporated in the year 1727; and the next year Turkey hills adopted the name of Lunenburgh.

The inhabitants being subjected to great inconvenience in attending Courts, were now desirous of being established into a County. Eight of the towns then belonged to the County of Middlesex, five to Suffolk, and Brookfield was annexed to Hampshire County.

The Act incorporating the County of Worcester, passed April 2, 1731.

"An act for erecting, granting, and making a County in the inland parts of this province, to be called The County of Worcester, and for establishing Courts of Justice within the same.

"Be it enacted by his Excellency the Governor, Council, and Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the towns and places hereafter named and expressed, that is to say, Worcester, Lancaster, Westborough, Shrewsbury, Southborough, Leicester, Rutland, and Lunenburgh, all in the county of Middlesex; Mendon, Woodstock, Oxford, Sutton, including Hassanamisco, Uxbridge, and the land lately granted to several petitioners of Medfield, all in the county of Suffolk; Brookfield, in the county of Hampshire, and the south town laid out to the Narraganset soldiers; and all other lands lying within the said townships, with the inhabitants thereon, shall, from and after the tenth day of July, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty one, be and remain one entire and distinct county, by the name of Worcester, of which Worcester to be the county, or shire town: And the said county to have, use and enjoy, all such powers, privileges, and immunities, as by law other counties within this province, have and do enjoy.

"And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That there shall be held and kept within the said county of Worcester yearly, and in every year, at the times and place in this Act hereafter expressed, a Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and an Inferior

Court of Common Pleas, to sit at Worcester, on the second Tuesdays of May and August, and the first Tuesdays of November and February, yearly and in every year, until this Court shall otherwise order :—Also, that there shall be held and kept at Worcester, within the said county of Worcester, yearly and in every year, until this Court shall otherwise order, a Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, to sit on the Wednesday immediately preceding the time by law appointed for the holding the said Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, at Springfield, within and for the county of Hampshire :—And the Justices of the said Court of General Sessions of the Peace, Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery respectively, who are, or shall be, thereunto lawfully commissioned and appointed, shall have, hold, use, exercise and enjoy all and singular the powers which are by law given and granted unto them, within any other counties of the province, where a Court of General Sessions of the Peace, Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, are already established.

"Provided, That all writs, suits, plaints, processes, appeals, reviews, recognizances, or any other matters or things which now are, or any time before the said tenth day of July, shall be depending in the law within any part of the said County of Worcester :—And also, all matters and things which now are, or at any time before the said tenth of July, shall be depending before the Judges of Probate within part of the said County of Worcester, shall be heard, tried, proceeded upon and determined in the counties of Suffolk, Middlesex, and Hampshire respectively, where the same are or shall be returnable or depending, and have, or shall have day, or days.

"Provided also, That nothing in this act contained, shall be construed to disannul, defeat, or make void any deeds or conveyances of lands, lying in the said County of Worcester, where the same are, or shall be, before the said tenth of July, recorded in the Register's office of the respective counties where such lands do now lie; but that all such deeds or conveyances so recorded shall be held good and valid as they would have been, had not this act been made.

"And be it further enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That the Justices of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, at their

first meeting in the said county of Worcester, shall have full power and authority to appoint some meet person, within the said county of Worcester, to be Register of Deeds and conveyances within the same, who shall be sworn to the faithful discharge of his trust in the said office, and shall continue to hold and exercise the same according to the directions of the law, until some person be elected by the freeholders of the said county of Worcester, who are hereby empowered to choose such person, on the first Thursday of September next ensuing, by the methods in the law already prescribed, to take upon him that trust. And until such Register shall be so appointed, by the said justices, and sworn, all deeds and conveyances of lands, lying within any part of the county of Worcester, which shall be recorded in the Register's office of the respective counties where such lands do now lie, shall be held and deemed good and valid to all intents and purposes as to the recording thereof.

"And be it further enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That the methods, directions and proceedings by law provided, as well for the electing and choosing a Register of Deeds and conveyances, as a county Treasurer, which officers shall be appointed in the same manner as is by law already provided, on the first Thursday of September next, and also for the bringing forward and trying any actions; causes, pleas or suits, both civil and criminal in the several counties of this province and Courts of Judicature within the same, and choosing of Jurors to serve at the Courts of Justice, shall extend, and be attended, observed and put in practice within the said county of Worcester, and by the Courts of Justice within the same: Any law, usage or custom, to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Provided always, That the inhabitants of the several towns and places herein before enumerated and set off a distinct county, shall pay their proportion to any county rates or taxes already made and granted, in the same manner as they would have done, had not this act been made." G.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Having now completed the general survey of the County, we shall proceed to furnish, in the successive numbers, a particular and minute account of the individual towns, embracing all those items which may be interesting to the present generation, or proper as matter of useful record for the information of posterity.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168.

PROVIDED, That the interest of said notes shall, if demanded, be paid according to the same rule and proportion annually. And to the intent that the current prices of the said four articles of Corn, Beef, Sheep's Wool, and Sole Leather, at the several times of payment herein mentioned, may be more easily ascertained; and in order that a just and equitable settlement, may be annually made with this State's quota of the Continental army, in future for their future services.

Be it further enacted, That

Richard Cranch, Esq.	in the County of	Suffolk,
Stephen Choate, Esq.	do.	Essex,
Simon Stow, Esq.	do.	Middlesex,
Justin Ely, Esq.	do.	Hampshire,
John Turner, Esq.	do.	Plymouth,
Micah Blackwell, Esq.	do.	Barnstable,
James Williams, Esq.	do.	Bristol,
Seth Washburn, Esq.	do.	Worcester,
Capt. Joshua Sewal,	do.	York,
Mr. Thomas Child,	do.	Cumberland,
Thomas Rice, Esq.	do.	Lincoln,
Asa Bemont, Esq.	do.	Berkshire,

Be, and they are hereby severally appointed to collect and keep a true account, according to the best of their judgments, of the prices of each of the aforesaid four articles, in their respective counties monthly, upon an average of the whole month, for every succeeding month during the term of eight years, from the first day of January in the present year, and they shall make a true report of the same into the Secretary's office, upon the last Tuesday in the month of August, and on the third Tuesday of the month of February, annually, during the eight years as aforesaid, which return shall be under oath testified by a Justice of the Peace for the same County, in the form following, viz.—

ss. the day of A. D. 17

This certifies that A. B. personally appeared, the day above, and made solemn oath, that the within report, by him subscribed, is a just and true report of the current prices, of the several articles of Corn, Beef, Sheep's Wool, and Sole Leather, in the County of for the months of upon an average of each month respectively (upon a medium taking the County to-

gether) according to the best of his judgment, upon the best information he could obtain. Before me,

A. B. Justice peace for the County of

And the Justices of the Superior Court as also the Committee of the General Court, who may be hereafter appointed to settle with the army for future service, shall have recourse to those reports, in order to assist them in their calculations.

And be it further enacted, That there be, and there is hereby granted, a tax of eight millions of pounds, to be levied on the polls and estates within this state, one million of which to be paid into the Treasury, on or before the twentieth day of December, in each of the years of our Lord 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, each of the said millions to be levied according to such rules, and in such proportion as shall be agreed upon and ordered by the General Court, or assembly at their Sessions, in June, in each of the years aforesaid, respectively. And the sums so granted, shall be applied for the redemption of the aforesaid notes, which shall be issued by virtue of this act, and if any part of the said tax should remain after redeeming such notes, the remainder shall be applied to defray the necessary expenses of government.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to bear no haughtie sway;
Look what I lack my minde supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatall law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mighties gate;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worst of all:
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

FROM FARMER'S AND MOORE'S N. H. HIST. COL.

CATALOGUE OF AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, IN LONDON.

THE Royal Society was established at London by King Charles II. in the year 1662. The following Americans have, at different periods, been elected Fellows of the Society: Cotton Mather, Paul Dudley, John Winthrop, Benjamin Franklin, James Bowdoin, John Leverett and Nathaniel Bowditch, of Massachusetts; John Winthrop, Fitz John Winthrop and David Humphreys, of Connecticut; James Morgan and David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania; William Byrd and Silas Taylor, of Virginia; and David Hosack, of New York.

John Winthrop was the son of Gov. Winthrop. He arrived in Boston from England in October, 1635; was several years governor of Connecticut; died at Boston, April 5, 1676, in his 71st year.

Fitz John Winthrop, the first governor of Connecticut, was born in Ipswich, Mass. 1638. He died at Boston, Nov. 27, 1707, aged 69.

John Winthrop, was son of Adam Winthrop; graduated at Harvard College in 1732; was a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. He died May 3, 1779, in his 65th year.

John Leverett was grandson of governor Leverett; graduated at Harvard College in 1680; was afterwards its President. He died May 3, 1724.

Cotton Mather, well known as the author of the Magnalia, was son of Dr. Increase Mather, was born in Boston, Feb. 12, 1663, graduated at Harvard College, 1678; died at Boston, Feb. 13, 1728, aged 65 years. His publications amounted to 382, besides several large works left prepared for the press.

Paul Dudley, chief justice of Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard College 1690; died at Roxbury, Jan. 21, 1751.

David Rittenhouse, was born in Germantown, Penn. April 8, 1732; died June 26, 1796, in his 65th year.

James Bowdoin, governor of Massachusetts, was born in Boston,

Aug. 18, 1727; graduated at Harvard College in 1745; died Nov. 6, 1790, in his 64th year.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Jan. 17, 1706; died April 17, 1790, aged 84.

FROM THE MASS. HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

LETTER FROM COL. PAUL REVERE.

BOSTON, JAN. 1, 1798.

In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775, I was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed ourselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the tories. We held our meetings at the Green Dragon tavern. We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the bible, that they would not discover any of our transactions, but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Doctors Warren, Church, and one or two more.

About November, when things began to grow serious, a gentleman who had connections with the tory party, but was a whig at heart, acquainted me, that our meetings were discovered, and mentioned the identical words that were spoken among us the night before. We did not then distrust Dr. Church, but supposed it must be some one among us. We removed to another place, which we thought was more secure; but here we found that all our transactions were communicated to Governor Gage. (This came to me through the then Secretary Flucker; he told it to the gentleman mentioned above.) It was then a common opinion, that there was a traitor in the Provincial Congress, and that Gage was possessed of all their secrets. (Church was a member of that Congress for Boston.) In the winter, towards the spring, we frequently took turns, two and two, to watch the soldiers, by patroling the streets all night. The Saturday night preceding the 19th of April, about 12 o'clock at night, the boats belonging to the transports were all launched, and carried under the sterns of the men of war. (They had been previously hauled up and repaired.) We likewise found that the grenadiers and light infantry were all taken off duty.

From these movements, we expected something serious was to be transacted. On Tuesday evening, the 18th, it was observed, that a number of soldiers were marching towards the bottom of the Common. About 10 o'clock, Dr. Warren sent in great haste for

me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were the objects. When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington—a Mr. William Dawes. The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington, to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night through Charlestown; there I agreed with a Colonel Conant, and some other gentlemen, that if the British went out by water, we would shew two lanterns in the north church steeple; and if by land, one, as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I had kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to the eastward where the Somerset man of war lay. It was then young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town, I met Colonel Conant, and several others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse; I got a horse of Deacon Larkin. While the horse was preparing, Richard Devens, Esq. who was one of the Committee of Safety, came to me, and told me, that he came down the road from Lexington, after sundown, that evening; that he met ten British officers, all well mounted, and armed, going up the road.

I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about 11 o'clock, and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback, under a tree. When I got near them, I discovered they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me, and the other to take me. I turned my horse very quick, and galloped towards Charlestown neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me, endeavoring to cut me off, got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him, and went through Medford, over the bridge, and up to Menotomy. In Medford, I awaked the Captain of the minute men; and after that, I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington. I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's; I told them my errand, and inquired for Mr. Dawes; they said he had not been there; I related the story of the two officers, and supposed that

he must have been stopped, as he ought to have been there before me. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Dawes came; we refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord, to secure the stores, &c. there. We were overtaken by a young Dr. Prescott, whom we found to be a high son of liberty. I told them of the ten officers that Mr. Devens met, and that it was probable we might be stopped before we got to Concord; for I supposed that after night, they divided themselves, and that two of them had fixed themselves in such passages as were most likely to stop any intelligence going to Concord. I likewise mentioned, that we had better alarm all the inhabitants till we got to Concord; the young Doctor much approved of it, and said, he would stop with either of us, for the people between that and Concord knew him, and would give the more credit to what we said. We had got nearly half way; Mr. Dawes and the Doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house; I was about one hundred rods ahead, when I saw two men, in nearly the same situation as those officers were, near Charlestown. I called for the Doctor and Mr. Dawes to come up; in an instant I was surrounded by four;—they had placed themselves in a straight road, that inclined each way; they had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road, and two of them were under a tree in the pasture. The Doctor being foremost, he came up; and we tried to get past them; but they being armed with pistols and swords, they forced us into the pasture;—the Doctor jumped his horse over a low stone wall, and got to Concord. I observed a wood at a small distance, and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers, on horseback, and ordered me to dismount; one of them, who appeared to have the command, examined me, where I came from, and what my name was? I told him. He asked me if I was an express? I answered in the affirmative. He demanded what time I left Boston? I told him; and added, that their troops had catched aground in passing the river, and that there would be five hundred Americans there in a short time, for I had alarmed the country all the way up. He immediately rode towards those who stopped us, when all five of them came down upon a full gallop; one of them, whom I afterwards found to be a Major Mitchell, of the 5th Regiment, clapped his pistol to my head, called me by name, and told me he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not give him true answers, he would blow my brains out. He then asked me similar questions to those above. He then ordered me to mount my horse, after searching me for

arms. He then ordered them to advance, and to lead me in front. When we got to the road, they turned down towards Lexington. When we had got about one mile, the Major rode up to the officer that was leading me, and told him to give me to the Sergeant. As soon as he took me, the Major ordered him, if I attempted to run, or any body insulted them, to blow my brains out. We rode till we got near Lexington meeting house, when the militia fired a volley of guns, which appeared to alarm them very much. The Major inquired of me how far it was to Cambridge, and if there were any other road? After some consultation, the Major rode up to the Sergeant, and asked if his horse was tired? He answered him, he was—(He was a Sergeant of Grenadiers, and had a small horse)—then, said he, take that man's horse. I dismounted, and the Sergeant mounted my horse, when they all rode towards Lexington meeting house. I went across the burying ground, and some pastures, and came to the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, where I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams. I told them of my treatment, and they concluded to go from that house towards Woburn. I went with them, and a Mr. Lowell, who was a clerk to Mr. Hancock. When we got to the house where they intended to stop, Mr. Lowell and myself returned to Mr. Clark's, to find what was going on. When we got there, an elderly man came in; he said he had just come from the tavern, that a man had come from Boston, who said there were no British troops coming. Mr. Lowell and myself went towards the tavern, when we met a man on a full gallop, who told us the troops were coming up the rocks. We afterwards met another who said they were close by. Mr. Lowell asked me to go to the tavern with him, to get a trunk of papers belonging to Mr. Hancock. We went up chamber; and while we were getting the trunk, we saw the British very near, upon a full march. We hurried towards Mr. Clark's house. In our way, we passed through the militia. There were about fifty. When we had got about one hundred yards from the meeting house, the British troops appeared on both sides of the meeting house. In their front was an officer on horseback. They made a short halt; *when I saw, and heard, a gun fired*, which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns, and then a continual roar of musquetry; when we made off with the trunk.

As I have mentioned Dr. Church, perhaps it might not be disagreeable to mention some matters of my own knowledge, respecting him. He appeared to be a high son of liberty. He frequent-

ed all the places where they met, was encouraged by all the leaders of the sons of liberty, and it appeared he was respected by them, though I knew that Dr. Warren had not the greatest affection for him. He was esteemed a very capable writer, especially in verse; and as the whig party needed every strength, they feared, as well as courted him. Though it was known, that some of the liberty songs, which he composed, were parodized by him, in favor of the British, yet none dare charge him with it. I was a constant and critical observer of him, and I must say, that I never thought him a man of principle; and I doubted much in my own mind, whether he was a real whig. I knew that he kept company with a Capt. Price, a half pay British officer, and that he frequently dined with him, and Robinson, one of the Commissioners. I know that one of his intimate acquaintance asked him why he was so often with Robinson and Price? His answer was, that he kept company with them on purpose to find out their plans. The day after the battle of Lexington, I met him in Cambridge, when he shewed me some blood on his stocking, which he said spirted on him from a man who was killed near him, as he was urging the militia on. I well remember, that I argued with myself, if a man will risque his life in a cause, he must be a friend to that cause; and I never suspected him after, till he was charged with being a traitor.

The same day I met Dr. Warren. He was president of the committee of safety. He engaged me as a messenger, to do the out of doors business for that committee; which gave me an opportunity of being frequently with them. The Friday evening after, about sunset, I was sitting with some, or near all that committee, in their room, which was at Mr. Hastings's house in Cambridge. Dr. Church, all at once, started up—Dr. Warren, said he, I am determined to go into Boston to-morrow—(it set them all a staring)—Dr. Warren replied, Are you serious, Dr. Church? they will hang you if they catch you in Boston. He replied, I am serious, and am determined to go at all adventures. After a considerable conversation, Dr. Warren said, If you are determined, let us make some business for you. They agreed that he should go to get medicine for their and our wounded officers. He went the next morning; and I think he came back on Sunday evening. After he had told the committee how things were, I took him aside, and inquired particularly how they treated him. He said, that as soon as he got to their lines, on Boston neck, they made him a prisoner, and carried him to General Gage, where he was examined, and then he

was sent to Gould's barracks, and was not suffered to go home but once. After he was taken up, for holding a correspondence with the British, I came across Deacon Caleb Davis;—we entered into conversation about him;—he told me, that the morning Church went into Boston, he (Davis) received a billet for General Gage—(he then did not know that Church was in town)—when he got to the General's house, he was told, the General could not be spoken with, that he was in private with a gentleman; that he waited near half an hour, when General Gage and Dr. Church came out of a room, discoursing together, like persons who had been long acquainted. He appeared to be quite surprised at seeing Deacon Davis there; that he (Church) went where he pleased while in Boston, only a Major Caine, one of Gage's Aids, went with him. I was told by another person, whom I could depend upon, that he saw Church go into General Gage's house, at the above time; that he got out of the chaise and went up the steps more like a man that was acquainted, than a prisoner.

Sometime after, perhaps a year or two, I fell in company with a gentleman who studied with Church; in discoursing about him, I related what I have mentioned above; he said, he did not doubt that he was in the interest of the British; and that it was he who informed General Gage; that he knew for certain, that a short time before the battle of Lexington, (for he then lived with him, and took care of his business and books) he had no money by him, and was much drove for money; that all at once, he had several hundred new British guineas; and that he thought at the time, where they came from.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavored to give you a short detail of some matters, of which perhaps no person but myself have documents, or knowledge. I have mentioned some names which you are acquainted with; I wish you would ask them, if they can remember the circumstance I allude to.

I am, Sir, with every sentiment of esteem,

Your humble servant,

PAUL REVERE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ORIGINAL.

GOFFE AND WHALEY, THE REGICIDES.

In the year 1658, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, died, after he had seen his own mighty power, and the unrivalled ascendancy he had long maintained in the English Government, sink into the grave before the influence of an adverse party. That party, proceeding in direct hostility to the claims of his son Richard, who was soon proclaimed Lord Protector, and determining to place Charles II. upon the throne rendered vacant twelve years before by the ignominious execution of his father, recalled him from exile, and procured a new parliament evidently friendly to his interests. Fired with resentment against those who were instrumental in the late royal execution, and hoping to frighten into submission, by their promptitude and decision, any faction which might be rising to supplant the new king, his friends in power on his return in 1660, doomed to death ten of the judges who were most active on the trial; and so far did they carry their vengeance that three who were dead, (among whom was Cromwell himself,) were dragged from their graves, hung and buried under the gallows. Among those sentenced to the block were Col. Edward Whaley and Gen. William Goffe. Both of them had been distinguished officers under the Lord Protector, and when he was in the meridian of his glory, enjoyed to a high degree his friendship and confidence. Whaley was also cousin to Cromwell, and father in law to Goffe. Previous, however, to the accession of Charles II. discerning from the complexion of the new parliament, that the restoration must inevitably take place, and perceiving with certainty that they could have little to expect from the mercy of that prince, should they fall into his hands, they deemed it expedient to retire for a short time, at least, into voluntary exile. Accordingly they sailed for the American colonies, and arrived at Boston, July, 1660; and in various parts of New England were secreted, for a period of sixteen or seventeen years, from accidental discovery and royal search.

Upon their first arrival in Boston, they made no secret of their names or characters, but appeared openly in the streets and at public meetings, and were treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the inhabitants. While there, one of them is said to have taken occasion to shew his dexterity in the following singular man-

ner. A foolish braggadocio coming into Boston, with the intent to "astonish the natives," erected a stage and publicly walked it for a number of days, challenging any one to fence with him at swords. At length, one of the judges, probably Goffe, attired as a rustic, taking a cheese in one hand, and a mop sufficiently besmeared in a dirty puddle of water in the other, went out to meet the Philistine. Upon his mounting the stage, the fencing master contemptuously ordered him off—Goffe stood his ground—his antagonist made a pass at him to drive him away—the former received the blow in his cheese, and drew the mop lightly over the latter's countenance. A second and a third thrust was made, but the shield of the judge received and held the sword, each time, long enough for him to draw his mop over the face of his antagonist. Seizing his broad sword the poor gentleman would have taken vengeance for the insult, had not Goffe intimidated him by a threat. The knight of the mop, still unknown, immediately beat a precipitate retreat, and left the gladiator to sneak off to his infinite mortification and the great entertainment of the people.

In a few months the act of indemnity came over, by which it appeared that Goffe and Whaley were doomed to immediate death. Deeming it imprudent to remain any longer in Boston, lest they should be arrested, they privately withdrew to New Haven, March, 1661. Arriving there, their dignity and rank commanded the respect and secured the friendship of a great part of the colony. In a few days, however, news of the king's proclamation reaching New Haven, they were obliged to abscond. They then went ten miles distant, to Milford, in the day time, and returned to the Rev. Mr. Davenport's at night, where they lay hid for thirty days. In the mean time news had gone to England, that two of the regicides were in the American Colonies. A royal order to arrest and secure them immediately came over to Boston. Two zealous loyalists, Kellond and Kirk, were commissioned by the Governor of Massachusetts, to scour the country in the pursuit. Having searched the towns in the Massachusetts and New Haven Colonies, they arrived at the house of Deputy Gov. Leet, at Guilford, eighteen miles from New Haven, May 11th. They showed him a copy of the royal orders for the arrest, and demanded aid to carry them into effect. The Governor, who was a warm friend to the judges, after having detained them as long as he was able, consistently with his pretended zeal for their errand, sent them to New Haven without any warrant whatever. On their way thither they heard a sur-

mise, that the delinquents lodged in the house of Rev. Mr. Davenport; and that Gov. Leet, whatever he might pretend to the contrary, was in the secret. They immediately returned to Gov. Leet, and demanded a warrant for their arrest. He then delayed a whole day, ostensibly that he might consult with the other magistrates, and sent an express to Mr. Davenport's to inform the judges of his guests. They immediately took refuge with William Jones, Esq. for a few days, and afterwards in a mill, near that gentleman's house. The next day, Kellond and Kirk went to New Haven with Gov. Leet, where, calling a council of the Magistrates, they peremptorily demanded a search warrant, with threats in case of noncompliance. The magistrates, being generally warm friends to the judges, at first, refused; but upon further reflection, convinced that this stand was too gross a violation of the royal edict, and fearing, lest they should draw down upon themselves the indignation of the English government for aiding and abetting in the escape of traitors to his Majesty, they put a warrant into the hands of the marshal. He, soon after, met the exiles near a bridge, a little distance from the town, and attempted to take them; but they stood on the defence with cudgels, and soon drove him off. While he was gone after assistance they hid under the bridge, and when the pursuers had passed over their heads, and gone beyond, they quietly returned to their hiding place in the mill. This meeting was probably procured by the magistrates, to show that they had endeavored to apprehend them. A general search was then commenced and prosecuted by the commissioners with great industry; but the friends of the judges succeeded in rendering it ineffectual. They once happened to be at Mrs. Eyers' when the officers came thither on their errand. Seeing them coming, she ushered her guests out at the back part of the house a few steps, and when they returned, hid them in a closet, the door of which, when shut, could not be distinguished from the ceiling. The pursuers coming up, asked if the regicides were in the house. She replied that they had been there, but had just gone in another direction. The commissioners not waiting to scan the tale, followed the false scent, leaving their game safe, and Mrs. Eyers guiltless, as she thought of prevarication.

A short time afterwards they took up their residence on West Rock,* on the summit of which, was a cave peculiarly fitted for

* A perpendicular cliff, rising three hundred feet, a little distance from New Haven.

concealment. Here they remained for a few days perfectly secure, supported by the liberality of Mr. Sperry, until a huge catamount passing their cave one night, looked in, and seemed by his prowling and growling to meditate an invasion. As soon as he had walked off, the trembling judges resolving to surrender at discretion, evacuated their cave and fled down the mountain to Mr. Sperry's. They however soon found refuge in another cave prepared for them by their friends. In this manner they finally succeeded in eluding the search of the commissioners, who returned to Boston bitterly complaining of the men with whom they had to deal: and especially reprobating the conduct of Gov. Leet, and Mr. Gilbert. These gentlemen began now to be justly alarmed, and their intrepidity in the protection of their friends to fail, lest his Majesty should revenge himself for such contempt of his authority. The Regicides generously determined to deliver themselves up to the officers of justice rather than that those, who had so long shielded them from persecution the most unrelenting and search the most scrutinizing, should be in the end endangered on their account. The moment therefore, they understood that Gov. Leet began to fear the issue, they repaired to him, and offered to deliver themselves into the hands of the Sheriff. He, however, had them concealed in his cellar until he could consult with his friends in the secret: who concluded that if the magistrates were to assemble, and issue a warrant to scour the town, accompanied with a flaming proclamation to the inhabitants to assist in the search, a surrender would be unnecessary. Gov. Leet and Mr. Gilbert therefore, immediately shielded themselves behind this procedure, which threw all the responsibility on Mr. Davenport. A deep politician and crafty manager, as well as a pious and excellent divine, this gentleman then resolved to put into requisition the most unwearied assiduity, together with all his characteristic firmness and subtility to preserve those, whom he looked upon as unfortunate and injured individuals.

The search was then prosecuted with greater vigilance than ever, during which, they lay quietly hid in their cave and in the closet of Mrs. Eyers. It soon became very apparent that Mr. Davenport was the only man in the colony yet in the secret, since all others had withdrawn their friendship and protection. He, true to his friends and unshaken in what he considered to be a just and righteous cause, would neither suffer them to yield themselves to public authority, nor that authority to arrest them. At last by appear-

ing openly in N. Haven a number of times, cautiously but designedly, they happily succeeded in freeing Mr. Davenport from the suspicion which the royalists entertained against him.—Unfortunately their new retreat was in a few weeks discovered by a party of Indians in hunting; but before the alarm could be given and an arrest attempted, they retired and hid in the woods.

At the approach of winter it became necessary for them to find a new residence, where they could enjoy concealment united with comfort. Such a one Mr. Davenport found for them in the house and family of Mr. Tomlin, of Milford. In an unfrequented apartment of that gentleman's house, they lived for two years without even going into the orchard, and so secret was every thing preserved in relation to them, that the magistrates of New Haven could never obtain the least information of their abode: and as has been remarked, Gov. Leet's apparent vigilance had effectually secured him, and their late appearance in New Haven, Mr. Davenport, from royal suspicion. While they were in this retreat, a ludicrous ballad, ridiculing the judges of Charles, came from England, which the servant girls, who were engaged over head, learned to sing. This song they frequently repeated, to the great diversion of Whaley and Goffe, the objects of the satire. In this connexion may be introduced an incident illustrative of Mr. Davenport's sagacity. A short time before Kellond and Kirk came to New Haven, he preached a sermon from this text. ISAIAH XVI, 13, 14. *Take council; execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon day; hide the out casts; betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee. Moab be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.* We must at least give the reverend gentleman the credit of consistency in action and principle.

In 1664, the king's commissioners arrived at Boston, with particular instructions to seek for the regicides; in consequence of which it became necessary for them to find a new asylum. The Rev. Mr. Russel, of Hadley, on Connecticut river, then the westernmost settlement in Massachusetts colony, consented to receive them. Accordingly we find them, after having wandered about, "destitute, afflicted, tormented," "in the mountains, dens and caves of the earth," for three years, finally living under the hospitable roof of this faithful minister. Here, and at the house of P. Tilton, Esq. unknown to every one in the village, except the respective families of these gentlemen, they lay buried in the most profound concealment for more than sixteen years.

During their residence in Hadley, Goffe under the name of Walter Goldsmith, held a correspondence with his wife in England, and their letters were so highly enigmatical as to render him perfectly safe even if intercepted. The judges, also, from time to time, received funds from their friends in England and America, through the hands of Mr. Tilton, who acted as their trusty agent.

The following is the only memorable action in which either of them was engaged during the remainder of their unhappy lives. In September, 1675, while the people of Hadley were assembled at church, they were unexpectedly surrounded and attacked by a body of Philip's Indians. The affrighted inhabitants, after having feebly repelled the attack, were on the point of yielding, when, suddenly, there appeared among them a venerable old man of singular appearance. Placing himself at their head, and animating them by his address and evidently superior knowledge in military tactics, he enabled them to make a successful resistance, and soon compelled the savages to withdraw. Immediately after the victory the stranger disappeared, and the good people of Hadley imputed this sudden and effectual interposition in their behalf, to an angel, until the fact of the judges being at that time secreted among them became known, when they ascertained that this angel, was no other than Goffe, who, seeing the inhabitants on the eve of flight, saved the village from destruction, and himself and Whaley from inevitable discovery.

In 1678, Col. Whaley, who had been for a number of years superannuated, insensibly closed his unfortunate career, and was secretly buried in, or near, Mr. Russel's cellar. Of Gen. Goffe, we hear no more, after 1679. Different traditions have disposed of the remainder of his life, each in a different manner. One tradition is, that he died in Hadley; another, in New Haven, and another still, transports him to New York, where he carries vegetables to market for a subsistence, for some time, and then goes to Virginia, and from thence to Rhode Island; and under the name of Theophilus Whale, dies in obscurity. The truth in relation to his death never has been, and probably never will be, fully ascertained.

While they were at Mr. Russel's, they were joined in their exile by John Dixwell, Esq. another of the unfortunate judges. He soon left them, went to New Haven, assumed the name of James Davids, lived in retirement, though not in secrecy, was married and had several children. Although he did not reveal his true name and character to the world until upon his death bed, yet he was

generally considered as obnoxious to the English government. After more than twenty five years exile, he died in the eighty second year of his age. Over him was placed by his own direction, a plain rough stone, with merely the initials of his name inscribed; well knowing that if a conspicuous monument with his whole name was erected, his body would be liable to the same indignities committed on Cromwell's. As late as 1790, there was standing near Col. Dixwell's grave another plain stone, with E. W. upon it; and presumptive evidence is very strong, that Whaley was, by his directions, dis-interred at Hadley and buried there. O. X.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF JOSIAH BARTLETT.

Josiah Bartlett was descended from a Norman family which emigrated and settled in the south of England about the period of the Norman conquest. The branch of the family from which he was immediately descended came to this country in the 17th Century, and was established at Beverly, in Massachusetts. Mr. Bartlett was born at Amesbury, in this State, in Nov. 1729. He was instructed in the Greek and Latin languages, and is said to have acquired a knowledge of them with great facility. At the age of sixteen he was placed under the care of Dr. Ordway, of Amesbury, to commence his professional studies. He applied himself with great assiduity, and in 1750, at the age of 21, commenced practice at Kingston, with as good a medical education as his limited preparatory means would allow. He pursued his profession with success, and was first to discover the efficacy of Peruvian Bark in cases of canker in the throat. The reputation he had established for integrity, a quick, discerning, comprehensive mind, and decision of character, designated him as a suitable person for public life. Accordingly, in 1765, he was chosen to represent the town in which he resided in the colonial assembly of New Hampshire. He then also had command of a Regiment of Militia. In the legislature he took firm republican ground, and became the strenuous and active advocate of popular rights. He opposed what he deemed to be the unjust and unlawful grants of land, and in an especial manner objected to the Governor's reserving to himself and for the use of the Episcopal church, many of the best and most valuable rights. He was, however, in a minority, and by this course incurred the displeasure of the Governor, John Wentworth. He was, however, steady and zealous in his remonstrances against these usurpations

of the Governor, and against the right of the British Government to tax the colonies. In 1774, a committee of correspondence was appointed by the members of the assembly, whereupon the Governor immediately dissolved the assembly; but the committee called a meeting of the members who proceeded to choose two delegates to represent New Hampshire in the General Congress, to meet in Philadelphia that year; and Mr. Bartlett was chosen, but declined the honor on account of the pressing embarrassment of his private concerns, occasioned by the destruction of his house by fire. By the patriotic course he pursued, he gave such offence to the Governor, that, in Feb. 1775, he was notified that his name was erased from the commission of the peace, and he was removed from his military command. In 1775, he continued a member of the assembly, a majority of which had now become enemies of the Governor. He was also a member of the committee of safety. In Sept. 1775, the Governor retired to Boston, and afterwards issued from the Isle of Shoals a proclamation, adjourning the assembly to the next April. This was the last act of the colonial or provincial Governor, and with it terminated the British government in New Hampshire. In Sept. of this year, Mr. Bartlett was appointed to the command of a regiment, by the first Provincial Congress. He had been previously, in August, chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, and continued a member of that body by successive elections until the autumn of 1778. The vote upon the declaration of Independence was taken by colonies, beginning with N. H. Dr. B. was first called and gave an affirmative vote. He also was first to sign that document, after Mr. Hancock, the president. His services while a member of this body were such as will always be acknowledged with gratitude by his country. He possessed a clear, steady judgment, and manifested a most firm, unwavering attachment to the cause of liberty. In 1779, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in New Hampshire, and continued in the discharge of the duties of that office until 1782, when he was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court, and officiated as an associate Justice until 1788, when he was made Chief Justice. He was an active member of the Convention called in New Hampshire for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. In 1789, he was chosen a Senator under that constitution, but declined the honor on account of his infirmities. In June, 1790, he was chosen President of New Hampshire, in which office he continued until June, 1793, when he was elected the first Governor, which

office he resigned in 1794, that he might be released from the cares and fatigues of public business, and enjoy the repose of private life. This enjoyment, however, was of short duration, for in May, 1795, he died.

Dr. Bartlett was a man of stern integrity, frank and undisguised in his deportment. His patriotism was ardent and sustained by a mind of uncommonly comprehensive powers. His perceptions were quick, his judgment clear, and his conclusions accurate. He rose to high distinction by his own merit, and justly enjoyed in an uncommon degree, the confidence of the public. D.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes: one dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head after the fashion of a cowl. "I am a poor traveller (said the stranger,) and want a night's lodging. Will you grant it to me?" "Aye, to be sure, (replied Schalken,) but I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat what is left." The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping place. In the morning as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man *should* welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the

storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified." Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views, and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. "Let my wife and myself live (he said) fifty years longer than nature has designed:" "It shall be done," cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given."

This was also assented to. Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish: "that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut, should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order." This wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and his last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. It happened that the birth-days of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him 79 years, and Mietja 73 years of age, when the moon that was shining through the window of the hut seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of

clouds. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foilage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death: and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little color, but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty year's respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came preceeded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks, (said he,) you now can have no objection to accompany me; for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, Sir, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation discovered that he was immoveable, nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death, came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan," said he, "you used me scurvily the other day, (Death thinks but very little of fifty years!) and I am now determined to loose no time—come."

Jan was sitting at his table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him, "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will that a poor lad who had been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, in a few minutes my task will be ended." Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birth-day, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.

AFRICA.

We have received accounts of a recent discovery in Central Africa, which will soon be laid before the public in greater detail; but of which the following outline is sufficiently curious:—Major Clapperton and Captain Denham, in the course of their late expedition in that quarter of the world, arrived in the territory, and subsequently resided for some weeks, in the capital of a nation, whose manners and history seem likely to occupy, to no trivial extent, the attention of the public of this country—we might safely say of the whole civilized world. They found a nation jet black in color, but not in our sense of the term *negroes*, having long hair and fine high features. This people was found to be in a state of very high civilization; and above all, the British travellers witnessed a review of 7000 cavalry, divided into regular regiments, and all clothed in complete armor. Six thousand wore the perfect hauberk mail of the early Norman knights; most strange by far of all, one thousand appeared in perfect Roman armor. The conjectures to which this has given rise are various. We confess, for ourselves, that, looking to the polished and voluptuous manners ascribed to these people, the elegance of their houses, &c. &c.; in a word, the total difference between them and any other race as yet discovered

in the interior of "Africa, the mother of monsters," our own opinion is strongly that here we have a fragment of the old Numidian population; a specimen of the tribes who, after long contending and long co-operating with Imperial Rome, were at least fain to seek safety in the central desert, upon the dissolution of the empire. In these squadrons Messrs. Clapperton and Denham probably beheld the liveliest image that ever has been witnessed by modern eyes, of the legions of Jugurtha—may we not say of Hannibal? The armor, we understand, is fabricated in the most perfect style of the art; and the Roman suits might be mistaken for so many Herculanean or Pompeian discoveries, if it were possible for us to imagine the existence of genuine antiques possessing all the glossy finish of yesterday's workmanship. One of these travellers has already set off on his return to this sable court. *Lond. Pap.*

THE MILITARY FORCE OF CHINA.

The Russian traveller, M. Timbowsky, collected during his stay in China some remarkable data relative to the present state of the military force of that empire, which, expressed in numbers, seems very formidable, but is far from being so in reality. He thinks, however, that certain estimates, which make the Chinese army amount to a million of infantry and eight hundred thousand cavalry, are much exaggerated. The regular troops are divided into four corps, according to the several nations. The first corps, 67,800 strong, consists of Mantchous, the conquerors of the Empire, to which nation the family of the reigning Emperor belongs. These troops are the flower of the whole army, and enjoy extraordinary privileges. The second corps, of 21,000 men, consists of Mongols. The third, of 27,000 men, is composed of Chinese, whose ancestors joined the Mantchous, and assisted them in the conquest of the empire. The fourth corps, which is the least esteemed, though the most numerous, is also Chinese: it is stated to amount to 500,000 men; who are, however, dispersed in garrisons in the interior of the empire. If we add to these 125,000 Chinese militia, the whole Chinese army will make 740,000 men, of whom 175,000 are cavalry. There is, besides, a Mongol cavalry, which, with respect to its organization and the nature of its service, may be compared to the Russian troops from the Don and the Ural. Its amount is not accurately known, but is stated by some at 500,000 men.

All the Chinese soldiers are married; and their children, who are entered in the lists of the army from their very birth, recruit

the corps to which they belong. Besides arms, a horse, a house, and a quantity of rice, each soldier of the first, second, and third corps, receives a monthly pay of three to four *lanes*, (six to eight silver rubles,) but must provide himself with clothing, whence there is a most laughable variety and irregularity in the uniforms. The troops of the fourth corps are furnished by the government with lands, which they must cultivate for their subsistence. There is no army so easily recruited as the Chinese. Crowds flock to the standards to find a refuge from want and misery. Notwithstanding the immense sums which the maintenance of this force costs, and which is said to amount to 87,400,000 lanes, the spirit and discipline of the troops are at an inconceivably low ebb; so that the late Emperor Kia-King, issued, in the year 1800, a proclamation, in which, after reminding the Mantchous of the heroic deeds done by them in former times, he reproaches them with having become more unskilled in the military art, and more feeble than the Chinese themselves, so many thousands of whom were overcome by a handful of their ancestors.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

LOVE THAT SPRINGS IN TEARS.

I KNEW thee in thy cloudless day,
But dared not breathe my love to thee;
It wore my youthful form away
And fill'd my heart with misery.
That love was hopeless, and I sought
To hide from all my soul's despair,
And die contented with the thought
That I had gazed on aught so fair!
A gloom was spread o'er me and mine,
For thee was naught but sunny weather,
And when I saw thy fortune shine,
I would not link our fates together.

When I have seen thee, gay at heart,
Through lighted halls with others rove,
I've stood in some deserted part,
And gazed on thee with speechless love.
And when I saw thy lovers press
Round thee, a fickle watch to keep;
I felt my utter loneliness
And turn'd from them and thee to weep—
To weep, alas! o'er lost repose,
In anguish and unyielding sorrow,

To weep o'er wounds that would not close,
And hopes for which there seem'd no morrow.

But tempests came across the skies,
That shone on thee so bright before,
And then I hush'd my own vain sighs,
And lov'd thee in thy misery more.
I stole to thee when others fled,
And mingled wo brought mingled balm;
Our tears were in communion shed,
And grief was mute and sorrow calm.
When joy has bound two hearts for years,
A sudden storm those hearts may sever,
But, oh! the love that springs in tears,
Through change and time endures for ever.

VARIETY.

Indian Jurisprudence.—The Cherokees, it is said, have established something like a judiciary system, and introduced into their society, many of the laws and usages of civilization. Some of their savage institutions are disappearing under the ameliorating influence of moral justice. Bigamy, we understand, is done away with, and prohibited by severe penalties. As a specimen of the manner in which they dispense justice in cases of trivial import, we relate the following anecdote said to be authentic.

An Indian assaulted another, of which regular information was made. The Judge ordered the Sheriff to bring the parties before him. The Sheriff went in pursuit of them, but returned without them. "Where are your prisoners," said the Judge. "I caught them," replied the Sheriff. "What did you do to them?" "I gave the defendant fifteen lashes." "What did you do with the plaintiff?" "Gave him fifteen too." "What with the informer, or witness? "Why I gave him twenty-five lashes—for had he held his tongue, there would have been none of this fuss and trouble."—It would be well if all the dispensations of justice could be so equally and promptly administered

Property Insured in England.—By an official report of the business of the various offices for fire insurances, in England, it appears there are forty-six offices or companies, and that the amount of duty they have paid to government for insurances effected by them, for the last year, amounts to £659,377. The duty being three shillings for every £100 insured, it follows that the total amount of property insured is, in round numbers, about £439,585,000.

Italy.—A celebrated improvisatrice, named Rosea Taddei, is now at Rome, where she excites the enthusiasm of numerous audiences, who behold her performances with delight and astonishment. On the third of last month, she composed, extemporaneously, on seven subjects, in different metres. An elegant style, splendid imagery, rhymes, always happy, and verses always harmonious, have distinguished her effusions. She unites profound learning to the most lively wit. The Latin Academy have hastened to inscribe this new Corinna in the number of their members.

The celebrated optician, Strayel, of Bale, has just finished an improved telescope, sixty-four feet long. It is said that with the aid of this enormous instrument several learned persons have been enabled to discover animated beings, roads, monuments, and temples in the moon.

Mortality of Children.—There are born at Paris about 22,000 annually; about two-thirds of these are sent out to nurse in the country: of these, the mortality, during the first year, is three out of five: while of the 7,000, to 8,000 nursed in Paris, more than half die within the year. In the very populous quarters of Paris, where the streets are narrow, and the inhabitants wretched, the mortality is about nine in ten the first year. In the country, when good air, cleanliness and comfort are united, as in Normandy, the mortality during the first year is only one in eight. At the Foundling Hospital at Paris, where they were all confined to the establishment, of 7,000 to 8,000 received annually, there only remained 180 at the age of ten!

The Academy considering the importance of these facts, decided on communicating them to the *Societe Maternelle*, and all the societies whose object it is to aid the unfortunate. Hitherto. these societies have invariably recommended mothers nursing their children; but it is evident that bad air, and other concomitant circumstances, more than counterbalance the advantages. It is more charitable, therefore, to aid them to send their children to nurse in the country.

Goethe.—The property of the whole of his works has been purchased from Goethe by a great publishing firm in Germany, for the sum of 100,000 francs; and it is said that measures will be adopted to prevent the printing of the new edition in the various states of the Germanic confederation.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

JANUARY—1826.

WESTERN CANAL.—The Report of the Commissioners appointed to examine the route of a Canal through the Western Counties of Massachusetts, to Boston Harbor, has been transmitted to the Legislature by the Governor. The cost of constructing a navigable communication from Connecticut River to the tide waters is stated at about $3,000,000.

BLACKSTONE CANAL.—The annual meeting of the Blackstone Canal Corporation, was held in the capital of the State of Rhode Island, on the first Wednesday of January. $40,000 had been received, and $31,000 expended in the prosecution of this undertaking. An assessment of $5 on each share is ordered to be paid on the 7th of June, $5 on the 2d of August, and a further sum of $5 on the 4th of October next. *Engineer;* Holmes Hutchinson. *Commissioners;* Gen. Edward Carrington, Stephen H. Smith, and Moses B. Ives, Esquires, of Providence, R. I.: John W. Lincoln, Esq. and Hon. John Davis, of Worcester; and Joseph Thayer, Esq. of Uxbridge, Mass.

FINANCES OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The receipts from the labor of the convicts in the State's Prison for the year ending on the 30th of September last, exceed the expenses by the sum of $10,051 32. A melancholy picture of the moral condition of this institution has been recently exhibited. After paying off the sum of $39,900 heretofore borrowed by the State, there remained on the 31st of December a balance of $86,486 25 in the Treasury, although the assessment of the usual annual tax was last year omitted. Claims are still due on warrants, &c. from the Commonwealth of about $12,000, and a small amount of old state notes.

MARRIAGES.

Barre—Mr. Joel Wilder and Miss Clarinda Cheney.—Mr. Asa Saunders and Miss Isabella Wilson.—Mr. Enos Sears aged 18, and Miss Martha Stone aged 13.

Oxford—Mr. John Stone and Miss Pamela Stone.

Ashburnham—Mr. Samuel Foster and Miss Emeline Kibling.—Mr. Amos D. Scollay and Miss Cinderilla Adams—Mr. Isaac N. Davenport, of Ashburnham, and Miss Elizabeth G. Whittemore, of Fitchburg.

Northborough—Mr. Abraham Fay and Miss Abigail Ball.

Shrewsbury—Mr. Nathaniel C. Warren and Miss Maria Parker.

Grafton—Mr. John H. Meriam and Miss Sally Goddard.—Mr. Nathan Mayo and Miss Purlina Metcalf.—Mr. David Wadsworth and Miss Carolina Metcalf.

DEATHS.

Boylston—Mrs. Mary Goodenow, relict of the late Deacon Jonas Goodenow—77.—John Willington—60.

Millbury—Tyler Richmond Bates—17.

Charlton—Widow Susanna Newell—83.

Gardner—Mrs. Rebekah Nichols—80.

Rutland—Dec. 19—Abigail Howe—21.

Leominster—Widow Beulah Fairbanks—80.

Spencer—Jonah Perry—34.

Sutton—Nov. 25—Peter Sibley—76.

Barre—Jedathan Sherman—71.—Mrs. Anna Sherman, relict of Mr. Jason Sherman—76.

SCIENTIFIC.

ORIGINAL.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION FROM ASHES.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, and certainly not noticed by any precautions in common practice, that wooden vessels containing ashes so long removed from the hearth as to avoid all suspicions of retaining fire in the unextinguished embers or unquenched coals, are sometimes kindled into a blaze, on the sudden application of water; a fluid possessing so few combustible properties, as to be considered a perfect remedy for carelessness in securing the other more violent element. An intelligent friend once related to us, that during a most copious and abundant shower of rain, he was surprised to observe a cloud of smoke hovering over a small building appropriated for an ash house, which had been completely filled, and so secured for many weeks previous, as to prevent the possibility of any addition to its contents: and that his astonishment was much increased, on seeing flames burst from its roof, and continue to rage, notwithstanding the violence of the storm, until much of the structure was consumed. Personal observation has furnished us with a single opportunity for confirming the truth of the extraordinary incident we have mentioned, but circumstances have prevented further attention to a phenomenon so singular. When we consider the frequent occurrence of conflagrations, originating from unexplained causes, the instances where suspicions have injuriously attached to the innocent as the authors of the destruction, and the numbers of lives and aggregate of property exposed by the careless management of a dangerous production, we are convinced the subject merits examination. We propose, therefore, in this article, to enquire whether the effect can be produced, and to invite attention to the instances of its occurrence on the part of those more favorably situated.

The danger, if any exists, of spontaneous combustion, arises from the singular properties of the alkaline basis of ashes. To explain these it will be necessary to tax the reader's patience by an excursion into the territories of chemistry.

When the ashes obtained from burnt vegetable matter are washed with water, and the liquid is evaporated to dryness, the product of the process, is a greyish white solid, the common *potash* of commerce. By exposure to a strong heat, it assumes a bluish white shade, and is converted into the *pearlash* of domestic use.

When dissolved in water, mixed with double its own weight of recently slaked quicklime, and evaporated with frequent agitation, it is changed to the *caustic potash* of surgeons. To obtain the substance in a state of still higher purity, various methods are employed, which it is not now necessary to detail.

Until the year 1807, potash was supposed to be a simple substance, not capable of being resolved into its component parts; as all the attempts of the scientific to detect its compound nature, had been unsuccessful. About that time, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the course of that series of splendid discoveries, which have formed an era in the history of Chemistry, and acquired for him that distinguished reputation, so justly merited by brilliant invention, accurate research, and fearless daring, succeeded in decomposing the substance, obtaining its basis, and demonstrating its properties. On subjecting a piece of potash to the action of galvanic electricity, small particles of a new metal were obtained, which darted through the air with bright sparkles, or slowly burned into potash. He at length succeeded in preserving quantities of this inflammable body sufficient for experiment, and bestowed upon it the name of *potassium*. A more easy mode of procuring the article was afterwards invented by the great French Chemists. They found, when melted potash passed over red hot iron, the alkali was rapidly decomposed; and the most approved process for obtaining the metal is, to pour the potash over clean iron turnings in a curved gun barrel heated to redness.*

Potassium, at the temperature of 60° Fah. has the general appearance of Quicksilver, possessing the same lustre, but less perfectly fluid. When the temperature is reduced to 50° it becomes soft and malleable; and at the freezing point of water, is hard, solid, and brittle, exhibiting on its fragments a beautiful crystalline structure, of perfect whiteness and high lustre. When exposed to the air, its surface is tarnished, and it becomes covered with a white crust, which dissolves and is changed into liquid potash. The most singular property, and that most noticable for our present purpose, is the degree of inflammability it possesses. When heated in the air, it takes fire, and burns with a white flame and great heat. In some of the gasses it is inflamed spontaneously and consumes readily. When brought in contact with water, a slight explosion takes place, the metal bursts into a blaze on the surface of the fluid, and burns with a vivid rose colored flame. If deposited on ice, it in-

* II. Gorham's Chemistry 44. Brewster's Ency. Article, Chemistry, 682.

stantly takes fire, and a hole is melted, which is found to be filled with a solution of pure potash.

The possibility of fires in buildings originating from the deposit of ashes in situations exposed to moisture, may be inferred from the facts we have stated. They furnish an explanation of the singular phenomena exhibited in the instance first mentioned. The roof of the structure being pervious to rain, the contents would be drenched by the occasional showers. When the summer sun shone out, they would be gradually dried by the heat of a sultry atmosphere, and potash would be slowly produced by the evaporation. Writers of deep research have informed us, that the decomposition of this alkali may be effected by a low electrical power. We know that the atmosphere abounds with this mysterious agent; that the clouds above and the earth beneath are charged with the subtile fluid; and that galvanic effects are produced by the contact of many substances. The application of these principles will readily resolve the problem we have proposed for ourselves. After the potash is formed, a slight electrical shock, conducted by an iron nail, or occasioned by the presence of galvanic bodies, may separate minute particles of that metal which kindles on contact with water. The descent of the rain will furnish the necessary moisture, and the blaze, catching on the wood dried by the drought of the sultry season, and fanned by the light breath of the wind, will soon venture to make its appearance in open day.

It may be perhaps urged as an objection to this hypothesis, that ashes when exposed to water do not always cause fire. This fact is perfectly reconcilable with the position, as it is necessary they should be wet and dried alternately before the potash, will be deposited from the evaporation of the liquid, and an electrical effect be excited, to decompose the solid, and separate the metal. In a climate, constant only in change, days and weeks may pass without the combination of these chances; when they do unite, danger may come from a quarter whence we least expect its visitation, and from a source so unsuspicious, that our vigilance is lulled to rest.

It is certain, that conflagrations spreading wide destruction in their progress, have originated from the careless deposit of ashes in dry places. It is probable, that the same desolating calamity may arise from their location in wet situations. Our own intimacy with the retort and crucible is too slight to afford confirmation of a theory, not supported by the authorities of books, and not, to our knowledge, stated by the learned. We therefore advance

the opinion with great hesitation, for the double purpose of affording a caution which can be attended with no injurious effects to those exposed to the secret workings of this silent agent, and to invite those more competent to investigate the subject. L.

ORIGINAL.

ANIMAL PLANT—TARTAREAN LAMB.*

This strange plant is said to be a native of the regions watered by the rivers Don and Wolga, and to flourish in the wastes of Chinese Tartary. If it had not received a formidable name from the learned collectors of vegetable productions, and obtained a place among the less wonderful creations of nature, we might be disposed to consider the descriptions of its figure and the accounts of its properties, as entitled only to rank with the thousand and one tales invented by fabulous travellers for their own amusement and the entertainment of their credulous readers. But as testimonies come from authorities so high we are bound to accept them as firm truths.

The curious stem is represented as pushed out of the earth by the lower branches, so as to give it the appearance of a sheep, all the limbs of which are discoverable. The body is covered with a thick skin like that of a new born lamb, and is clothed with a golden moss, which serves to protect it from the severe cold of the Northern regions, where it has chosen its residence. A projection, like a neck, is bent down to the earth, and renders more perfect its resemblance to the animal species. It has even been said that it possesses the appetite, as well as the form of a quadruped, and feeds on the grasses around: but it is now agreed that these more tender plants are destroyed by the spreading of the root fibres, and are not actually devoured by the chimerical sheep. When the fruit arrives to maturity, the stalk withers; it yields a juice resembling blood in its color. The Wolf, somewhat of an epicure in his food, is more fond of its taste than of the flavor of real mutton; a luxurious refinement which is improved by the Muscovites to decoy this piratical marauder within their power, and affords them opportunities of executing the sentence of death upon the offender, for his felonies against their flocks.

This singular production seems properly to hold an intermediate station between the tribe of mushrooms, which spring in the

* Aspidium Barometz. Wildenow. Sp. Plant. 110. Polypodium Barometz. Lin. Spect. Plant.

midst of corruption, with quaint and strange shapes, presenting neither leaves nor flowers to ornament their stems, and the ferns, which rise in wild and unfrequented places, with elegant forms and singular aspect, furnishing no visible seeds to perpetuate their races. Many delineations of its appearance, in prints and engravings, have been placed in scientific books; but probably none more descriptive, or more fanciful than the poetical picture drawn by Darwin in his Botanical Garden, II. 280.

"Cradled in snow, and fanned by arctic air,
Shines, gentle Barometz! thy golden hair;
Rooted in earth, each cloven hoof descends,
And round and round her flexile neck she bends;
Crops the grey coral mass, and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue the melting rime,
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,
And seems to bleat, a vegetable lamb." L.

ORIGINAL.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN—HAIR BELL.*

The autumn of the New England year is more remarkable for the bright tints scattered over its fading leaves, than for the profusion of its opening blossoms. Yet there are a few beautiful flowers which linger behind their companions to shed their perfume on the sunny days of that sober season, and, perhaps, look more lovely, bending to the passing wind in their solitary bowers, when the Rose, the Lily, and the gay children of spring, have retired to their winter rest. Among these none are more delicate than the Gentians, which do not unfold their buds until September or October, and none more graceful and elegant than that sister of the family commonly known by the names placed above, and distinguished by Botanists with the appellation written below. This modest plant is frequently found on the open hill sides, though sometimes it creeps under the shelter of the woods. It is often gathered on the little island hillocks of our meadows, when the water that surrounds the spot where it fixes its roots, is half covered with ice.

It is exceeded by few of the vegetable tribe so profusely spread over our fields in richness of coloring, or delicacy of form. The stem is erect, and seldom exceeds eight or ten inches in stature. It is thinly covered with pale green, lance shaped leaves, springing opposite to each other. Towards the top it is divided into several branches crowned with flowers of a fine deep purple, bordered

*Gentiana Crinita—Corollas four cleft, the segments sub-ciliate—leaves lanceolate, acute: stem erect, round.

with a little fringe of the same hue. As the sun rises they expand till they resemble inverted bells in appearance; when his descending rays fall upon them, the coralla gradually twist together, and are thus protected from the night frosts.

Its medicinal properties are said to be few and simple. The root possesses a bitter taste, and sometimes is sold by apothecaries, instead of the imported plant of more powerful virtues: an innocent deception practised by the professors of the pestle and mortar, who if common report be not untrue, do occasionally substitute a native of milder power for a foreign drug of more nauseous taste; influenced, as we may charitably believe, by the benevolent wish to soften human suffering, in the change from a remedy whose effects might be too painful. It is said to increase the appetite and enable the organs of digestion to proceed more easily in their operations. L.

ORIGINAL.

THE GINSENG.*

The Chinese writers, as their words are translated by those who have decyphered the endless hyerogliphics of the language, declare in the bold extravagance of Oriental expression, that the root of the Ginseng, is the best gift of heaven; a noble bequest, of the celestial deities transplanted from the gardens of paradise to adorn the earth, and bestowed on mortals by a beneficent providence to compensate all the sufferings of man's estate: the food of immortality: a remedy for every ill flesh inherits by descent: wholesome for the weakness of the frail body: refreshing for the memory: soothing the mind: calming the wild passions: and bestowing inexpressible delights. Having such an exalted opinion of its virtues, the right of collecting it is conferred on the Emperor, and the exclusive monopoly is protected by a penalty no less than perpetual slavery, as a punishment for digging a single fibre without the royal permission. The district where it flourishes is protected by a cordon of sentinels, and surrounded by a line of stakes. Guards patrol during the season of its growth, to secure the territory from the intrusion of the inhabitants, and to seize the depredators, whose love of gain may entice them to brave every danger in procuring a drug worth its weight in Gold. The reigning dynasty employs a small army of Tartars in its botanical service. Each

* Panax Quinquefolium. Root fusiform: leaves three, quinate: leafets oval, acuminate, serate, petioled. Bigelow's Flor. Bos. 375.

man is obliged to furnish to his Majesty, about two ounces, and to sell him the remainder he may collect for its weight in pure silver. They go forth to scour the desert with no other provision than a bag of parched millet, and spreading themselves out in a long line at equal distances from each other, traverse the whole country. If any one is lost in the wilderness, or devoured by the wild beasts, his companions search for a short space, and then continue their march. The duty is performed in about six months and yields to the Emperor annually about 20,000 pounds of the valuable root, considered by the physicians as containing wonderful medical virtues, and esteemed by the mandarins as an invaluable luxury.

The plant, the object of so much extravagant fondness, superstitious regard, and strange esteem, with this peculiar nation, is scattered through the United States from the great Lakes of the Northern boundary to a latitude far South. In the Northern and Middle sections, it flourishes freely, and the only portion which is esteemed valuable has been exported to Asia; but has not commanded the enormous price borne by the Chinese root, not having been prepared with sufficient skill to suit the fastidious purchasers.

In external appearance no mysterious properties, or superior efficacy, is indicated by excelling beauty or excessive deformity. The Ginseng so closely resembles the common Sassaparilla* that the one would be mistaken for the other on hasty examination. A single, round, green stem shoots up, and is regularly divided at the top into three leaves, each composed of five leafets, indented along the margin, of a fair green above and a paler tint beneath. A slender stalk rises at the parting of the leaves, supporting a simple umbel of little flowers in summer, and a bunch of kidney shaped berries of a bright scarlet color in autumn. The root consists of a fleshy, oblong portion, of a whitish color, covered with wrinkles, and terminating in fibres. The successive years of its growth are marked by rings. The taste is pleasant, having an agreeable mixture of sweet and bitter with an aromatic flavor. Its medicinal virtues are very feeble, and its use with physicians is, rather to moderate the action and conceal the bitterness of other drugs, than to operate by its own powers. It is sometimes employed as an innocent refreshment, instead of "the pernicious beast, Tobacco." L.

*Aralia nudicaulis.

HISTORICAL.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 199.

And be it further enacted, That if the General Court shall not, some time before the first day of August, in each of the years before mentioned, respectively agree and conclude upon an act, apportioning the said sum to be paid in such year respectively; then and in such case, each town, and other place in this state, shall pay by a tax to be levied on the polls and estates within their limits, respectively, the same proportion of said sum, as such town or other place was taxed by the General Court in the tax act, then next preceding. And the Treasurer of this State, is hereby empowered and directed, some time in the month of August in every such year, to issue and send forth his warrants directed to the Selectmen or Assessors of each town or other incorporated place within this State, or to some suitable person or persons in such place or places therein as are not incorporated, requiring them to assess the polls and estates, within their several towns and other places, for their respective parts and proportions of the sums, before directed and engaged to be assessed, to be paid into the treasury, on or before the 20th day of December, in such year, respectively; and the Assessors as also all persons thereby assessed, shall observe, be governed by, and subject to, all such rules and directions as shall have been given in the then last preceding tax act.

Provided nevertheless, That if the General Court shall make provision for the redemption of the notes, which may be issued in consequence of this act, before the several years respectively, on which the tax granted hereby, is ordered to be laid, then the clause granting said tax, together with the other clauses grounded thereon, to be void, otherwise to remain in force.

Provided also, That in all cases where the balance due to any officer and soldier, shall not exceed the sum of one hundred pounds, the Treasurer is directed to issue one note only, for the whole balance, and the times of payment shall be the same as the second payment would be where it was made in four notes. And in case of death or removal out of the County of any of the persons herein

appointed in the several counties to keep an account of the prices of said articles; there shall be other persons appointed in the room of such, by the General Assembly, or in their recess by the council of this state, and all such persons appointed for said purposes shall have such reasonable allowance for their services, as shall hereafter be determined by the General Assembly.

In House of Representatives, Jan. 13, 1780.

This bill having been read three several times, passed to be enacted. JOHN HANCOCK, *Speaker.*

In Council, Jan. 13, 1780.

This bill having had two several readings, passed to be enacted. JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

Consented to by the major part of the Council.

A true copy, Attest, JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

The Court then gave the following additional instructions to their Committee, viz.—

State of Massachusetts Bay.

In the House of Representatives, Jan. 13, 1780.

Resolved, That the following additional instructions be given to the Committee appointed to settle with the army, viz. that no officer is to be made good, in more than one capacity, and that those officers and soldiers, who shall appear to be inhabitants of this State, agreeable to the method proscribed by the resolution of Congress of the fifteenth of March last, ascertaining the state to which certain officers and soldiers, who are in Hazen's and Sherburn's Regiments, are to be included in the settlement and reckoned as part of this State's quota.

All the small stores and cloathing which have been supplied the army by this State, to be taken into the account for the settlement with the army, in such manner as the committee shall think just and equitable.

The gratuity money paid by lottery, and the money advanced to the officers shall be charged to the respective accounts of the officers and soldiers, on the day they received it, in case it can be ascertained, if not, on the day their several warrants in the Treasury were dated, and in case any doubts and difficulties should arise in the minds of the committee, relative to the aforementioned settlement;

Resolved, That in such case they are hereby directed to apply to the Honorable Council, who are hereby empowered and direct-

ed to give them such further instructions as they may think necessary. Sent up for concurrence.

JOHN HANCOCK, *Speaker.*

In Council, Jan. 14, 1780.

Read and concurred. JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

Consented to by the major part of the Council.

True Copy Attest. JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

The Committee from the line being informed of the foregoing resolve respecting the town bounties and private hires, and being convinced of the injustice which would be done the soldiers, and the uneasiness which would probably ensue, in consequence of that resolve, thought it their duty to draw up the following remonstrance against it, viz.:

To the Honorable Council and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts Bay in General Court assembled.

May it please your honors—

The Committee from the army finding that this Honorable Court, notwithstanding a former resolve, to the contrary, have now determined, that town bounties and hires given to soldiers, shall be deducted, in the settlement of accounts, as part of their pay, beg leave to observe, that when they were first made acquainted with the instructions of the Honorable Court to their committee, it was with particular satisfaction, they found this court had so far coincided with the prevailing sentiments of the officers and soldiers of the army, as to relinquish the idea of deducting from the pay of the soldiery, those sums which were considered by the contracting parties, as a free gift to induce them to enter into the service of the public upon the faith of the monoply act.

The impolicy, not to say injustice of considering the bounties as part of the pay of the soldiers, may be easily perceived by adverting to the terms on which they enlisted, where it will be found that they engaged on condition of receiving all the bounties for which they contracted, in addition to their monthly pay, which pay was valued by the prices of the necessaries of life, as specified in the aforesaid act, and as no provision was made for its repeal, we would ask whether if that act had continued in full force till the present time, this Court would ever have required those bounties to be refunded from the monthly pay of the soldiers? we conceive they would not; and as the balance which will be found due to the soldiers in the expected settlement, will no more than complete their monthly pay, according to that standard, and is only a conse-

quence of the act not having been adhered to, it must then be equally inconsistent to deduct them under the present circumstances.

Another disagreeable consequence which will arise, should the present resolution be adhered to, and which will be wounding to the feelings of humanity, is the case of the unfortunate widows and orphans of those who have either died or fallen in the field, more especially in the year 1777, as the balance due on account of depreciation, will be insufficient to discharge those bounties, and the unhappy sufferers must be still further distressed, by being obliged to repay those very sums, which were given as an inducement to their husbands and parents, to risk their lives in the service of their country.

So very different are the ideas of the army from this, that they have given it as their opinion fully in our instructions, that no bounties or hires ought by any means to be taken cognizance of in the settlement, and have further enjoined upon us to use our endeavors with the Honorable Court, that the situation of the above described widows and orphans, may be particularly attended to, and some compensation made them, in consequence of their misfortunes; we would therefore embrace this opportunity, to urge a request, which we conceive to be warranted by every principle of humanity and gratitude.

A compliance with the instructions given us by our constituents, as well as justice and equity, oblige us to trouble the Honorable Court thus far; and we would therefore solicit that the matter be again considered, not doubting should that be the case, that a decision will take place not only different from the present, but such as will be consonant to our wishes, and productive of the greatest good to the community at large.

We have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your honors most obedient humble servants.

JOHN POPKIN,
TOBIAS FURNALD,
WILLIAM HULL,
SIMON LARNED,
BENJAMIN HEYWOOD,
Committee.

This remonstrance being read in Court, was referred over to the next session, then to be taken into serious consideration; immediately after which the Court was adjourned to the 8th March.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main!
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-color'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
—Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
—But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
—Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION.

A SUBTERRANEAN vault, to which they descended by an infinity of windings, was the place appointed for the application of the torture. The profound silence which reigned in this chamber of torment, and the terrible appearance of the instruments of punishment, feebly seen by the vacillating light of two flambeaux, must necessarily have filled the mind of the victim with a mortal terror. Scarcely had he arrived, before the inquisitors and executioners, who were clothed with long robes of sack cloth, and their heads with a hood of the same stuff, pierced with holes for the eyes, mouth and nose, seized and stripped him even to his shirt. Then the inquisitors, joining hypocrisy to cruelty, exhorted the victim to confess his crime; and if he persisted in denying it, they ordered that the torture should be applied in the manner, and for a length of time, which they deemed proper. The inquisitors never failed, in case of injury, death, or fracture of limbs, to protest that the act was to be imputed to the accused alone.

There were three modes of making trial; the cord, fire, and water.

In the first case, they tied the hands behind the back of the patient, by means of a cord passed through a pulley attached to the roof, and the executioners raised him up as high as possible. After having left him some time thus suspended, they loosened the cord, so that the unfortunate prisoner fell suddenly within half a foot of the ground. This terrible jar dislocated all the joints; and the cord cut the wrists and entered often into the flesh, even to the very sinews. This punishment, which was renewed every hour, left the patient without power and without movement; but it was not until after the physician of the Inquisition had declared that the sufferer could no longer support the torture without dying, that the inquisitors remanded him to prison. There they left him, till the moment that the holy office had prepared for him a torture still more horrible.

The second trial was made by means of water. The executioners stretched their victims in a wooden instrument of torture, in the form of a spout, fitted to receive the body of a man, without any other bottom than a stick which traversed it, and on which the body, falling backwards, was bent by the effect of the machinery, and took such a position that the feet were higher than the head. It resulted from this situation that respiration became very painful, and that the patient suffered the most dreadful agonies in all his

limbs, in consequence of the pressure of the cords, the knots of which penetrated into the flesh, and caused the blood to flow, even before they had employed the bands. It was in this cruel position that the executioners introduced at the bottom of the throat of the victim a piece of fine linen, wet, a part of which covered the nostrils. They afterwards turned the water into the mouth and nose, and then left it to filter so slowly, that one hour, at least, was exhausted, before the sufferer had swallowed a drop, although it trickled without interruption. Thus the patient found no interval for respiration. At every instant he made an effort to swallow, hoping to give passage to a little air; but as the wet linen was so placed as to prevent this, and to cause the water, at the same time, to enter by the nostrils, it will be perceived that this new combination must necessarily place great difficulty in the way of the most important function of life. Thus it often happened that when the torture was finished, they drew the fine linen from the throat all stained with the blood of some of the vessels which had been ruptured by the struggles of the unfortunate victim. It ought to be added, that at every instant a powerful arm turned the fatal lever, and at each turn the cords which surrounded the arms and legs, penetrated even to the bones.

If, by the second torment, they could obtain no confession, the inquisitors afterwards had recourse to fire. To make this trial, the executioners commenced by tying the hands and feet in such a manner that the sufferers could not change their position; then they rubbed the feet with oil and lard, and other penetrating substances, and placed them before the fire, until the flesh was so roasted that the bones and sinews appeared in all parts.

MONUMENT AT WATERLOO.

The following is an account, given by a recent traveller, of the monument now erecting by order of the Netherlands government to commemorate the battle of Waterloo:—The monument, as it is called, has a very imposing effect, even in its unfinished state. It is an earthern mound or hill, of conical form, resembling the one near Kennett, in England, but of larger dimensions, and more striking appearance. It is of immense size, being upwards of seven hundred feet diameter at the base or two thousand one hundred and sixty feet in circumference. It is two hundred feet high, and one hundred feet in diameter at the top; there is a double carriage road winding round it in a spiral form and supplying an easy means

of ascent for carriages to the very top, and by this road the materials have been, and are conveyed to complete the work. In the centre is a shaft of brick work, which has been carried up from the bottom and is still going on. It is to be sixty feet higher than the top of the mound, making the whole height two hundred and sixty feet. It is intended for a pedestal to receive a lion twenty one feet long and twelve feet high; which is ready to be put up when the work is finished. The mound has been eighteen months in hand, and is to be completed in six more; and from what has been done, little doubt remains that it will be so. For the first twelve months 2000 men, 600 horses, and as many carts as could be kept at work were employed on it, and the number has only been reduced as the termination of this great undertaking approaches. At present, as the works are going on, at the top, it has a pleasing appearance from the great number of horses, carts, and people ascending and descending by the winding road.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT LEYDEN.

The 12th of January, 1807, is rendered remarkable by a fatal accident at Leyden, in Holland. A vessel loaded with gunpowder entered one of the largest canals in the Rapenburg, a street inhabited chiefly by the most respectable families, and moored to a tree in front of the house of professor Rau, of the University. In Holland, almost every street has a canal in the middle, faced with a brick wall up to the level of the street, and with lime trees planted on both sides, which produce a beautiful effect, and form a delightful shade in hot weather. Vessels of all kinds are frequently moored to these trees, but Leyden being an inland town, the greater part of those which happened to be in the Rapenburg were country vessels. Several yachts, belonging to parties of pleasure from the Hague and other places, were lying close to the newly arrived vessel, and no person was aware of the distructive cargo it contained.

A student of the University, who, at about a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon, was passing through a street from which there was a view of the Rapenburgh, with the canal and vessels, related the following particulars to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

"At that moment, when every thing was perfectly tranquil, and most of the respectable families were sitting down to dinner in perfect security, at that instant, I saw the vessel torn from its moorings;

a stream of fire burst from it in all directions, a thick black cloud enveloped all the surrounding parts and darkened the heavens, whilst a burst, louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder, instantly followed, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin. For some moments horror and consternation deprived every one of his recollection, but a universal exclamation followed, of "O God, what is it?" Hundreds of people might be seen rushing out of their falling houses, and running along the streets, not knowing what direction to take; many fell down on their knees in the streets, persuaded that the last day was come; others supposed they had been struck by lightning, and but few seemed to conjecture the real cause. In the midst of this awful uncertainty, the cry of "O God, what is it?" again sounded mournfully through the air, but it seemed as if none could answer the dreadful question. One conjecture followed another, but at last, when the black thick cloud which had enveloped the whole city had cleared away a little, the awful truth was revealed, and soon all the inhabitants of the city were seen rushing to the ruins to assist the sufferers. There were five large schools on the Rapenburg, and all at the time full of children. The horror of the parents and relations of these youthful victims is not to be described or even imagined; and though many of them were saved almost miraculously, yet no one dared to hope to see his child drawn alive from under a heap of smoking ruins.

"Flames soon broke out from four different parts of the ruins and threatened destruction to the remaining part of Leyden. The multitude seemed as it were animated with one common soul in extricating the sufferers, and stopping the progress of the flames. None withdrew from the awful task, and the multitude increased every moment by people coming from the surrounding country, the explosion having been heard at the distance of fifty miles. Night set in, the darkness of which, added to the horrors of falling houses, the smothering smoke, the raging of the flames, and the roaring of the winds on a tempestuous winter night, produced a scene neither to be described nor imagined; while the heart rending cries of the sufferers, or the lamentations of those whose friends or children were under the ruins, broke upon the ear at intervals. Many were so entirely overcome with fear and astonishment, that they stared about them without taking notice of any thing, while others seemed full of activity, but incapable of directing their efforts to any particular object.

"In the middle of the night, Louis Bonaparte, then king of Holland, arrived from the palace of Loo, having set out as soon as the express reached him with the dreadful tidings. Louis was much beloved by his subjects, and his name is still mentioned by them with great respect. On this occasion his presence was very useful. He encouraged the active and comforted the sufferers, and did not leave the place till he had established good order, and promised every assistance in restoring both public and private losses. He immediately gave a large sum of money to the city, and granted it many valuable privileges, besides exemption from imposts and taxes for a number of years.

"Some degree of order having been restored, the inhabitants were divided into classes, not according to their rank, but the way in which they were employed about the ruins. These classes were distinguished by bands of different colors tied round their arms. The widely extended ruins now assumed the appearance of hills and valleys, covered with multitudes of workmen, producing to the eye an ever-varying scene of different occupations. The keel of the vessel in which the catastrophe commenced, was found buried deep in the earth at a considerable distance, together with the remains of a yacht from the Hague with a party of pleasure, which lay close to it. The anchor of the powder vessel was found in a field without the city, and a very heavy piece of lead at the foot of the mast was thrown into a street at a great distance.

"One of the most affecting incidents was the fate of the pupils of the different schools on the Rapenburg. At the destructive moment, the wife of the principal of the largest of them was standing at the door with her child in her arms; she was instantly covered with the falling beams and bricks, the child was blown to atoms, and she was thrown under a tree at some distance. Part of the floor of the school-room sunk into the cellar, and twelve children were killed instantly; the rest, miserably wounded, shrieked for help, and one was heard to call, "Help me, help me, I will give my watch to my deliverer." Fathers and mothers rushed from all parts of the city to seek their children, but after digging five hours they found their labor fruitless; and some were even obliged to leave the spot in dreadful suspense, to attend to other near relations dug out in other quarters. They at last succeeded, by incredible efforts, in bringing up some of the children, but in such a state that many of their parents could not recognise them, and not a few were committed to the grave without its being known who they

were. Many of these children, both among the dead and those who recovered, bled profusely, while no wound could be discovered in any part of their bodies. Others were preserved in a wonderful manner, and without the least hurt. Forty children were killed. In some houses large companies were assembled, and in one, a newly married couple, from a distance, had met a numerous party of their friends. One person who was writing in a small room, was driven through a window above the door, into the staircase, and fell to the bottom without receiving much hurt. Many were preserved by the falling of the beams or rafters in a particular direction, which protected them, and they remained for many hours, some for a whole day and night. A remarkable fact of this kind happened, when the city of Delft was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder in 1654; a child, a year old, was found two days afterwards sucking an apple, and sitting under a beam, with just space left for its body. Two others at a little distance were in their cradles quite safe. At that time almost the whole of Delft was destroyed.

Leyden is as large a city, but not so populous, as Rotterdam, the second city in Holland. Upwards of two hundred houses were overthrown on this occasion, besides churches and public buildings; the Stadt, or town-house, was among the latter.

One hundred and fifty-one dead bodies were taken from the ruins, besides many that died after. Upwards of two thousand were wounded more or less dangerously. It is remarkable that none of the students of the University were either killed or wounded, though they all lodged in different parts of the city, or wherever they please. Contributions were immediately began, and large sums raised. The king of Holland gave 30,000 guilders, and the queen 10,000; a very large sum was collected in London.

POSTS IN ENGLAND.

The conveyance of letters by post, was invented by the English parliament of 1643. Post Masters existed earlier than that period, but their business was probably confined to furnishing horses and expresses on urgent occasions. The outline of the present plan seems to have been originally conceived by Edmund Prideaux, who was appointed deputy Attorney General to the Commonwealth, after the murder of King Charles.

He was chairman of a committee in 1642, to fix the rates on inland letters, and afterwards appointed Post Master by an ordinance

of both the houses, in which office he first established a weekly conveyance of letters into all parts of the kingdom. His emoluments being considerable, the Common Council of London endeavored to erect an office in opposition to his, but were checked by a resolution of the Commons, declaring that the office of Post Master was in the sole disposal of Parliament. In 1657, a regular Post Office was erected by Cromwell and his Parliament upon nearly the same model as the present system, with the same rates of postage as were continued till the reign of Anne. After the restoration, (in 1660) a similar office was established by statute.

CORSICA.

This French island, the native country of Buonaparte, is 50 leagues in length and about 15 in breadth. The number of inhabitants is 180,000, and they are described as "undisciplined-mountaineers, who think themselves free when they can assassinate their enemies; and religious when they practice nothing but superstitions, and forget the principles of peace and of christianity." Chains of granite mountains occupy the greater part of the island, some of whose summits are 8000 feet high, and covered with perpetual snow. The soil (like that of New England) is silicious, being chiefly formed of decomposed granite. It contains, however, a considerable quantity of animal and vegetable matter; and is in some places very fertile. Agriculture is in its infancy; the Corsican plough is nothing but a piece of wood pointed with iron, which merely scratches the earth. The Corsicans are poor, temperate, and lazy. The soil is owned by the government, communes, and individuals, and the want of established limits between the proprietors is a continual source of disputes. Much of the land is situated at a great distance from the villages to which it belongs; the territory of one village is 30 miles distant. A great portion of their inhabitants live upon the produce of their sheep and goats, and have no other property; these lead a wandering life like the Tartars.—Two or three districts, where agriculture is more advanced, produce wine, oil, tobacco, silk, figs, raisins, almonds, &c. There is a flourishing Greek colony at Cargese, which was established many centuries ago. There are large tracts of land covered with bushes, and forests of pine and oak are numerous. The oaks are much deformed and mutilated in consequence of the inhabitants cutting off the branches in the winter, that their cattle may feed upon the leaves. Horses, asses, mules, horned cattle, sheep, goats and hogs

are numerous in Corsica, but are all small and degraded. No care is taken of them; there are no stables, folds, or barns; all animals live at all seasons in the open fields or woods. The horses and cattle are ill looking and lean; they are so accustomed to live upon what they can pick up, that they refuse hay when it is offered to them. The inhabitants mount these little horses, and with no bridle but a cord round the nose, ascend and descend the steep hills and mountains. The flesh of the oxen is miserable. The cows have but little milk; cow's milk is used only in the cities, for in the country it is all consumed by the calves, which suck their dams until they are dry. The sheep and goats are all of a black color; with their milk, cheese is made, which is an important article of food. The Corsicans are clothed with coarse stuffs made from the wool of the sheep and the hair of the goats. Wild boars are very common in the island, and there are many hogs of a mixed breed, produced by the wild boar and the domestic sow.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

LUCIFER.

Son of the Morning! where art thou?
Where is thy heaven-born glory now?
Borne down by the Eternal's will,
O'erpowered, but retaining still
Some portion of thy nobler part,
Sublime, in ruin, still thou art.

Son of the Morning! once thy form
Was, with celestial beauty, warm:
The matchless grace which once it showed,
In the third Heaven's refulgence glowed.
What peerless notes were on thy tongue,
When loud the blest "Hosanna" rung!

Thou wert, the brightest in the zone
Of Seraphs round the Eternal's throne.
That view was open unto thee
Which mortal eye can never see;
Thy feet, with Heaven's own radiance bright,
Once trod the paths of living light.
None, but the arm of Might Divine,
Could hurl thee from a seat like thine.

Son of the Morning! where art thou?
Where is thy heaven-born glory now?

Thy form;—there is a grandeur there;
But, 'tis the grandeur of despair:
There is a radiance in thine eyes;
But 'tis the fire that never dies.
Still, in thy degradation, great;
Despising Time and scorning Fate?

Redeeming Love is not for thee;
Immutable is Heaven's decree.—
Ages shall pass to ages gone,
Eternity will circle on;
All mortal joy and woe shall cease,
All nature's motion be at peace;
But Thou must stand, from all apart,
And be, forever, what thou art!
Immutable thy fate must be;
Redeeming Love is not for thee. G.

THE MEDITATIONS OF NICHOLAS QUITAM, ESQ.

No. 1.

Introduction.

"Perhaps it may not be quite apropos:
But it may serve the work for portico."

When any rumor of unknown events comes to our ears, albeit according to the accustomed fashion of the workings of nature, we straightway ask ourselves or inquire of others, who hath told this?—and if we be well assured of the credibility of him who bears the tidings as aforesaid, after due hesitation, we stand firmly bound to believe the same: but otherwise we dubitate and ponder long, and finally deny the truth thereof, even from the lack of faithful confidence in the narrator. Doubt beseemeth the wise, lest they be led away blindly into errors. So, if one come unto him expert in the weighty matters of law, or to one skilled in the physical science, he would gladly be made acquainted with the report and estimation of the counsellor or the physician, that he may surrender himself up to his guidance, and earnestly remedy his wrong according to the advice of the one, and have restoration of his health by the prescriptions of the other. Now these things being so, and moreover, there being many cavillers on all places of this planet, called the earth, it seems good to me, to show what was the origin, and who the author of the goodly meditations more fully set forth hereinafter, that none may presume to refuse listening and assent thereto, by reason that they be not certified of their correctness. The discovery and method of obtaining the venera-

ble relics was after this wise. My professional abode is located in one of the edifices of the ancient time, which have sturdily resisted the inroads of innovation, and stand among the gaudy brick structures of our own age, as monumental emblems of the simple virtues of our ancestors. Alas! how many comfortless changes have luxury and ostentatious wealth wrought even on the household arrangements of our fathers. They were not giants: therefore they did not raise their roofs to the clouds, and elevate their rooms to the height of the stature of man four times told. They were not blind; and therefore they did not enclose their homes with immeasurable sheets of glass, fixed in huge windows, pouring the whole flood of day light upon their eyes. They did not pride themselves on girlish graces; and therefore they did not hang round their apartments with fearful mirrors ample enough to reflect the stern visages of an army. They loved the cheerful hearth: and delighted to see its merry blaze go roaring up the chimney, and therefore they did not shut up that honest creature, fire, in iron prisons, and compel him to look out through grates and bars.—But we wander away from the straight pathway of our narrative—A still recess in the edifice whereof mention has above been made, was, in former days, the cubiculum of my much honored friend, Nicholas Quitam, whose addition was written Esquire, now gathered to his fathers;—peace be to his memory! The little opening devised for the admission of the pleasant sun-beams had been darkened by the fabrics of those cunning weavers, the Spiders, who were co-tenants with him of a residence, where no horrible broom or outrageous brush was suffered to disturb the immemorial dust, or interrupt their labors. Right gratefully did they repay the kind protection of the departed luminary of the law, by hanging around his walls, the folds of their rich drapery, and seizing the vagabond flies, who came bustling and buzzing into his territories, like conceited and addled headed coxcombs. Many thoughts crossed my mind as I entered the still retreat on the noon of a summer day. Even as was that twilight gloom, so do men make themselves a dim abode, by darkening the windows of the soul, causing themselves thereby to stumble in the obscurity. As the patriarchal laborers spread out their nets among the dust of years, so does error weave his threads around the most venerable institutions. Much more should I have mused with my usual sobriety, had not my attention been led captive by an antique article of furniture gravely holding its place in a corner. It was constructed with the profus-

ion of carving and chisselling and of the massive proportions, characterising the good old times when utility and beauty were joined in lawful wedlock, and lived as man and and wife together, though now long since divorced. There was much contrivance and advantage, letting alone the fluting of the strong and sturdy posts; for the builder had made it, "a *triple* debt to pay" as one of our poets almost says; vidilicet; as table, chest, and chair. And herein, if it were not an interruption too tedious for endurance, I could lament with a mournful lamentation, the disuse of those stout structures of noble oak which sustained the weary frames of our ancestors. Such were those which stood in the feudal halls, to receive the mailed persons of the guests who came from the wars of the Holy Land, and told of the bold bearing of England's Lion Hearted Richard, and Palestine's noble Saladin. Those had a manly and solid character, and when they went into the presence of the stately dames and bright eyed damsels, then were they decked in gorgeous apparel, and the coverings of cushions were daintily embroidered with roses and quaint figures of flowers by the needles of our great-great-grandmothers and their handmaidens. It may be, howsoever, that I speak from the overflowing bitterness of a prejudiced heart: for from that day, the dolefulest mine eyes have seen, when Allice, my beloved wife, did destroy the venerated seat, which had been the ornament and glory of my paternal fireside (may Heaven, in its mercy, forgive her therefore—I cannot)—and did place instead thereof, a half starved upstart of a frame of pine sticks and Indian reeds, daintily daubed with paint after the similitude of shells with their mouths gaping wide open and terrible to behold; from that woful period, I have detested these vile falltraps with great indignation and hatred. For when I placed myself down on the sickly and consumptive chair with keen vexation, I straightway descended upon certain brazen vehicles, called handirons, and thence perigrinated onward, till I arrived among the hot embers and scalding ashes, much to the detriment of my then present peace and dignity and afterwards of my ease: as certain pestilent neighbors were made swift witnesses and competent testifiers of my misfortune and calamity: and with abominable memory, do take unfit occasions to stir up my grief for the loss of my old favorite, and keep alight the embers of sorrow by reminding me of the deplorable destruction of my esteemed friend. And when I have instructed the professors of Arts to furnish me with a seat whereon I may safely recline my tired limbs, and have calculated with pain-

ful diligence, the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, the angles and the curves thereof, they have erected machines with wheels and irons in similitude like to the sithe armed chariots of the Babylonian cavalry, and so garnished the same with heads of gorgons, and claws of dragons, and eagles and tigers, and so spread out plants and unknown vegetables, looking poisonous and deadly, that no prudent man could adventure to put his life in peril by approaching where so many fearful forms yawned for his destruction.

But, alas! how we digress as we grow old—now that this tearful reminiscence has departed, I will depose with great brevity concerning the affairs, which are to follow herein afterward. The interior of the portly article, according to the common course of nature, was filled with papers, tied with that eternal red tape, or ligament, well suited to the records of the Law. An inquisitive vermin of a Rat, had gnawed his way through the solid plank, and after perusing the gigantic files, from the kind greeting that went forth in the case of Abdulyguz vs Agruttullimox, to the return indorsed on the writ Zimmillinken vs Zapstoffer, had expressed his contempt for the beautiful fictions and grave formalities of judicial proceedings, by rending the whole in piteous fragments, and therefrom had formed a nest, or lair, whence had issued out whole generations of young juris-consults bred among the mysteries of pleading, to pursue the pilfering subtleties of their profession, and frolic round their merry republic, in defiance of that vigilant sheriff, the Cat: saving and excepting, however, some unlucky delinquent who had paid the penalty of his little wit to justice. Undiscouraged by the horrible mutilation, I plunged among the ruins, and after drawing forth bundle after bundle, labelled with the disheartening words, "Writs" "Executions" "Briefs" &c. all ominous of long stories of insults received, wrongs suffered, injuries unredressed, and sufferings heaped on certain worthy wretches, in the peace of the Commonwealth, I arrived at at a thick volume whose substantial envelopes had defended, even as an armor, against the attacks of depredators, and containing the thoughts on matters and things generally and specially of my departed friend.

One remark more deserves express mention; to wit; that these have been transcribed by more expert hands than mine own; inasmuch as my own chirography is wholly illegible, even to myself, who am best acquainted therewith; whereby, and by reason thereof, it has come to pass that the venerable rust has been worn away.

and divers long passages which lead to nothing have been added and interpolated.

Thus much I have considered it fit to say. He who will not be convinced, but still doubts, may touch with his own finger the revered relick wherein these meditations were set in order and preserved, which I have established at my own fireside, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my beloved wife and dutiful daughters: and have sent into banishment the brazen handirons and gilded whipsticks which were located thereat, and I do invite all who may be scrupulous to be seated thereon, that every difficulty may be removed which obstructs their full credence to the narrative before expressed. L.

THE CAVERN OF NIAGARA.

"Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread."———

Twenty two miles below Lake Erie, and fourteen above Ontario, the waters rolling from the inland seas suddenly drop from the brow of a lofty precipice stretching across the Niagara River. There is situated that matchless cataract, unrivalled among the stupendous creations of nature, with nothing to equal its wild grandeur. Since the first planting of North America, the falls have attracted the curiosity and received the visits of countless multitudes; they have commanded the admiration and awakened the enthusiasm of the traveller, from the time of the good old French priest, who declared the height was six hundred feet, down to the days of the sweet little belle, who stands upon the rock overhanging the mingled mass of foam and rainbows, and expresses her astonishment in the energetic affirmation, "ha! it is pretty."

The visitants of the wonderful scene, have entirely forgotten the sage truism, that what is impossible, cannot be done; and, therefore, have wearied themselves in attempts to form pictures of objects beyond description. They have indulged in extravagant and fanciful exaggerations, to convey to their readers some idea of that surpassing magnificence and majestic power, which press so heavily on the mind of the spectator. Hence results the disappointment almost invariably felt by him who views the foaming torrent for the first time. He is told that the thunder of its commotion is heard at the distance of fifty miles; that the wild birds are drawn within its influence from their airy height; that the earth quivers from the shock of that tumbling world of waters; and

that a column of spray rises to the clouds. As he approaches, he listens for the appalling roar; and when the first murmur of the voice of many waters does not come on his ear till he has arrived to less than half a mile; when he stands unshaken on the mighty rock above the gulf, and sees the blue bird and the wren fluttering over the falling sheet, as if proud of the rapid wings which carry them so easily away from danger, he feels the full amount of the deception practised on his credulity. The effect of the stupendous height is diminished by the great width of the torrent, and his eye, in measuring the descent of one hundred and seventy feet, reduces the space to forty or fifty. But his first impressions are corrected as he lingers about the spot, and before he tears himself away, he becomes persuaded, that the earth does not possess another scene so noble, so majestic, and so stupendous.

Doubts have been frequently expressed, and, (although thousands annually perform a pilgrimage to the cataract,) still continue to exist, whether it be possible to go beneath the mighty sheet poured down from the brow of the rock. Reserving for a future occasion the right to present an outline of the general appearance of Niagara, we propose to furnish our readers with a brief description of the objects which meet the view of those who venture to explore the gloomy caverns beneath the eternal flood.

The first preparation to be made is, the exchange of our common dress for a suit of canvass, the only attire fit for those who approach the palace of the spirit of the floods. Descending the precipice, on the northern bank, by a spiral staircase, inclosed in a wooden tower, we arrive on the margin of the gulf, where the waters boil and whirl in fury, after their leap from the height above. Turning to the right, we proceed along the shore, strewed with enormous masses and broken fragments of rock. The upper strata of the cliff project above, and the water, springing from their crevices, falls in large drops upon the passer. The ruins around, once parts of the mighty wall, which time has detached from their hold, or accident tumbled below, show him how insecure is his position. A few years since, a portion of the table rock, a favorite point whence to view the scene, was precipitated down with great noise. The possibility of the disruption of another block from the crumbling mass furnishes no pleasant subject of contemplation for him who treads beneath the overhanging roof. After proceeding about fifty rods, a sudden turn round a jutting angle brings us to the mouth of the cavern, and involves us in the rolling cloud of vapor

The entrance is by a lofty arch, rising on one side with the irregular bending of the massive rock, and falling on the other with the sweeping curve of the descending torrent. Passing onward through the gloomy portal, the visitor is placed behind the sheet, in a situation where the reality exceeds the most vivid anticipation, and he feels that earth has no scene of more awful grandeur. He stands on the slippery and shelving margin of the fathomless abyss, where one mis-step would pass the barrier separating the things of time from the dread uncertainties of eternity. The water from the falling mass above, is dashed upon him in torrents: the spray, bursting up from below like a dense cloud, rolls round the cavern and is driven down in a shower of heavy rain. The wind rushes out in tremendous gusts, almost taking away the breath, and producing a horrible feeling of suffocation. The ceaseless storm rages with all the violence of a hurricane. The thunder of the cataract, reverberated among the caverns and recesses, is deafening. The human voice, in its loudest tone, is scarcely heard, and the direction to turn away the head from the sudden and violent blasts, and to draw the hand downward over the face, sounds like a whisper, even when shouted in the ear. The explorer, deafened by the stunning roar, blinded by the dashing showers, and gasping for breath, would gladly retreat, if he were not hurried on by the guide, who grasps his hand firmly, until these oppressive sensations become less painful than at first.

The bottom of the rock beneath the fall, like the cliff without, has been crumbled by the wasting hand of time, worn away by the constant rushing of the flood, or separated by some convulsion no eye witnessed. The upper portion projects far over the lower, and from its edge the river drops down in flashing splendor. The way is not over a smooth paved floor, level with the chasm which receives the tumbling current, nor along its brink. It runs upon the top of a bank, always wet and slippery, sloping down to the deep and dark abyss. The path is elevated more than twenty feet above the spot where the falling waters plunge into the fallen waves, and is more than twice that distance backward from the gushing sheet. Innumerable multitudes of eels cluster upon the shelves, or nestle in the crevices, and twine and fold around the naked feet; or, disturbed by the tread, roll down into the foam below: neither the pleasure or safety of the passage, is increased by the necessity of stepping over their black and ugly forms, or on their cold and slimy backs. As we proceed, the only supports, in many places, are

the broken edges, or splintery flakes of the slaty stone: sometimes we climb a projecting crag, and again descend from the summit by little steps. We are frequently forced to pause and draw breath with a painful struggle against the violence of the wind and the choaking rain blown upon us in heavy quantities. It is dificult to catch a single view of the objects in the dim twilight which reigns in the cavern. At length, we arrive to a crag, standing out from the precipice, beyond which no foot can tread. Here we paused, and here for the first time, caught a glimpse of the morning sun, two hours high in the heavens, diminished to a pale circle, but silvering the sheet, where it is most thin, with splendid brightness. The roof of this majestic hall is more than an hundred feet above: behind is the naked precipice: before us, the waste of waters gushing down from on high with inconceivable swiftness, yet less changing than the ruinous rock; ever moving onward, yet ever permanent. Beneath, is the foaming gulf where life is not: on the right, the cavern stretches away into its unknown recesses, the surge rolling and whirling in its fury on the boundary man may never cross. On the left, is the rugged road conducting to the spot where we stood. All things round quiver with a tremulous motion, and the solid mass above seems ready to sink beneath the measureless weight that presses on its height, and crush the intruder who has approached uninvited.

Let the proudest of human kind stand on such a spot and his spirit will bow down before the mighty miracle, and shrink into its native insignificance. The solemn pleasure of present danger, and the mysterious awe of giant power, come heavily upon the mind, and the firmest nerves yield to their pressure. Let but one fragment of the time wasted precipices be shaken from its attachments, and none can save, but Him,

> "Who poured the cataract from his hollow hand,
> And hung the bow upon its awful front:
> Bade its flood chronicle the ages past,
> And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks."

Memorial or tale, there would be none, save that told by the mangled corpse when thrown on the shore below.

The distance from the entrance to the impassible barrier of the cavern is estimated at little less than four rods. The return is more easy than the advance, as we do not encounter the violence of the rushing storm.

The danger of the adventure is said to be more imaginary than real. Yet, all who look on the crumbling wall sustaining the over-

arching roof, agree, that it must at some time fall. None can measure the progress of its interior decay. It may not be broken in ruin till centuries are passed and gone; it may be, tomorrow. The slippery path, the precarious foot hold, the frail trust on the splinters, contribute nothing to the safety of the approach. Yet many are those who inscribe their names on the books wherein are recorded the numbers who pass beneath the cataract; and among them are written many of the fairest daughters of fashion, who gratify the curiosity inherited from the mother of our race, by the sacrifice of ease and comfort, and the exposure of life itself. L.

VARIETY.

Spain and the South of France.—During the eight centuries that the Moors or Arabs occupied Spain, that was the best cultivated, the most fertile, and most agreeable country in Europe. The fields were watered by means of canals, and covered with all the known productions. Since the expulsion of the Moors, Spain has continually declined. The agricultural prosperity of Spain under the Arabs was the consequence of their knowledge and their religious toleration. Ignorance and bigotry have destroyed the benefits produced by their knowledge and wisdom. The same causes will always produce similar results. Let the system of irrigation, introduced by the Saracens, be adopted in the south of France—let political religious toleration leave all consciences at rest—let education dissipate ignorance and bigotry—and the highest agricultural prosperity will follow.

Mulberry Trees.—The silk worm mulberry is one of the most useful trees in France. Languedoc and Provence are the most propitious to its culture; in the other southern provinces of France, the storms from the Pyrenees are fatal to silk worms. The bark of the mulberry tree can be made into thread, paper, and silk. A gentleman of Lyons presented several samples of silk made from this bark to the Linnean Society of Paris.

The silk exported from Lombardy and Venice, in Italy, in seven years, amounted to 420,000,000 of livres; in the same number of years, (from 1811 to 1817) the exports from Mexico to Europe were only 379,000,000 of livres; "a proof that the riches upon the surface of the earth are greater than those within its bowels."

Heat.—The heat of the air on the Red Sea is above blood heat, even at night, and on the Gold Coast has been felt above 114° in the shade; the natives themselves are obliged to decamp south-

ward during the dreadful months of summer. In Lisbon, 98 is a common shade heat for months together; and a few years since it was for a long time 104, and even at 105. Africa is the hottest portion of the earth; presenting the greatest mass of land, or rather sand, to be found under the equator.

A gentleman known for his habitual tardiness, was invited to join a party to Nahant; and appointed for that purpose to be at his friend's house, at an early hour in the morning. Contrary to all expectation he was the first on the ground; and his friend in surprise at his punctuality, burst out in the following lucid apostrophe —So you've come *first at last;* you used to be *behind before;* I suspect you get up *early of late;* 'tis well you called in season, or you would have found me *within without.*"

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

Of the principal officers of the U. S. Government, under the Constitution.

PRESIDENTS.

George Washington of Va. . . .	1789	James Madison, of Va.	1809
John Adams, of Mass.	1797	James Monroe, of Va.	1817
Thomas Jefferson, of Va.	1801	John Quincy Adams, of Mass. .	1825

VICE PRESIDENTS.

John Adams, of Mass.	1789	Elbridge Gerry, of Mass. . . .	1813
Thomas Jefferson, of Va. . . .	1797	*Died*, Nov. 23, 1814.	
Aaron Burr, of N. Y.	1801	Daniel D. Tompkins, of N. Y. .	1817
George Clinton, of N. Y. . . .	1805	John C. Calhoun, of S. C. . . .	1825
Died, April 20, 1812.			

SECRETARIES OF STATE.

Thomas Jefferson, of Va. . . .	1789	Robert Smith, of Md.	1809
Edmund Randolph, of Va. . .	1794	James Monroe, of Va.	1811
Timothy Pickering, of Penn. . .	1795	John Quincy Adams, of Mass. .	1817
John Marshall, of Va.	1800	Henry Clay, of Ky.	1825
James Madison, of Va.	1801		

SECRETARIES OF THE TREASURY.

Alexander Hamilton, of N. Y. .	1789	George W. Campbell, of Ten. .	1814
Oliver Wolcott, of Conn. . . .	1795	Alexander J. Dallas, of Penn. .	1814
Samuel Dexter, of Mass. . . .	1801	William H. Crawford, of Geo. .	1817
Albert Gallatin, of Penn. . . .	1802	Richard Rush, of Penn. . . .	1825

SECRETARIES OF WAR.

Henry Knox, of Mass.	1789	John Armstrong, of N. Y. . . .	1813
Timothy Pickering, of Penn. .	1795	William H. Crawford, of Geo. .	1814
James M'Henry, of Md. . . .	1796	Isaac Shelby, of Ky.	1815
Samuel Dexter, of Mass. . . .	1800	[Did not accept.]	
Roger Griswold, of Conn. . . .	1801	John C. Calhoun, of S. C. . . .	1817
Henry Dearborn, of Mass. . . .	1801	James Barbour, of Va.	1825
William Eustis, of Mass. . . .	1809		

SECRETARIES OF THE NAVY.*

George Cabot, of Mass. 1798	William Jones, of Penn. 1812
Benjamin Stoddart, of Md. . . . 1798	Benj. W. Crowninshield, of Mass. 1814
Robert Smith, of Md. 1802	Smith Thompson, of N. Y. . . . 1818
Jacob Crowninshield, of Mass. . 1805	Samuel L. Southard, of N. J. . 1823
Paul Hamilton, of S. C. 1809	

POST MASTERS GENERAL.

Samuel Osgood, of Mass. . . . 1789	Gideon Granger, of Ct. 1802
Timothy Pickering, of Penn. . 1791	Return J. Meigs, of Ohio . . . 1814
Joseph Habersham, of Geo. . . 1795	John M'Lean, of Ohio 1823

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

John Jay, of N. Y. 1789	John Jay, of N. Y. 1800
William Cushing, of Mass. . . 1799	John Marshall, of Va. 1801
Oliver Ellsworth, of Ct. 1796	

ATTORNIES GENERAL.

Edmund Randolph, of Va. . . . 1789	John Breckenridge, of Ky. . . 1806
William Bradford, of Penn. . . 1794	Cæsar A. Rodney, of Del. . . . 1807
Charles Lee, of Va. 1795	William Pinkney, of Md. . . . 1811
Levi Lincoln, of Mass. 1801	Richard Rush, of Penn. 1814
Robert Smith, of Md. 1805	William Wirt, of Va. 1817

SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES.

1st *Congress*—First and second Sessions held at New York, the third at Philadelphia. Frederick A. Muhlenburg, of Pennsylvania, 1789

Congress—Held at Philadelphia. Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, 1791

3d *Congress*—Held at Philadelphia. Frederick A. Muhlenburg, of Pennsylvania, 1793

4th *Congress*—Held at Philadelphia. Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, 1795

5th *Congress*—Held at Philadelphia. Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, 1797

6th *Congress*—First Session at Philadelphia, Second at Washington. Theodore Sedgewick, of Massachusetts, 1799

7th *Congress*—Held at Washington. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, 1801

8th *Congress*—Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, 1803

9th *Congress*—Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, 1805

10th *Congress*—Joseph B. Varnum, of Massachusetts, 1807

11th *Congress*—Joseph B. Varnum, of Massachusetts, 1809

12th *Congress*—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, 1811

13th *Congress*—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, 1813
Until January 17th, 1814.
Langdon Cheeves, of South Carolina, for the residue of the Congress.

14th *Congress*—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, 1815

15th *Congress*—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, 1817

16th *Congress*—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, during the first session, 1819
John W. Taylor, of New York, during the second session, 1820

17th *Congress*—Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia, 1822

18th *Congress*—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, 1823

19th *Congress*—John W. Taylor, of New York, 1825

* This Department was not established until the 30th of April, 1798, being, prior to that date, a branch of the War Department.

GOVERNORS OF CONNECTICUT SINCE 1769.

Jonathan Trumbull - - -	1769	John Treadwell - - - -	1811
Mathew Griswold - - - -	1784	Roger Griswold - - - -	1812
Samuel Huntingdon - - -	1785	John Cotton Smith - - -	1817
Oliver Wolcott - - - - -	1796	Oliver Wolcott - - - -	
Jonathan Trumbull - - -	1798		

Reminiscences.—During the encroachment of the Indians in 1754, a delegation from New Hampshire, (Atkinson;) Massachusetts, (Hutchinson;) Rhode Island, (Hopkins;) Connecticut, (Pitkin;) New York, (Smith;) Pennsylvania, (Franklin;) agreed upon a union, which took place July 4, 1755—neither of whom could have entertained an idea, that, 22 years hence, on the same day of the month, the then colonies would declare themselves independant of England, and that Hopkins and Franklin, who signed the union in 1754, should sign the Independence of 1776.

Gen. Lafayette.—The town of Briane, the birth-place of this philanthropist, has honored his return by a public celebration. Of all the testimonials which he has received of the regard of his fellow men on both sides of the Atlantic, this will not be the least welcome to him.

MARRIAGES.

JANUARY, 1826.

Worcester—Rev. Thomas R. Sullivan, and Miss Charlotte C. Blake.
Holden—Mr. Oliver Blake, and Miss Laura Hubbard.
Bolton—Mr. George H. Cunningham, and Miss Mary Ann Woodbury.
Shrewsbury—Mr. Nathaniel Cole, and Miss Elisabeth Gardner.
Leicester—Mr. Dwight Bisco, and Ruth Woodcock.
Charlton—Mr. Ebenezer C. Mann, and Rebecca Fitts.

DEATHS.

JANUARY, 1826.

Worcester—Col. Moses N. Child—52.
Grafton—14th—Mrs. Mary Leland—68.
Shrewsbury—Mr. Edward F. Drury,—31.
Charlton—Mrs. Lucy Stone—63.—Mrs. Freelove Jenckes—29.—Mary Rich—45.
Rutland—Charles Sydenham Clark—8 months.—Samuel Ball.
Lancaster—Timothy Whiting, Esq.

James Otis Esqr.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ORIGINAL.

JAMES OTIS.

James Otis was born at Great Marshes, now West Barnstable, in this State, February 5, 1724. The want of a classical education had taught his father properly to appreciate its advantages, and the son was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Russell to prepare for the University at Cambridge. He entered college in June, 1739. During the two first years, his wit and vivacity led the elder students to seek his society, and his time was devoted more to amusement than books. It was not until towards the close of his collegiate course that the powers of his mind began to be disclosed, and his true character to be developed. He received his first degree in 1743, and his second, in regular course, three years afterwards. From his junior year, he applied himself with great assiduity to his studies, and the levity and playfulness heretofore marking his character, were exchanged for gravity and reflection. While spending his vacations at his father's house, such was the constancy with which he applied himself, that the neighbors rarely saw him. Notwithstanding his diligence and apparent sobriety, his wit and humor would occasionally discover themselves. He sometimes amused himself by playing on the violin. A small party, consisting of young people, once visiting his father's, during a vacation, persuaded him to unite with them in their sports. A set was made up for a dance, and after much entreaty, Otis was made to take his violin and play for them. When they had become fairly engaged, he suddenly stopped playing, and holding up his fiddle in one hand, and his bow in the other, exclaimed, "So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes!" and throwing them away, fled into the garden, leaving the disconcerted dancers in the midst of their figure.

After he left college he devoted himself to miscellaneous reading for near two years. He then commenced the study of the law in the office of Mr. Gridley, one of the most eminent lawyers and civilians of the province. Having completed his studies, he first opened his office and began the practice of law in Plymouth. But he remained here only two years, when he removed to Boston, where he soon became one of the most distinguished in his profession. His integrity, his learning, and his eloquence, in a short time furnished him a very extensive business. No member of the bar was thought to possess more general information than Mr. Otis.

His reputation had gone abroad into the adjoining provinces, and in cases of difficulty and importance, the council and aid of no one was sought with more eagerness and relied on with such confidence. His frank and undisguised manners gave him an almost unlimited control over the minds of the jury, while the correctness of his principles and his magnanimity, acquired for him the admiration of the court. The perfect urbanity of his manners, and the ardor of his patriotism, joined with these other popular qualities, made him no less the delight of the whigs, than the terror of the government party.

Soon after the conquest of Canada, the provinces were alarmed by a report that some unpleasant changes were about to be made in their government. The truth of the rumor was first seen in an order of council to carry into effect the acts of trade. For this purpose writs of assistance, as they were called, were to be granted to the officers of the customs, on petition, by the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Sewall gave it as his opinion that the writs were unconstitutional, and that the court had no right to grant them. The other judges were silent. The writs being demanded by officers of the Crown, they could not be dismissed without a hearing, and the term of the Court held in February, 1761, at Boston, was appointed for arguing the question. The merchants looked forward to the decision with the deepest solicitude. Mr. Otis, as advocate general, was called on by the officers of the customs to manage their cause. He regarded the writs as illegal and tyrannical, and to avoid appearing in support of measures he deemed oppressive and unjust, he resigned his office. He was then applied to by the mercantile interest of Salem and Boston to oppose the granting the writs. He was aided by Mr. Thatcher, one of the most eminent of the profession of the law. Mr. Gridley, his former instructor, was employed by Government to oppose him. The case was opened by the latter gentleman, and argued with much learning and dignity. He was followed on the other side by Mr. Thatcher, in a speech remarkable for its ingenuity and candor, and the mildness and moderation with which it was pronounced. "But Otis," to use the language of the ex-president Adams, "was a flame of fire; with a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American Independence was then and there born. The seeds of

patriots and heroes to defend the vigorous youth, were then and there sown. Every man of an immense crowded audience appear ed to me to go away as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition, to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, i. e. in 1776, he grew up to manhood and declared himself free."

Few periods in history have been more fortunate for the develepement of character than the fifteen years preceding the American Revolution. The sense of a constantly increasing oppression on the one hand, and the determined efforts of the ministry on the other, to enforce the most tyrannic councils, enlisted the greatest talents and drew forth all the intellectual resources of the country. Mr. Otis' natural love of liberty and his ideas of independence prompted him to espouse with warmth, and defend resolutely the cause of the colonies. He was sent at an early age to the provincial legislature, and soon became one of the most efficient and influential members of that assembly. His talents, supported by the most irreproachable integrity, gave him entire dominion over the minds and feelings of his party. From 1761 to '70, he devoted himself almost wholly to the service of the public. In his conversation and his writings he ever manifested the most ardent patriotism. His republican principles brought down upon him the hatred of Gov. Bernard, and afterwards of Gov. Hutchinson. His unwearied efforts to counteract the tyranny of the British ministry, and his unabated zeal in what he considered the cause of liberty, made him the idol of the popular party. No man spoke with more energy. His wit, his eloquence, and the force of his arguments bore away every thing before him. Such was his influence that the ministry began to devise measures for removing him from the country. It was reported that a motion was made in Parliament to arrest him for high treason. He had declined offices of profit and honor under the English Government, and measures of severity were now resorted to for removing him to a place where his influence could no longer defeat the plans of the ministry. Assassination was the base mean by which the American people were to be deprived of his efficient and active services. Representations regarding him the most dishonorable had been made by the provincial governor, and others to the British parliament; these had been detected, and their hatred of him increased. It was said that was it not for Otis, with Samuel Adams, and a few other factious demagogues, the col-

onies might enjoy peace, and the plans of the ministry go into successful operation. The idea of taxing America without giving her a representative in Parliament, and making her governors independent of the people, were the least tolerable features in the oppressive measures of the parent country. The insulting conduct of the officers of the customs, enriching themselves at the expense of the people, and that of Hutchinson, then Lt. Governor, Chief Justice, Counsellor, and Judge of Probate, holding all these lucrative stations at the same time; these acts of injustice to his country, with the disclosure of the calumnies against him in their communications to the ministry, stung him to madness. He inserted an advertisement in the Boston Gazette, setting forth the abusive manner in which he had been treated by the commissioners of the customs, with some reflections of contempt on their characters. The next evening, Otis visited the British coffee house, where the commissioners, with some officers of the navy, army, and revenue, were sitting together. No sooner had he entered the room, than an altercation took place between him and one of them, named Robinson. From harsh language they soon came to blows. Robinson gave Otis a blow with his cane, which was immediately returned. Upon this the lights were extinguished, and Otis, surrounded by his bitterest enemies, all of them adherents to the crown, received most barbarous and unmanly treatment. A young man passing by the house and hearing the affray, boldly went in and offered his assistance; he was shockingly bruised, beaten, and turned out of doors. Otis was left alone to maintain the unequal contest. They were, at length, however, separated, and Robinson made his escape at a back passage, and Otis was led home dangerously wounded and bleeding.

This affray created much excitement. The whole community was filled with the deepest indignation. The general impression was, that it was a preconcerted plan of assassinating him. Five or six bludgeons and a scabbard were found on the floor after the struggle was over. Otis received a deep wound on his head, which, in the opinion of his physicians, must have been inflicted with some sharp instrument. The public mind, already sore from the aggression and tyranny of the parent country, indignant at the insolence of a few petty oppressors, and now moved with highest resentment for this brutal and cowardly assault upon one in whom the friends of liberty had reposed the fullest confidence, was ready to avenge itself on its authors. The treatment Otis had re-

ceived had impaired his reason, and in a measure deprived the public of his services. Temporary derangement affected him afterwards until his death. The assault was committed on him the 5th of September, 1769. Only in his forty sixth year, in the midst of his usefulness, in the full enjoyment of the respect and admiration of his fellow citizens, and in a time too of greatest political excitement, it is cause of wonder the people did not proceed to acts of open violence.

An action was instituted against Robinson by Otis for this assault, and damages awarded by the Jury to the amount of two thousand pounds sterling. On acknowledgement of his error, however, Otis magnanimously forgave him and discharged the debt.

Mr. Otis was not a member of the Legislature after 1771. While he was a member he was regarded as the most influential of it, and his services were thought the most efficient. Whatever business he engaged in he devoted his whole soul to it. He spoke with vehemence, and in the choice of his language he was elegant, and in his allusions, classical. No man had the power of addressing a popular assembly with more effect. As an orator he was eloquent in an eminent degree; as a lawyer he was at the head of his profession; as a statesman and civilian he had no equal in America; he was a most ardent patriot.

The following amusing anecdote is related by the venerable ex-president, John Adams.

"Otis belonged to a club who met on evenings; of which club William Molineux, whose character you know very well, was a member. Molineux had a petition before the Legislature, which did not succeed to his wishes, and he became for several evenings sour, and wearied the company with his complaints of services, losses, sacrifices, &c. and said;—"That a man who has behaved as I have, should be treated as I am, is intolerable!" &c. Otis had said nothing; but the company were disgusted and out of patience, when Otis rose from his seat, and said, "Come, come, Will, quit this subject, and let us enjoy ourselves: I also have a list of grievances; will you hear it?" The club expected some fun, and all cried out, "aye! aye! let us hear your list."

"Well then, Will: in the first place, I resigned the office of Advocate General, which I held from the crown, that produced me —how much do you think?" "A great deal, no doubt," said Molineux. "Shall we say two hundred sterling a year?" "Aye, more, I believe," said Molineux. "Well, let it be two hundred,—that

for ten years, is two thousand. In the next place, I have been obliged to relinquish the greatest part of my business at the bar: Will you set that at 200 more?" "Oh! I believe it much more than that." "Well, let it be 200; this for ten years, is 2000. You allow, then, I have lost £4000 sterling." "Aye, and much more too," said Molineux.

"In the next place, I have lost an hundred friends; among whom, were the men of the first rank, fortune, and power in the province: at what price will you estimate them?" "D—n them," said Molineux, "at nothing: you are better without them, than with them." A loud laugh. "Be it so," said Otis.

"In the next place, I have made a thousand enemies; among whom are the government of the province and the nation. What do you think of this item?" "That is as it may happen," said Molineux.

"In the next place you know I love pleasure: but I have renounced all amusement for ten years. What is that worth to a man of pleasure?" "No great matter," said Molineux, "you have made politics your amusement." A hearty laugh.

"In the next place, I have ruined as fine health, and as good a constitution of body, as nature ever gave to man." "This is melancholy indeed," said Molineux, "there is nothing to be said on that point."

"Once more," said Otis, holding his head down before Molineux, "look upon this head!" (where was a scar in which a man might bury his finger) "what do you think of this?" and what is worse, my friends think I have a monstrous crack in my skull."

This made all the company very grave, and look very solemn But Otis setting up a laugh, and with a gay countenance, said to Molineux; "now, Willy, my advice to you is, to say no more about your grievances; for you and I had better put up our accounts of profit and loss in our pockets, and say no more about them, lest the world should laugh at us."

"This whimsical dialogue put all the company, and Molineux himself, into good humor, and they passed the rest of the evening in joyous conviviality."

"The last years of his life he spent in the south parish in Andover, with a gentleman by the name of Osgood. At one time his friends thought he had recovered from his insanity. He engaged very little in public life, and withdrew almost entirely from the business of his profession. He managed a few cases in court, and

was heard with interest, but it was observed he appeared but a majestic ruin. Whenever he visited Boston, the greatest attention was paid him by Hancock, Cushing, Adams, and others, with whom he had been associated in opposition to the British ministry. Notwithstanding the impaired state of his mind, his society was sought with avidity, and his public services remembered with gratitude. In his lucid moments, occasional marks of the former powerful mind appeared, but its stately grandeur had been defaced, and it now lay in ruins. He had often times intimated a wish that he might die by lightning. In a letter to Mrs. Warren, his sister, of Plymouth, he says, "my dear sister, I hope when God Almighty in his righteous providence shall take me out of time into eternity, that it will be by a flash of lightning." It is a singular coincidence, that his fate corresponded with his wishes. On the afternoon of Friday, May 23d, 1783, a black cloud came up, and as he was standing near the door relating a story to the assembled family, a bolt, which seemed to shake the solid earth, descended and struck him instantaneously dead.

"There is a degree of consolation," says Mr. Tudor in his excellent biography of Otis, "blended with awe in the manner of his death, and a soothing fitness in the sublime accident which occasioned it. The end of his life was ennobled, when the ruins of a great mind, instead of being undermined by loathsome and obscure disease, were demolished at once by a bright bolt from Heaven."

As a scholar, Mr. Otis was among the most distinguished in the province. His mind was richly stored with the beauties afforded by a classical education. Soon after entering on the practice of the law, he devoted his leisure to writing a treatise on the Rudiments of Latin Prosody. This work was published in 1760. He composed a similar work on Greek Prosody, which remaining in manuscript, was lost with many of his other papers. The principal works published of his, are; Vindication of the conduct of the house of Representatives of Massachusetts, 1762; Rights of the British colonies, asserted 1764; considerations in behalf of the colonists, 1765. B.

ROGER SHERMAN,

Who was alike distinguished as a profound statesman and jurist, was born at Newton, Mass. on the 19th of April, 1721. His parents were obscure but worthy citizens, and he had no better education than the slender and limited provisions of a common free school, furnished at that early period. At a suitable age he was apprenticed to a Shoemaker, having chosen that trade as the business of his life, and continued to labor in this occupation until after he was twenty-two. He however had a strong and ardent thirst after knowledge, and employed every moment which could be spared from his other avocation in the acquisition of knowledge. It is even said that while laboring he constantly kept a book by him. In 1743, having lost his father, he with his mother removed to New Milford, in the then colony of Connecticut. Here he was associated with his brother in mercantile business, which gave him a better opportunity to gratify his taste for intellectual improvement; for it appears he made such advances in the severer studies of mathematics, that in 1745, he was appointed surveyor of the county of Litchfield, and gained some celebrity in making the necessary calculations for an almanac. These facts would be hardly worth mentioning, except as they show how a powerful mind developed itself unaided by instruction. His clear and comprehensive views of subjects seemed to recommend him to some pursuit in life which would give a more extended field for intellectual exertion, and his friends urged him to embrace the profession of law. He accordingly commenced the study, and, in 1754, was admitted an attorney and counsellor. In 1755 he was chosen to represent New Milford in the colonial assembly, and was elected several years in succession. He soon attained to eminence in his profession, and in 1759, was elevated to the bench of the Common Pleas for Litchfield. In 1761, he left that county and removed to New Haven, where he was soon elected a representative, and in 1765 was raised to the bench of Common Pleas for the county of New Haven. In 1766, he was chosen by the people of Connecticut an assistant, and in the same year was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. He continued to be returned at every successive election an assistant for seventeen years, and remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1789, when he resigned his seat. In 1774 he was elected a member of the first Congress, and was continued either a member of the house or senate until his death, in 1793. His name is among those who subscribed the declaration of Independence. Such is a mere out-

line of the public services of one of the fathers of this country. To do justice to a name so conspicuous, to point out in detail the able and faithful manner in which he performed the various and burdensome public duties which devolved upon him, would require a biographical notice that would swell into a volume, and few men deserve a volume more, or would fill it better. He was a man of plain unostentatious manners, but firm and unwavering in his opinions. He discharged the duties of the various offices which he held, to the great satisfaction of the public, and with great honor to himself. His judgment was clear, and so remarkably correct that his colleagues in Congress have said he never in all the perplexities of that body cast a wrong vote. He was more distinguished for his accurate, comprehensive views of subjects, than for his eloquence; hence he was much employed on committees in the investigation of the most complex and difficult matters, and his opinions were always received with great deference and respect. Of the high estimation in which he was held there needs no other proof than the fact that he was elevated by the people of Connecticut to almost every office within their gift. Of the fidelity and ability with which he discharged his public duties, there needs no better proof than his re-election to all offices he would consent to take, as long as he would accept them.

On the whole, Roger Sherman was no common man, but seemed to be fitted to the times in which he lived. He was no demagogue, but a friend to the rights of man, and an enemy to the usurpation of political power. He stood forth in times of great peril the advocate of his distressed country, and to him and others who had minds that could not be appaled by disaster nor intimidated by threats, must we attribute the blessings we enjoy as a free and independent nation. In 1793, he died at New Haven, and a monument is erected to his memory in the principal burying place of that city. D.

ASA JOHNSON.

This very singular man was born in the town of Bolton, in this State, and was actually engaged in the naval service of his country in the revolution;—was a prisoner some considerable time at Halifax, but finally liberated, and in a second cruise, obtained prize money enough to educate himself at the University of Harvard, for which he had a great desire; he was classmate with the Hon.

John Quincy Adams, now President of the United States. For many years he practised law in Leominster, but never arose to a degree of eminence in his profession which many of his cotemporaries have enjoyed; yet his reputation, as an upright attorney, was proverbial. He was a classical scholar, and a tolerable linguist; but his eccentricities form the most memorable items. He lived and died a bachelor; kept house twenty years, and in the whole time never was known to eat from an earthen plate, in his own house; his table was constantly furnished with wooden trenchers. Disgusting as it may appear, he has been known to cook a cat, owls, hawks, and various reptiles, and to invite visitants to partake of his rare dish. He was the father of a young lady whom he educated with paternal fondness, yet he would never allow her to call him *father*; it must on all occasions be "Mr. Johnson." Not having married to meet his views, she was partially discarded; but her death, soon after, appeared to affect him, although he resolutely declared that he had not the smallest anxiety for her, after she had disobeyed his injunctions in matrimony. Johnson had many original notions, peculiar to himself; in spelling his own name he never inserted an *h*, but wrote simply in this manner, *Jonson*;—because the *h* was an unnecessary letter, while his brothers and family connections used it. Several times in life he attempted to domesticate frogs, toads and serpents, and succeeded so wonderfully, as to have them, in a field, come at his call. A cat was his constant office companion, which was named after some statesman, for whom he had a peculiar regard; one cat succeeded another, and generally bore the name of its predecessor.

For a repartee, he had few equals; as a specimen of his talents, this circumstance, which is said to have taken place at a boarding house in Worcester, is recorded.

A young mellow-headed lawyer sitting in company with Johnson, who was surrounded with counsellors, thinking to put him to a blush, asked him if he had ever eaten a dish of *stewed pollywogs*, having been informed that he had a relish for disgusting rarities? Johnson answered in the negative, and said he did not think they would injure him, however, if he should; but observed to his interrogator, that it would be a ruinous meal for *him*. "Why?" said the lawyer, "because" answered Johnson, "it is a well-known fact that *pollywogs* will kill goslings." Johnson was fond of good living and the society of literary persons; he was remarkably polite, and among ladies, pleasing and agreeable in conversation

Above all, it is to be regretted that he lived, and died as he lived, a professed atheist; he welcomed death as an unaccountable something that would annihilate his soul forever. At one time in life, he was worth a good interest; but at the close of it, his propensity to gaming and other concomitant habits, stripped him of his possessions in a few years. He died of debility, on Sunday, August 13, 1820, in his sixty third year, a pensioner of the United States.

Boston News Letter.

HISTORICAL.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 235.

The two Committees were now at liberty to pursue the business of the settlement, and to state the particular charges against each officer and soldier.

The first article which presented itself to view, as matter of charge, was the amount, in real value, of the continental pay, which the army had received; but as previous to the settling the monthly rate of depreciation, the committee from the line had given in an account of the time when the several payments were made by the Paymaster General, they supposed the only just method to find this amount, would be to value the several sums received by the rate of depreciation at the time of payment, as before given in, all which added together would give the final amount. But here some doubts seemed, for the first time, to arise in the minds of the committee of Court, whether the state were obliged to make good the depreciation, any further than at the time, when the continental pay became due, at the close of each month; they therefore referred the matter to council, without any further debate, upon which a committee of council was appointed, and the parties notified to attend them accordingly: here it was urged on the part of the court that the delay of payments was not chargeable to the State, nor was it included in the resolve of the 6th of February, and therefore if the army had sustained any loss by that delay, they must look to Congress for redress; on the part of the committee from the line, it was alledged that Congress had recommended it to the several States in a resolve, passed in August, to make good the losses their respective quotas of the army had sustained by the depreciation of the currency, and as the State had determined

to take into consideration all advances made the army over and above the original establishment, and had wrote to Congress for an account of all supplies which they had furnished; therefore, the settlement would not be placed on an equal footing, nor would the wages of the establishment of Congress be made good, unless every disadvantage was likewise taken into consideration, which the army had sustained in consequence of the depreciation: the two committees then withdrew, and the committee of council reported as follows, viz.

The committee to whom was referred the representation of the committee of the general assembly, for settling with the army, having attended that service, heard the committee and the officers of the army, upon the subject matter thereof, and report as their opinion, that the advice of council be to the Court's committee, appointed as aforesaid, that they do not take into consideration any damage arising to the troops of this State, serving in the continental army, on account of any delay that has arisen respecting their monthly pay. WALTER SPOONER, *Per order.*

In Council, Jan. 22, 1780.

Read and unanimously accepted.

A true copy, Attest. JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

The committee from the line being informed that the council had determined so very differently from what they expected, and being persuaded that if the settlement was carried through, agreeable to the above report, and the resolve of Court passed the 6th January, the army would by no means receive so great a balance as was conceived to be their just due, they therefore wrote the following letter to the committee of Court;—

BOSTON, JANUARY 29, 1780.

GENTLEMEN—It is a matter of very great anxiety to us, that any obstacles should arise in the course of our business with you, which may have the least tendency to impede the progress of the present settlement, especially as the interest of the public so much depends on its being brought to a speedy conclusion; yet as we apprehend it to be your determination, in consequence of a late direction of council, to value the pay which the army has received from the continent by the rate of depreciation, settled for those months in which the service was performed, and not at the time, when the general payments were made, which we cannot think founded in justice; And this, gentlemen, being a matter which very materially affects the army, we would beg leave to observe, that it is the gen-

eral sense of the army, as well as our own particular opinion, that this State in a resolve of the General Court, has promised to make good to them "the wages of the establishment of Congress, whereon they engaged," or in other words to indemnify this State's quota, for every loss they have sustained in their wages, by means of the depreciation of the continental currency; and unless they are valued by the rate of depreciation, at the time when the general payments were actually made, it is evident their wages will not be made good, and consequently the resolve not complied with; and as this claim was early stated by us, even a considerable time before the monthly rate of depreciation was settled, and as the justice of it both before and since has been fully conceded to on your part; we cannot then see with what propriety it is now rejected, except the General Court has, unknown to us, passed a new resolve, and that it is their final determination to make good our pay only in part. If this be the case, gentlemen, we would wish to be informed of it, as it will place the matter in a point of view, upon which we are not authorised to act, our business being to negotiate a settlement for the whole balance due, on account of the failure of the currency, which we conceive to be fully promised us in the resolve of February last; if we are not to proceed upon this footing, we hope to be enabled as soon as possible to give our constituents the necessary information, that they may no longer labor under the mistake of having their pay made good, by this State, when no such thing is intended.

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient and very humble servants.

JOHN POPKINS,
TOBIAS FERNALD,
WILLIAM HULL,
SIMON LARNED,
BENJAMIN HEYWOOD,
} *Committee.*

Two days after the foregoing letters were sent, the committee from the line received a letter from the committee of Court, inclosing a letter from them to the Council, and an order of Council in consequence of that letter.

Letter from the Committee of Court.

BOSTON, JANUARY 31, 1780.

GENTLEMEN—The letter received from you on Saturday last we have laid before the Hon. Council of this State; we herewith inclose you a copy of our letter to them, requesting their consideration and advice thereon, also a copy of the order of Council on the same, which we think will be sufficient to convince you that it is

not in the power of the committee, to make any consideration in the settlement with the army, for the delay of their monthly pay.

We are, Gentlemen, your

Most Humble Servants.

SAMUEL AUSTIN, *Per order.*

To the Committee from the Army.

Order of the Council.

Council Chamber, Boston 29th, Jan. 1780.

Ordered that the committee appointed to settle with the army be and hereby are informed, that their letter and the letter to them, from the committee from the army, have been considered by this Board, and as the same letters relate only to the question, we have already with mature deliberation advised you upon, can only add, that should the Gentlemen on the part of the army, cause a delay of settlement upon the generous plan laid by the General Assembly, they alone must hazard the consequences, and the world will judge of the rectitude of the General Assembly of the State of Massachusetts Bay, in their endeavor to do justice, to their quota of the Continental army.

A true copy, Attest, JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

Letter from the Court's Committee to council, which should have been inserted previous to the above order which was in consequence of the foregoing letters.

To the Honorable Council.

GENTLEMEN—The enclosed letter we have this day received from the Committee of the army, expressing their dissatisfaction with the Resolution of the Honorable Board, not allowing the delay of their monthly pay to be taken into consideration, by the Court's Committee in settling with the army; we therefore beg leave to lay the same before the Honorable Board, for their consideration and further advice.

SAMUEL AUSTIN, *Per order.*

BOSTON, 26th JAN. 1780.

Letter from the Committee of the Line to the Court's Committee in consequence of the foregoing letters and order of Council.

BOSTON, 3d FEB. 1780.

GENTLEMEN—We have received your Letter of the 31st January, inclosing your Letter to the Honorable Council together with their advice respecting our claim of considering the pay which the army have received, as valuable according to the rate of depreciation, at the time when the general payments were made.

And although the deference alone, which is justly due to the judgment of the Honorable Council, might, at first sight, be sufficient to cause a suspicion in our own minds with regard to the rectitude of the measures we have taken; yet, upon a re-examination of the subject, and considering it in every point of view, we cannot, upon the whole, find any reason to doubt the real justice of the claim.

And should an appeal, as is intimated, be made to the impartial judgment of the world, respecting the propriety of our conduct in this matter, under all possible consequences, we are so fully convinced of the justice of our claim, that we should be under no apprehension of censure from such an appeal.

And if we have no other appeal with regard to our general endeavours to forward the settlement on just and equitable principles, we feel a consciousness of having done our duty, and having made the necessary exertions to bring it to a speedy conclusion, on these grounds; and as we ever have been, so we are now ready to attend the adjustment of every other matter which concerns the settlement. Yet still holding up our claim, we do insist that there is justly due to each soldier, who has served three years, the sum of three pounds,* agreable to the Monoply act, and to Officers and others in proportion, on account of the depreciation of the currency from the time their monthly pay become due, to the time the general payments were made. And since you, Gentlemen, do not see fit to make that allowance, we have referred the matter to our constituents, and shall in this respect consider ourselves as bound to abide their direction.

We are, Gentlemen, your

Humble Servants.

JOHN POPKIN,
TOBIAS FERNALD,
WILLIAM HULL,
BENJ. HEYWOOD,
SIMON LARNED,
} *Committee.*

* When this letter was wrote, the above three pounds was found, by a calculation made from the mean rate of depreciation for each year, but the final method adopted by the Court's Committee, is to value the Continental pay received, by the rate of depreciation for each particular month when it became due; by which method the Soldier will loose six pounds in real value, by not having his Continental pay charged as valuable at the time of payment.

STERLING.

Boundaries.—This town is bounded on the North by Leominster, East by Lancaster, South by Boylston and West Boylston, and West by Holden and Princeton. Its Indian name was Chocksett, and it was formerly the West Parish in Lancaster until 1781, when it was incorporated by its present name.

Land Titles.—The territory now constituting Sterling, was derived from three original grants.

I. The Mile—So called, is a strip of land on the easterly side of the township extending the whole length of the town; it is about a mile in width, and was included in the first original grant of Nashuah township, (now Lancaster) made in 1643, which was purchased of Sholan the Sachem of the Nashuogga, and confirmed by the General Court at or about the period above named.

It was annexed to the West Parish in Lancaster, at its incorporation about the year 1744.

II. A principal part of the town is contained in the new or additional grant purchased from a nephew of Sholan in 1701; but on account of the Indian war, called Queen Ann's war, which broke out soon after the Indian purchase, it was not confirmed by the General Court until 1713. This grant included Leominster also, and a part of West Boylston, with a small tract of Boylston.

III. The Leg—So called, was originally a part of Shrewsbury, and was granted by the General Court, Nov. 2, 1717, with the rest of that town.

This tract was annexed to Lancaster, (then including Sterling,) by an act of the Legislature passed Feb. 27, 1768.* It was then three miles in length and about one and a half in breadth. About one third of it was set off from Sterling in 1808 to West Boylston. In the act setting this tract of land from Shrewsbury to Lancaster, no provision is made for the support of those paupers who had gained a settlement there previous to the annexation.†

* See Vol. of Laws for 1768 in the Secretary's Office, page 543. All that part of Shrewsbury Leg, bounded South on Quinnepoxet river, West on Holden line, North on Princeton line, and East on Still water river, is hereby set to Lancaster, and the Inhabitants dwelling on said land, shall there do duties, and receive privileges as other town inhabitants.

†It received its name from its shape—Narrow gores of lands annexed to particular towns, often received this appellation.—Thus we find Royalston Leg and Stow Leg.

Further notice will be to be taken of the *milk* and the *leg* in the histories of Lancaster and Shrewsbury.

The following is a Copy of the Indian deed of the *New Grant*.

"The bargain with George Tahanto, and other Indians, for lands of them purchased.

"Know all men by these presents that I, George Tahanto, Indian Sagamore, for and in consideration of what money, namely, twelve pounds was formerly paid to Sholan, my Uncle, sometime Sagamore of Nashuah, for the purchase of said township and also forty-six shillings formerly paid by *Insigne* John Moore and John Houghton of said Nashuah to James Wiser, alias Quenepenitt, now deceased, but especially for and in consideration of eighteen pounds paid part, and the rest secured to be paid, by John Houghton and Nathaniel Wilder, their heirs, executors and assigns forever, a certain tract of land on the West side of the westward line of Nashuah township, adjoining to said line, and butts southerly for the most part on Nashuah river, bearing westerly towards Wachusett Hills, and runs northerly as far as Nashuah township, and which lands and meadows, be it more or less, to be to the said *Insigne* John Mooer, John Houghton and Nathaniel Wilder, their heirs and assigns, to have and to hold forever. And I, the said George Tahanto do hereby promise and engage to procure an order from the honored General Court, for their allowance and confirmation of the sale of said lands as aforesaid, and also that I will shew and mark out the bounds of said land in convenient time, not exceeding four months, and also to make such deeds and conveyances, as may be necessary for the confirmation of the premises, and also that I the said George Tahanto do by these presents fully ratify and confirm, all and every, the said township of Nashuah, alias Lancaster, to the Inhabitants and Proprietors thereof according as it was formerly granted to them or their ancestors by my Uncle Sholan and laid out to them by Ensign Thomas Noyes and confirmed by the Hon. General Court. For the performance of all the abovesaid, I the said George Tahanto have set my hand and seal this twenty-sixth day of June in the 13th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord William the third, over England &c. King, Annoque Domini 1701.

GEORGE TAHANTO, his O mark.
MARY AUNSOCAMUG, her) mark.
Signed and sealed in presence of
JOHN WONSQUON, his) mark.
JOHN AQUITTICUS, his I mark.
PETER PUCKATAUGH, his P mark.
JONATHAN WILDER.
JOHN GUILD."

The above is a copy of the deed as it stands upon the Proprietors Records.

The following is the confirmation "Annoque Regni Annæ Reginæ Duodecimo." "At a great and General Court or Assembly for her Majesty's province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, begun and held at Boston, May 27, 1713.

"*In Council.*—The report of the Committee upon the surveys of land prayed for by Lancaster, Nov. 21 and 22, 1711.

"Whereas we the Subscribers, viz. Jona'han Prescott, John Farnsworth and Samuel Jones, are a Committee appointed to view a tract of land, petitioned for by the Inhabitants of Lancaster, and to make report to the General Court, for their consideration, we have accordingly been upon the spot, the days above dated, and proceeded thereupon as follows: *Imprimis.* We began at the proper bounds of Lancaster plantation, and thence run a line upon a northwest point or thereabouts, along by the S. W. side of Mashapaugе and Unkachewalwick Ponds extending said line three miles, from thence we made an angle running near upon a S. W. point, crossing a river called the North river, and so running over hills called Mannoosuck Hills, said line being about six miles in length, till it meets with the middle branch of Lancaster river, at or near a little hill on which the Indians had marked a tree for a corner of said land, being near five miles wide. At the Southward end bounded partly by Capt. Davenport's farm, to the S. W. corner of Lancaster old bounds. The land included within these lines is rocky and mountainous and very poorly accommodated with meadow.

JONATHAN PRESCOTT,
SAMUEL JONES,
JOHN FARNSWORTH.

"Read and ordered that the tract of land above decribed be added and confirmed to the town of Lancaster, as a part of the township, not prejudicing any former grants.

Concurred by the Representatives.

Consented to.
JOSEPH DUDLEY.

ISAAC ADDINGTON, *Sec'ry.*"

Previous to this act of confirmation the Inhabitants of Lancaster, at a Public Town meeting, Feb. 5, 1711, voted that all such as were inhabitants, might join in the purchase of the Indian Land, and all such as would do it, should signify the same, by subscribing their names to the following contract.

"Know all men, that we the Subscribers being desirous to pur-

chase a tract of land which lieth on the West side of Lancaster, which lands have formerly been petitioned for to the General Court, and which the Inhabitants of Lancaster are still in pursuance of, and their petition is still with the General Court for granting the same and considerable money having been paid to George Tahanto and other Indians, towards the purchasing said Lands though not yet consummated:

"We the Subscribers do hereby bind ourselves and our heirs to pay each one his equal share of the purchase of said lands and all charges that have or shall be expended about the same, and to run equal hazard of obtaining said land, provided, that if said land be obtained we shall each one have an equal share, and the said money to be paid before the 5th of March next, and shall subscribe hereto on or before the 15th of the present month, or else lay no claim to said land.

Signed by JOHN PRENTICE,
JAMES WILDER,
and 96 others."

Thomas Wilder and John Houghton were appointed to manage the Petition at the General Court.

Feb. 15, 1714, a Committee was chosen to allot said land in lots of 40 acres to a share of the best land and 40 acres for a Minister, in the most convenient place, and if they find or know of a convenient place for clay ground that it be reserved for the benefit of the whole. All lots not so good in quality to be more in quantity, so as to be equal to 40 acres of the best land.

The first legal meeting of the Proprietors was called by Thomas Howe, Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, to be held in Lancaster, March 6, 1716; John Houghton was then chosen Clerk. G.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

BURIAL GROUNDS.

"Church yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich."

EVERY town in our county has liberally appropriated a portion of ground for the interment of the dead. In most cases a few acres have been enclosed with a clumsy wall, and as if to make the place in its very appearance indicate the dismal purposes for which it is designed, it is given up, like the frail bodies deposited there, to the entire government of nature.

If the sight of grave yards in most of our towns raise in us emotions of gloom and horror, they spring not less from the neglected and naked condition of the places themselves, than from the consciousness of the solemn end for which they are intended. It requires no ordinary effort of fortitude even in our old men to pass these silent mansions without shuddering from the fear of encountering some ghostly stranger. The half falling tombstones, the ridiculous, though piously intended devices inscribed on them, death's heads horribly grinning, human bones, hour-glasses, willows and all the woful emblems of our mortality, are enough in themselves to alarm the stoutest heart. The neglect and inattention paid to the management of these sacred enclosures and the dreary and gloomy appearance they make, from the bushes and weeds starting up in wild disorder, increase, if possible, the horrors of the tomb.

Nothing, it is believed, would be more consonant with good taste than to see our burial grounds ornamented with walks and beautiful shade trees. The expense of such arrangement and the keeping them under proper cultivation would be but trifling, and instead of being objects of disgust and terror as they now are, they would be the resort of the pious and good in holy time and become enduring monuments of the purest moral and religious feeling. For contemplation and indulgence in those reflections created by a walk among the cities of the silent, nothing can be conceived more appropriate than the funeral grove. While on the one hand they would become an ornament, on the other, they would be regarded as praiseworthy for the exhibition of that noblest feeling of our nature, respect for the dead.

The custom of planting trees in places of interment prevails to a considerable extent in different parts of Europe. The burial grounds among the Mahommedans are frequently noticed by travellers. Many of them are under the same cultivation as gardens. Beautiful plants are made to grow on the graves and garlands of roses are hung about the tombs. It was anciently the practice, and yet continues in some of the retired villages in England, to strew the graves of recently buried persons with roses, especially those who die young. In the warmer climates the inhabitants skirt the walks in their church yards with rows of orange trees and palms and border the graves with the sweetest plants. A recent traveller in Germany, in speaking of the cemeteries about Berlin, observes, that almost every grave is a flower bed.

There is something in the shade of trees that ever fits us for

serious thought. The stillness and silence of the grove fill us insensibly with a pleasing melancholy. The gloom inspired by a dense foliage, with the graves of those we once loved before us, refines and elevates the mind. The objects about us are all emblematic of human life. The deceased, whose bones are mouldering beneath our feet, are assimulated with the most beautiful parts of the scene around. Youth is seen in the tender and delicate plants and maturer years in the giant members of the grove. The beautiful analogy subsisting between the human and vegetable creation is traced with eagerness by those in affliction from the loss of friends. The virtues of the dead re-appear in the quiet scene before us, and a recollection of them revived from contemplating the beauties of nature.

The disposition of the body after death cannot but interest the living. To hold in respect and preserve inviolate the bones of our deceased friends is enjoined by the law of nature and sanctioned by universal usage. It was not less a practice with the people of antiquity than it is with those of the present age, to consecrate certain grounds for the burial of the dead. The American savage holds in most sacred estimation the remains of a deceased connexion. The pyramids of Egypt, the tumuli of the Scythians, and the teocalli of Mexico, are but the offspring of this humane sentiment.

The people in the different parts of the globe, although uniform in their attention and respect for the dead, have devised various modes of burial. The practice of burning the body and preserving in urns the ashes, has found many advocates even in this country. The last instance of it among Christians was that of Henry Laurens, the first President of the American Congress. He directed in his will, that his body should be burnt and enjoined the execution of it on his children as a duty. He was undoubtedly led into the belief of the propriety of this custom, from the circumstance that a daughter of his was once laid out for dead who had been ill of the small pox; but, on being placed in fresh air she revived. The possibility of being buried alive, filled him with horror and dread of the ordinary mode of interment. He maintained the reasonableness of this practice from certain texts of scripture, which he adduced, under the impression of the purifying nature of fire.

The Jews have some very whimsical notions regarding interments. It is an opinion of theirs that unless the body be buried in the Promised Land, there can be no resurrection of it, and there-

fore, they who have the misfortune to be deposited in a foreign country, will be under the painful necessity of digging their way to Palestine under ground. Many of the wealthy Jews residing in Italy, have been known to import real Jerusalem soil thither to line their graves with. Whole church yards have, in some instanstances, been thus transported. Some who have been more particular than others and feared that their remains might, by possibility, come in contact with reprobate earth, have ordered their bones after death to be boxed up and carried to Jerusalem, and there deposited in soil holding all the desired virtues.

The people of Persia entertain similar notions on this subject with the superstitious Jews. So strong is their inclination for good company after death, that the Angel of the grave will not permit the body of a true Moslem to rest among unbelievers, but will straightway order it home to the land of the faithful.

The Caffres are the most negligent of the remains of the dead. The King alone enjoys the privilege of burial. The bodies of the common people are thrown to the hyenas; but this treatment in no case results from a feeling of disrespect to the deceased. It is a belief with them that if a person is suffered to die a natural death, the event will entail on the family future calamities, and for this reason the old men are all slain at a certain age, and those who are dangerously sick. The savages inhabiting the banks of the Oronoco held the bones of the dead sacred, and to preserve them, suspended the body in the river that the fish might eat off the flesh. The Moxo tribes pulverize the bones and mixing the dust with meal make it into cakes, and the eating them was regarded as an act of piety and testimony of friendship. The Hindoos burn the body because they consider the flesh as a clog upon the soul; and on the other hand the Egyptians kept it because they considered it as essential in the day of the resurrection; for then the immortal part would come back to take possession of its former mansion, and would expect to find it in a habitable condition. In this, however, it is to be feared that many of them will be disappointed, inasmuch as European merchants with in a few years have been pretty industrious in moving the old tenements to England. How these difficulties are to be got over, it is impossible to tell. It is the custom in many places to deposit corn or fruit, and sometimes both in the grave of the deceased. This was the custom with the Indians in this country, an instance of which was not long since exhibited in a body disinterred in Boylston in this county, the skele-

ton of which is now in the keeping of Dr. Smith. A Spaniard in speaking of this practice, as seen in the natives of South America, gravely observes, that the "devil makes them believe that they are to live again in a kingdom which he has prepared for them, and that they must take with them provisions for the journey, as if hell were a long way off."

Among the legendary tales of ecclesiastical history, circulated in Catholic countries, are those representing the earth as casting from its bosom the bodies of excommunicated persons. Those who had conducted thus unworthily were deemed incapable of being buried in consecrated grounds; and even should they be so fortunate as to get possession of a grave in these sacred enclosures, there was no certainty of their keeping it. St. Gothard once gave orders for all the excommunicated persons in his cathedral to rise and walk out, which was accordingly done in sight of the whole congregation. The priests procured an order from the synod of Fribur, in the time of Charlemagne, to prohibit the burial of laymen within the church. This was afterwards repealed and any might be interred there by paying for it. This gave great offence to the clergy as might have been expected, and but a short time elapsed before the profanity of the measure was fully evinced. A son of Harold, a layman, was buried in the church grounds and near to him was laid the body of St. Dunstan. The Saint persisting in the correctness of his doctrine, with the same assurance after death as when alive, arose from his grave twice to tell his opponents that he could not rest there with any degree of peace on account of the terrible "stench of the young pagan." The other saints, however, kept still, and nothing was heard from them against this breach of their privilege.

Private burials seem to have been regarded as improper from the beginning. An estimate appears to be instinctively put upon the worth of society even after death. The danger there is that family tombs when erected apart from the public place of interment will be profaned and appropriated to some other purpose than that designed, ought to deter all from the practice. Examples are not wanting in different parts of the country of the unfeeling and brutal disregard paid to those sacred habitations. Instances have occurred where the dust of the quiet tenants has been scattered to the winds and the bones removed to give place to things of temporal use. It is believed this mode is practised to a less extent in the

New England States than in other parts of the Union; and it is to be wished that it was entirely abolished.

The custom prevailing in this country, so universally, of erecting monuments over the dead is a most commendable one. Though they may sometimes be as much the result of vanity as of grief, yet there is so much kind charity and benevolence in the human breast, that the motives of those incurring the expense, are seldom, if ever, questioned. The grave yard at New Haven, Conn. is laid out on the plan esteemed most proper. Ample walks bordered with shade trees pass in different directions among the monuments. It is here the people resort in the pleasant Sabbath evenings of summer to escape from the living, and commune with the dead. It is here the virtues and good deeds of the departed alone are called to recollection, while their vices are wiped out of all remembrance. It is here man forgets his resentments, and indulges those nobler feelings of his nature, ascribed to a higher order of beings.

B.

DESTRUCTION OF LANCASTER.

The political feuds that so long agitated our country, have at length happily subsided. The mental energies that heretofore were employed in questions of party, are now free to follow their own inclinations, and pursue more pleasing and more useful paths. We begin to witness a more active and stirring spirit, in the various departments of literature and science, in plans for improving our social condition, in devising means for promoting education in all its branches and adapting it, to an improved state of society. Undue attachments to foreign nations have given way to the good feelings which every one should cherish for the land of his birth.

Among other benefits, we would particularly take notice of this new order of things, as it regards our own history. Hitherto we venture to say, the history of our country has been less known by the great mass of our scholars than that of almost any other nation. We have not been true to ourselves in this instance.—We have shamefully neglected the means we possess. It is no excuse to say that the books from which the knowledge is to be gained, are rude and unpolished:—true they are so in many respects—and no American Tacitus has yet risen up within our borders to set forth with graphical and philosophical power, our history, 'as it should be set forth. We confess that the appearance of

our early writers, may at first appal stout hearts and repel the man of refined taste; but we envy not those who can frame excuses for not approaching the subject. The character of those who colonized these shores, their sufferings, their wonderful efforts—the moral, intellectual and social foundation they laid, so broad and deep, that succeeding generations have built thereupon, are to be learnt in the inartificial descriptions of the writers of that period: and any one, who has once fairly engaged in the study, will find that it has fascinations which soon take away the power and inclination of escape. The rude style will pass without notice, the quaint expressions will amuse—the directness and plainness of purpose will please—eloquence of expression will not be required whilst you see on every side eloquence of character, and scenes and events, that almost possess the poetry of romance. These things we value,

> "More than light airs and recollected terms
> Of these most brisk and giddy paced times."

Our history should be pursued into its details. Much of the character of the elder time is gathered from slight circumstances, and facts that to many appear too insignificant to claim attention.

It is a very interesting portion of our history, in all its minute particulars, that relates to the Indian wars; wars that filled the mind with no imaginary apprehensions; wars waged with foes whose approach was noiseless, whose attacks were attended with circumstances that inspired the bravest with dread, whose tender mercies were cruelty, whose victory was followed by hopeless captivity, or by lingering torture and death.

During the seventeenth century, the border towns in New England suffered severe distress from Indian warfare; some of them were entirely destroyed. Among these last was Lancaster. That beautiful village was attacked and destroyed by the Indians on the 21st (10th O. S.) of February, 1676. On the 21st of the present month a century and a half will be completed since that memorable event. It gives us pleasure to learn that the citizens of Lancaster intend to commemorate the ensuing anniversary by public performances* suited to the occasion. Celebrations of this kind seem to us peculiarly proper. They recall to mind the events of our early history; the privations and sufferings of our ancestors, their noble courage, their firmness in danger, their self-sustaining spirit of perseverance, that enabled them in the end to triumph over their

* An Oration is to be delivered by Isaac Goodwin, Esq. of Sterling, and a Poem by William Lincoln, Esq. of Worcester.

enemies, and proved for the security and happiness of their posterity. In a moral, religious, political and social point of view, we experience the benefits of their exertions, and are under continual obligation to acknowledge these benefits on all occasions. We trust that we shall not render an unacceptable service to our readers in giving a succinct history of the destruction of Lancaster in 1676.

The war so well known to our readers by the name of King Philip's* war, began June 24, 1675, by an attack on Swansey. In the course of the summer, New Dartmouth, Middleborough, Taunton, Rehoboth, Mendon, Brookfield, Northfield and Deerfield, were invested by the Indians.—All these towns suffered severely; but chiefly, Brookfield and Deerfield. Early in February following, they made several incursions in Rhode Island, and on the 10th of the same month, early in the morning, the Wamponoags led by Philip,† accompanied by the Narrhagansetts, his allies, and also by the Nipmucs and Nashuas, whom he persuaded to join with him, made a desperate attack upon Lancaster. His forces consisted of 1500 men, who invested the town in "five distinct bodies and places,"‡ burning the unfortified houses and killing several of the inhabitants. After destroying other parts of the town, they came to the house of Mr. Rowlandson, the clergyman of the place. This house was pleasantly situated on the brow of a small hill, commanding a fine view of the valley of the north branch of the Nashua, and the ampitheatre of hills to the west, north and east. It was filled with inhabitants and soldiers to the number of forty-two, and was guarded only in front, not like the other garrisons, with flankers at the opposite angles.

The onset was furious, and the inhabitants defended themselves with the greatest bravery, more than two hours, against a very great number of the enemy. In all probability the defence would have been successful, and the town might have been saved, had the

* His Indian name, and the one by which he should be called, was Metacom or Metacomet, Sachem of the Wamponoags.

† This we state on the authority of Harrington. The author of a pamphlet we have by us, printed in the autumn of 1675—entitled a "Brief and true Narrative of the late wars risen in New England," &c. says, "We are told that Philip is fled to the French at Canada for succor." Mather says, that the French from Canada sent recruits to aid in the war. We see no reason to doubt Philip's being at the attack on Lancaster. He probably returned from Canada early in the winter with the recruits.

‡ Wheeler's garrison, now South part of Bolton—Prescott's garrison, near Poignard and Plant's manufactory—Rev. Mr Rowlandson's, ½ of a mile south west of the Church—and the other two points of attack, it is not easy to ascertain.

house been properly fortified. But there was no fortification at the back of the house, and the enemy were able to carry on their operations in that quarter with comparatively feeble resistance. At this point they made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to set fire to the building. Failing in every attempt of this kind, they filled a cart with combustible materials, and rolled it towards the house, which was soon enveloped in flames. The inhabitants, finding all their efforts unavailing, and fearing lest they should be destroyed by the flames, were compelled to surrender to the cruel foe. Only one of the men escaped; the rest, twelve in number, were either put to death on the spot, or were reserved for torture. The women and children were spared, only to suffer a merciless captivity. Among the slain, were, Thomas Rowlandson, brother to the clergyman; Mrs. Kerley, wife of Capt. Kerley, and sister to Mrs. Rowlandson; also a child and nephew of Mrs. R. Mrs. Drew,* another sister was of the captives. Mrs. Kerley was killed in attempting to escape. Another woman (Mrs. Joslin) who was not in a situation to travel, was struck down by the Indians, and thrown into a large fire, where she perished.†

It is not possible to ascertain the precise number of those who were killed, and taken captive. At least, there were fifty persons, and one account says fifty five.‡ About one half of these suffered death. No less than seventeen of Rev. Mr. Rowlandson's family and connections were put to death or taken prisoners. Mr. Rowlandson, Capt. Kerley and Mr. Drew, were at this time in Boston, soliciting military aid from Gov. Leverett and the Council, to protect the settlement at Lancaster. But the fell destroyers had been busy in their absence; their habitations were reduced to ashes; and of their wives, one had met with death at the threshold of her dwelling; and the two others were in the power of a relentless enemy, pursuing their course through the pathless forest, in the gloomiest season of the year, suffering for the common comforts of life, and without one ray of hope to brighten a moment of their existence.

* We give this name on the authority of "News from New England:" We do not recollect having met with it elsewhere.

† This was probably afterwards, however; about the 23d or 24th of February, when the captives were in the neighborhood of Payquaoge or Miller's river. This we say on the authority of Mrs. Rowlandson herself. Mrs. Joslin was near the time of her confinement.—She had a child in her arms two years old, and entreated of the Savages that she might be permitted to return home. The Indians cast them both into the flames.

‡ News from New England, printed 1676.

Mrs. Rowlandson was taken as she was leaving the house, by a Narrhaganset Indian, and sold to a Sagamore named Quannopin, who was connected with Philip by marriage, their squaws being sisters. The Indians made great plunder in various parts of the town. They were forced, however, to quit this scene of their destructive efforts on the appearance of Capt. Wadsworth,* who hearing of the distressed situation of the town, immediately marched from Marlborough with forty men. The Indians had removed the planks from the bridge,† to prevent the passage of horsemen; the river was high, but Wardsworth at length succeeded in passing it. He stationed his men in different parts of the town, and remained there some days.

But so great was the alarm of the inhabitants and such the general state of the country, and so numerous were the Indians, against whom those who dwelt in border towns felt no security, that when the troops withdrew, about six weeks afterwards, the inhabitants under their protection deserted the town after destroying all the remaining houses, excepting two. The restoration of peace by the death of Philip in August, 1676, did not restore their courage and confidence. Lancaster remained a vacated place, till Oct. 1679, when a committee‡ was appointed by the County Court to rebuild the town.

We shall say nothing now of the captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson, as we propose to give in a future number a narrative, by itself, of her various "removes," or to incorporate it in a historical sketch of the town of Lancaster. J. W.

THE EMMET.

No. I.

It cannot but be expected of him who engages in the magazine trade, that he will do something more than merely furnish substantial articles of history, or produce pretty good poetry. Man, whether in the wilds of Missouri or the streets of Boston, is terribly given to speculation. The same extravagance that compels him to

* Capt. Samuel Wadsworth of Milton—he was killed on the 18th of April following, at Sudbury, in a severe battle with the Indians; a monument over his grave, on the spot where he fell, was erected by his son, Rev. President Wardsworth of Harvard College.

† At that time there was but one bridge in town; it stood 40 or 50 rods to the east of what is called the center bridge, which is at the confluence of the two branches of the Nashuah.

‡ Oct. 7, 1679, the Committee consisted of Capt. Thomas Prentice, Dea. John Stone and William Bond.

complain of the dryness of our pages, prompts him to tax even nature with a want of interest. Do what you will, there is no satisfying his exorbitances. Though we singe him with volcanic eruptions in one number, and break his bones on the wheel of torture in the next; though we send him with Symmes into the very bowels of the earth, and there stun his ears with earthquakes; though we charge him with the most fulminating compounds, and actually blow him up; yet he will not be contented; but like a bravado still dare us to accompany him further. Valliant as we are ourselves, we have not the fortitude to enter the lists with such a fury.

Surely the present is most incontestibly an age of courageous reading. The ordinary food for the mind is become quite insipid to the intellectual palates of most readers, and like certain epicures they must have every dish so highly seasoned with spices and cayenne as to lose the taste of the meat, before any thing can become eatable. Thus in giving an account of a short ride with the ladies, we are driven to the painful alternative, either to order the carriage to upset and break their heads, or sit down and be called dull and tedious. We cannot look at the cataract of Niagara but at the expense of half a dozen precious lives, and to save our own necks, such is the bloody character of the times! we are compelled to butcher, with every circumstance of cruelty, every body that chances to pass near us. Even the women, dear souls! forgetting their natural clemency, seem never more delighted than when indulging this love of the marvellous. They have of late really become more fierce than the men. I know of many who never think of reading any other part of a newspaper than that in which deaths are recorded; and one in particular who scolded the Editor severely when she found none of her friends were dead. There! there's courageous reading for you.

To soften the asperity of the reader's taste, I have selected a title for my essays which is certainly very unpretending. Like the ant I only intend to keep about my business. I do not promise great things, for my strength enables me to do but little. I have taken a name emblematic of industry, and if I succeed in recommending the practice of this virtue to my reader, I shall have accomplished my errand.

Naturalists have long been divided in opinion which of the two was the most remarkable insect, the bee or the ant. Poets have from the beginning regarded the former as a favorite, and they have loaded it with their caresses in the most stately verse. Vir-

gil, whose admiration was greatest, thought so well of bees that he set himself about devising a process, by which, in the event of the destruction of the species, he might reproduce them, and has accordingly left a recipe for making them. The ant, however, has found no such admirers. Instead of giving it protection, most persons delight in killing it. If, at any time, it raises its pretensions, it is flattered with no other notice than, perhaps, to be trod on, or have its habitation knocked about its ears. This is the only reward it receives from ungrateful man for the useful lessons it sets him by its temperance, frugality, and industry.

It is by constant exertion, rather than by any remarkable individual effort, that man accomplishes the greatest and most stupendous works. Not he who steps quickest or is the strongest amasses greatest wealth, but he who is most temperate and industrious. By proper industry man may do almost any thing. The Germans have a saying, finely illustrating our individual resources, which is, "speak the commanding word *I will* and the work is done." Chatterton once said of men of letters, if they would abstain from eating too much, the Almighty had given them arms long enough to reach any thing. The old proverb, "constant dropping will wear away a stone" holds true with almost every engagement in life. B.

POETRY.

MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

My own fire-side! Those simple words,
  Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
  And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
  That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
  My own—my own Fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
  A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
  And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauties half divine,
  In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;—
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine,
  Than thou my own Fire-side!

What care I for the sullen roar
  Of winds without, that ravage earth;

It doth but bid me prize the more,
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
I cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads—my own Fire-side!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care,
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There, all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
Have never made their hated lair,
By thee—my own Fire-side!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fire-side!

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys;
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fire-side!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—my own FIRE-SIDE!

MARRIAGES.

Brookfield—Col. Joseph Robinson and Miss Caroline Cutler Banister.
Holden—Rev. Prescot Cummings and Miss Alone Davis.
Hardwick—Lieut. Luke Earle and Miss Hannah B. Lane.
Paxton—Mr. Silas Bigelow and Miss Adeline Baxter. Dea. Nathan Swan and Mrs. Sarah Munroe.
Oxford—Mr. John Stone and Miss Pamelia Stone.

DEATHS.

Berlin—Sally Howe—aged 17.
Hubbardston—Levi Conant—50. Dr. Moses N. Phelps—75. James Thompson—83.
Sterling—Ebenezer Fitch—76.
Westminster—Joseph Estabrook—49. John Estabrook—69.
Spencer—Mrs. Eliza Gates—23.
Royalston—Isaac Gale—66.
Worcester—Miss Betsey Bullard.
West Boylston—Joseph Morse—68.
Rutland—Miss Sally Howe—81.
Princeton—Miss Lucinda Dana—33.
Leicester—Joshua Smith—91.
Charlton—Gershom Harwood—69.
Holden—Miss Mary Bennet—22.
Gardner—Widow Hannah Conant—96.
Petersham—Mrs. Sally Wilson—42.
Oxford—Stephen Webster—32. Mrs. Caty Vassal—79.
New Braintree—Nathan Sargent—80.
Athol—Dea. Aaron Oliver—75.
Barre—Nathaniel Phillips—90.
Northbridge—Widow Patience Goldthwait—89.

Thermometrical Register.

JANUARY, 1826.

Days.	*Sun rise.*	*Noon.*	*Sun set.*	*Wind, Weather, &c.*
1	34	37	38	S. W.—S.—E.—cloudy, rainy.
2	26	27	26	W.—W.—W.—fair, cloudy, fair.
3	24	30	28	W.—W.—W.—fair.
4	36	33	26	W.—W.—W.—fair, cloudy.
5	10	16	13	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
6	10	23	22	S. W.—W.—W.—fair, cloudy.
7	28	32	36	S. W.—S.—S. W.—snowy, cloudy.
8	38	44	44	S. W.—S.—S. W.—wet, cloudy.
9	40	39	38	S. W.—S. W.—S. W.—rainy.
10	46	57	55	S.—S.—S.—cloudy, rainy.
11	38	44	40	W.—W.—N. W.—fair.
12	36	38	34	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—cloudy, fair.
13	22	35	34	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair, cloudy.
14	28	32	26	N.—N. E.—N. E.—cloudy, snow, rainy.
15	32	38	40	S.—S. W.—W.—rainy, cloudy.
16	30	29	26	S. W.—W.—W.—snowy, fair, cloudy.
17	22	30	29	W.—W.—W.—fair.
18	18	31	27	W.—S. W.—W.—fair.
19	16	32	32	W.—S. W.—W.—cloudy, fair.
20	15	28	27	N. W.—N. W.—N.—fair, cloudy.
21	20	35	28	N. W.—N. W.—W.—fair, cloudy.
22	14	23	28	N.—N. W.—N. W.—fair, cloudy.
23	12	33	33	W.—S.—S. W.—cloudy, snow night.
24	30	30	30	S. W.—N. E.—N.—snowy.
25	12	17	10	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
26	0	14	12	N. W.—W.—W.—fair.
27	1	22	25	W.—N. W.—S. W.—fair, cloudy.
28	28	44	35	W.—W.—W.—fair.
29	24	35	26	W.—W.—N. W.—fair, cloudy.
30	14	26	22	W.—W.—W.—fair, cloudy, snow.
31	1 b 0	6 b 0	6 b 0	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.

MISCELLANY.

ORIGINAL.

JOURNEY FROM CANADA.

No. 1.

Reader, if you wish to hear what there is interesting in a "Tour to Canada," read Silliman, if you wish to know what there is in Canada, read Bouchette, but if you wish to know what *we* saw on our way back from there, read this. This is all we propose, and all you can expect. We have not yet learned to travel in our closets, nor should we feel justified to print as our own what was once another's, although we may have fairly purchased it of our bookseller.

In the first place, you must suppose us within his Majesty's dominion, whither we had been carried amidst the crowd of visitors, who during the summer of '25 filled the "hotels" and "mansion houses," and steam boats of Montreal, Quebec, and the St. Lawrence.

In the next place, suppose us to have parted with a grave companion, and ourselves and our baggage on board the beautiful little steam boat Le Canadian, getting under way on the morning of the 3d of August—and if after this you will follow us on our route homeward, we will engage to hurry you over the scenes we witnessed as fast as we were carried by them in stages and steam boats, and that the detail of them shall not, if possible, be more dreary and tedious than much of that route proved to be in the hot and dusty time of year we had chosen for our return.

We started from the city of Montreal at nine o'clock in the morning, for La Prairie, which is nine miles distant, in a southwestwardly direction, upon the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and is pretty distinctly visible from the former place. The current of the river is so rapid much of the distance between these places, that the boat made but slow progress, and we had ample time to look around us to see who were our companions, and also to note the scenes we passed. Our boat was crowded with a most motley cargo of humanity: English and Irish; Canadians and Yankees; Yankees from the north and Yankees from the south; Beauty and deformity; men and women; horses and wagons; charettes, bandboxes and trunks, were huddled together on the deck of the little boat, and every thing that had a tongue was using it as if these nine miles were the last of their pilgrimage. Behind us, lay the city with its mountain in the back ground, and there, gradually dimin-

ishing in size and distinctness, were seen steeples and domes of churches, the grey walls of the nunneries, the masts and dark hulls of the vessels at the quay; and around the city, amidst a country teeming with the richest harvests, the fine seats of private gentlemen were scattered, giving life and beauty to the scene. Farther down, in the midst of the majestic St. Lawrence, the eye rested on the island of St. Helena, with its neat white fortifications, and the flag of King George floating above them. On our right, was a rich and fertile island, said to have been, till recently, the residence of the "grey nuns." All these, and a thousand other interesting features in the scenery, we had already often contemplated with interest, and could now only give them a farewell glance. We admired the skill of our pilot in conducting us safely through a most intricate channel, while destruction in all the forms of rocks and eddies and rapids threatened us in our course. So rapid was the current that it was noon before we reached La Prairie. We had preferred this route to the one sometimes taken, as we had less distance to travel by land, which at any time of year, in this country, is to be avoided as much as possible. There are two routes travelled from Montreal to St. John's, one being through La Prairie and the other directly crossing the river from Montreal to Longuiel, and from thence across the country through the town of Chambly on the Sorelle river. I cannot answer for the character of the latter, but that of the former is wretched enough. La Prairie at a distance has rather a pretty appearance. The steeples of its churches being covered with tin, glitter in the sun, and the town, being stretched along the river, seems to be of considerable magnitude, but when we came into it, its importance dwindled extremely. It is flat and dirty, and the houses looked old and without taste or beauty. We were detained an hour or more for a stage to take us on, and though at last stowed ten inside in a hot dusty day, we were glad to get on even in that way, though we found ourselves dragged by jaded horses over a flat, clayey, parched up country, without a single interesting prospect, (if we except the race ground, which for ought we knew might sometimes be an interesting spot,) till we came to the river Sorelle, three miles below St. Johns. On the banks of this river we found two or three good farms and comfortable looking houses. The distance from La Prairie to St. Johns is 18 miles, and the country is as dull and uninteresting as can be imagined. The population is very spare, and those who do exist there must have a hard struggle to continue existence. We were informed at

one house that there were few or no wells between these places. That family used water from a creek that was then low and stagnant, and the water of a green tinge. Yet the inhabitants seemed to have a good share of hospitality, and were obliging and civil, and contented with their situation. For the pleasure of being thus crowded and roasted for this 18 miles, we only paid $2 as stage fare. Being so long delayed, we did not get to St. Johns until after the dinner hour, and as the steam boat was waiting for us, we were obliged to snatch what we could from a table where others had dined, and hurry off to the boat. We had not therefore any opportunity to look around us in St. Johns, enough to describe it any farther than first impressions so hastily made and faintly recollected will allow. It is situated at the outlet of Lake Champlain, on the west side of the river Sorelle. By means of the water communication it enjoys with the U. States by the lake, there is considerable business done here. But the local situation of the place is any thing but pleasant. The country around is the same dead level as between this and the St. Lawrence, nor are there any elegant houses or fine public buildings to enliven the dull scene. The village covers a considerable extent of ground, and the houses are of the true Canadian stamp. Had we come to this place from the United States, we might probably have seen a variety of things to interest and amuse us, but as it was, we were much more anxious to secure a passage in the boat than to stay and hunt up the picturesque in such a place.

We had been in the Provinces for three or four weeks, during which time amidst a foreign language, strange forms and faces, his Majesty's red coated soldiers, and his red cross'd flag, we felt that we were among foreigners, among men who were not Americans in the sense in which that word is there used, and it was with no small delight that we first saw the flag of our country on the steam boat "Congress." We thought how triumphantly it had waved on the bosom of that lake, when the gallant M'Donough bore it on to victory. It seemed like the genius of our country, guarding her sons in a foreign land, and protecting their rights and property, and if we ever felt a pride of country, it was in pursuing the train of associations which were then awaked.

The very vessel upon which it was borne was a proud monument of the triumph of American genius, holding as she did her destined course through the waters, regardless of their currents, or the impotent resistence of the winds. It was with these feelings of

self complacency that we entered the boat and were happy to find no occasion for disappointment or chagrin.

Lake Champlain had much the appearance of a river for many miles from St. Johns, as it is quite narrow, and has nothing to remind one of its being a lake but its name. The banks upon either side appear to be as low, or lower, than the surface of the lake, and entirely destitute of cultivation. The passage for many miles was extremely destitute of interesting objects. The first one we saw was Isle au Noix, about one mile in extent, upon which there are extensive fortifications. The channel here is narrow, and the boat passed very near the Island. It appeared to be of the same flat surface as the neighboring country. The barrack was a very handsome building, facing the channel through which we passed, having in front a fine parade ground, and on either side the buildings usually attached to a military post. We saw the decaying vessels which were prepared, or in process of preparation, about the close of the late war, to regain, if possible, the ascendancy of the lake. The number appeared to have been very considerable, and from those of large size to the gun boat. But the sheds under which many of them were placed were, like the vessels, fast decaying, and new treasures must be expended before the thunder of artillery can again wake the echo of war along the peaceful shores of Champlain. There appeared to be but few soldiers upon the island, and those were either lounging in the barrack yard or sitting on the little piers by the lake, catching fish, or asleep. The government, no doubt, esteem this as an important post, as it completely commands the channel of the lake, and the passage into Canada from the United States. They were erecting new fortifications upon the south end of the island, and it had the appearance of very considerable strength. The Captain of the Congress sent his boat ashore here, a ceremony, we understand, which he always has to go through.

We passed, towards evening, Rouse's point, upon which the U. States began an extensive military work, but upon establishing the line it was found to be within the Province of Canada, and consequently abandoned by our government. Nothing has been done to it since. The part upon which any considerable work had been done seemed to be an octagonal tower of hewn stone, raised to the height of perhaps 25 or 30 feet. It is so situated as completely to command the passage of the lake, here quite narrow, and, standing upon a little peninsula, must be difficult of approach upon the land side. It was an interesting object standing alone in the grey of the

evening, the only object around upon which the hand of man appeared to have exerted its power, and that deserted and abandoned and going to decay under the influence of the climate, and the insufficiency of its foundation, having been built upon marshy land.

The line separating the United States from Canada passes a few rods south of this tower, and it was with great satisfaction that we felt ourselves breathing American air. We had, it is true, been most hospitably treated under his Majesty's government, and while others sung "God save the King," they did not compel us to respond to it. We had thought and said just what we pleased, but after all, there is a feeling of attachment to our homes, and next to that to our country, which cannot be overcome; and wretched must be the exile even amidst the splendor of courts, who feels that his exile is involuntary, and who sighs for the green fields of his country.

We took our supper on the American side of the line, and we found every thing to our heart's and stomach's content. We had seen all the cabin passengers singly by themselves, but we now found them all seated at one table, and were again amused at the group around us. On our right was a lady who had never before left Montreal, and next to her a lady who had once before been in the United States, and consequently knew every thing about the country. It happened that we had several dishes of black-berries served up with sugar upon the table, and the first lady was quite curious to know what berries they were; 'why, they are whortleberries, to be sure,' answered the second, but she found herself most unhesitatingly corrected by a lady from one of our cities, who assured her they were mulberries. On our left was Mr. B. one of the Aldermen of the city of ——, who had sat all the afternoon on the sunny side of the deck asleep. His face was the most rubicund imaginable. It had, however, rather the tinge of Cherry rum, and his form was that of a beer barrel. He hardly seemed satisfied with his supper, though he did ample justice to it, while he most rapturously descanted to a little pale looking man opposite upon the delicious fish he should have when he arrived to New York.

Having drank enough river water the day before in Montreal to derange our digestive system, and too much to put it in requisition at this time, we quitted the table before his eulogy was through, and before we had particularly marked any but our immediate neighbors.

Soon after passing the line, the American custom house officer,

who happened to be a fellow passenger, politely enquired whether we had any contraband goods in our trunks, and upon our assuring him we had not, and opening several of them, and exhibiting a goodly quantity of soiled linen and dirty stockings, he left us and we pursued our way.

The first town we passed in sight of, on the New York side of the line, was Champlain. It appeared to have a considerable number of houses, mostly unpainted, but it was so dark we could distinguish them but faintly. The shores here were more elevated, and become in some places quite abrupt.

Darkness soon closed upon the surrounding scenery, and as there was no moon to keep our fancy or imagination awake, while its long line of light danced over the rippling waves of the lake, and we were moreover sick, tired, and sleepy, so far as our corporeal system was concerned, we retired early to our crib by the side of the cabin, and were soon lulled to sleep by the incessant dash of the water against the part of the boat where was our birth, the rumbling sound of the machinery, and the whizzing of the steam as it escaped from the boiler. How long we slept, or how far, we cannot tell, but we were awakened by the preparations which were making to land at Plattsburg. Having a strong inclination to see this place, we "turned out," but were unable to gratify our curiosity. A long line of white buildings indistinctly seen were pointed out as the barracks of the United States soldiers, the last detachment of which had recently left them. This was all that we could discern of the town or the country around it. The moon had just risen, but was of that red color it sometimes wears when its light faintly struggles through the blue mists along the horizon. But we saw or thought we saw, some of the Islands near which M^c^Donough's little fleet gained for their country the command of that important lake, and for their commander and themselves a deathless fame. That event is too closely interwoven with the history of our country for any one to pass the scene of its accomplishment without a glow of enthusiasm, or without paying a tribute of admiration to the memory of him who forgot not the feelings and sympathies of the man in the glory and applause of the hero. After indulging in the train of reflections awakened by a recollection of the events that had transpired here, and enquiring of a civil fellow passenger the spots most memorable in that transaction, and straining our eyes to catch even a slight glimpse of the shadowy forms of the objects he pointed out to us, we again sought our birth and again went through the process of

shutting our eyes, listening to the dashing of the water, the rumbling of the wheels, and new anti-somnolary sounds, the various styles of snoring adopted by our companions, from the deep bull frog snore to the gurgling rattle in the throat, like the emptying a jug of its contents, and at last went to sleep.

We were again awakened by the steward, who took it into his head that we were to stop at Burlington, and came to tell us that we were just there. After our most solemn assurance that we should not stop, he left us to our slumbers again. We found it would be in vain to attempt to see any thing if we were out of bed, and therefore had to take the word of the Captain that we did in fact pass that town at all. We had roused enough to look at a little landing place called Port Kent, on the New York side of the lake, and could only see three or four new white houses, and what affected us more, the departure of a pretty fellow passenger who had brought home with her a new Piano from Montreal, and has no doubt e'er this played "home, sweet home" upon it to some one who has paid her for the tune by sharing his own home with her. W.

SELECTED.

TO THE IVY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! how could fancy crown with *thee*
In ancient days, the God of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle plains,
Where Kings before his Eagles bent,
Entwin'd thee, with exulting strains,
Around the Victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast!
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,

Thou in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veils the desolate abodes,
And Cities of the dead.
Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry;
And rear'd midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners wav'd of yore;
O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd, and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
Unchang'd the mountain storm can brave,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
The vivid hues, by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptur'd beauty waving fair;
These perish all—and what remains?
Thou, thou alone art there!

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to Decay and thee!
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength,
Days pass—Thou Ivy art not sere,
And all is thine at length!

UNION OF THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC OCEANS.

Of all the projects which the genius of commercial enterprise has suggested, in modern times, we know of none more big with comprehensive influence upon the future destiny of nations—the future growth and direction of commerce, and the prosperity of generations unborn, than that of uniting the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The attempt of the Ptolomies of Egypt to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez was of much less consequence, either in a general or national point of view. Some timid reasoners have surmised, that it may produce consequences injurious to English maritime supremacy, drawing their analogy from the effect produced on the commerce of the world, by Gama's discovery of the passage to the East Indies, round the Cape of Good Hope. That discovery, in fact, transferred the sceptre of commercial dominion to Portugal, from the hands of Venice; although the latter power was then in the zenith of her prosperity. But the position of England is very different: the columns of her prosperity are too deeply embedded beneath the foundations of the world's social structure—too firmly incorporated with its moral opinion—too closely rivetted with the genius, character and position of her inhabitants, and too strongly corroborated by the lapse of ages, to be so shaken or subverted. The ultimate results of the undertaking are likely to be very distant; but, whether distant or near, it is quite obvious, and it has been practically proved, that England cannot do otherwise than profit by all that imparts facility or impetus to commercial intercommunication. The strength and wealth of other nations constitute the legitimate sources of her strength and wealth.

Many different spots have been suggested by Humboldt and others, in which the desired communication might be most advantageously effected; and many more might be referred to, with equal claims to attention. One project has been to descend the Rio del Norte from the Gulf of Mexico, and to unite it with the head of the Rio Colorado, by a cut across the mountains. This is far too circuitous to combine advantage with practicability. The scheme of uniting the head of the river Huafualco, which falls into the Gulf of Mexico, in about 18 deg. 30′ lat. with the head of the river Chimalapor, which falls into the bay of Tehuantepec, at about 16 deg. 30′ by a canal of about twenty miles, is more feasible: but the great difficulty is the rocky central barrier through which this canal must be cut. The same advantage and the same objection apply to many places in the provinces of Costa Rica and Viragua, in Guat-

imala, where, as far as the Isthmus of Panama, a central ridge of rocky mountains intersects the entire country; from which ridge a regular series of rivers, whose heads are not more distant from each other than the above-named, fall in parallel lines into the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The Isthmus of Panama, however, has been the favorite spot selected for the project of the canal, on account of the narrowness of the Isthmus in that quarter; but the mountainous and unproductive character of the country, and the little knowledge which is possessed of its topographical detail, has always contributed to thwart the views of the projectors. There is, at present, a more practicable design on foot, and which we have little doubt will be carried into speedy execution, viz. to effect the desired communication in the direction of Lake Nicaragua. A glance at the map will show the facilities which are offered by that portion of the *terra firma* of Guatimala. On the east, the lake communicates with the Atlantic by means of the river St. Juan, which is sixty four miles in length, and although not at present navigable, except for flat bottomed vessels, is capable of being rendered navigable for ships of large burden, throughout its whole extent. It is proposed, we understand, to make a cut in the south side of the lake, about fourteen miles in length (as it is calculated,) and navigable for ships of large burden; which cut is to communicate with the bay of Nicoya, in the Pacific Ocean, in lat. 10 deg.

With the general views of the projectors, as far as the lake Nicaragua is made the centre of operations, we concur, as we have said; but with its details we totally disagree. As far, also, as the river St. Juan is concerned, nothing can be objected. The course of that river is through a country replete with animal and vegetable productions; rich in mineral wealth, and redundant with commercial capabilities. The great labor, with regard to the eastern or Atlantic side of the lake, is accomplished to the hands of the projectors, and nothing remains but to open a communication on the western, or Pacific side. Here nothing opposes itself but a narrow unobstructed strip of land, in some places fifteen, in others not more than ten miles in breadth. For what purpose then prolong the distance of the communication over a tract of country forty miles in length, and over a mountainous ridge, which separates the district of Nicaragua from that of Nicoya? The head of the river Nicoya is on the southernmost side of this ridge; but we are greatly mistaken, if a canal of less than twenty or twenty four miles in length (and not fourteen,) will reach it from the southernmost point

of the lake Nicaragua. It is suggested, we presume, on account of the natural advantages of the Gulph of Salinas, into which the river Nicoya falls, as a sea port; but the Gulph of Papagayo offers scarcely less advantage on the western side of the strip of land which divides lake Nicaragua from the Pacific Ocean. In short, it is a remarkable fact which appears to have escaped the projectors, of the Nicoya line, that the communication on the western side is already completed by nature, as well as on the east; and all that nature wants is a little art, in order to improve the advantage she offers: for the river De Partido, which runs from east to west, through the upper part of the province of Nicoya, communicates by an arm of not more than ten miles in length, with lake Nicaragua, and falls at the distance of another ten miles, into the bay of Papagayo, at Brito Creek, where there is an excellent roadstead for shipping. The communication we now recommend, is, therefore, to ascend the river De Partido at Brito Creek to enter lake Nicaragua, traverse the lake from west to east, skirting the volcanic and romantic islet of Ometepec, and so descend, by means of the river St. Juan, into the Atlantic. The harbor of St. John forms the eastern, the harbor of Brito the western points of the line.

We will now give a few topographical details of the province of Nicaragua, which are interesting in point of novelty, and are necessary to a perfect view of the practicability and advantage of the projected communication.

The lake of Nicaragua may rank among the most extensive of the world; being more than 180 miles long from west to east, and nearly 100 broad from north to south. It has every where a depth of ten fathoms, with a muddy bottom, except along the shore, where there is a clear sand. The city is supplied with water from the lake, which also furnishes an inexhaustible abundance of fine fish. It is rendered extremely picturesque, by the numerous small islands with which the surface is studded. These are all uncultivated, except Ometep, which is inhabited, and on which there is a lofty volcano of a conical shape, which emits both flames and smoke. Although a great number of rivers fall into this basin, and the river St. Juan is the only visible outlet; it is remarked, as an extraordinary phenomenon, that there is no indication, at any time, of increase or decrease of the waters. On the north, the district of Matagalpa, and many large farms for breeding cattle, border the lake. On the east, the river St. Juan communicates with the Atlantic, and on the west is the lake of Leon, which is connected by a canal with

that of Nicaragua, and extends upwards of fifty miles in length, by thirty in breadth.

The principal towns in the district of Nicaragua are Granada, New Segova, and Leon.

Granada is a handsome and agreeable city on the margin of the great lake of Nicaragua; its figure is that of a parallelogram, fortified by natural dykes which serve as fosses. The situation of this city, close to the lake, by which there is a direct communication with the Atlantic, and its contiguity to the Pacific Ocean, affords the most advantageous facilities for carrying on an extensive commerce. The population is about 6,000 souls. New Segovia, through the residence of the Deputy Intendant General of Leon, is small, containing not more than 1,000 souls, Spaniards and Ladinos. The city was repeatedly ravaged by the Mosquito Indians, aided by English pirates, which obliged the inhabitants to change the situation of their abode three several times. The city of Leon was founded in 1523, by Fernandez de Cordova. It contains a cathedral church; three convents; a college, and the treasury of the intendency. Its population is between 7,000 and 8,000.

In the neighborhood of New Segovia is El Corpus, which was considered, at one time, as the richest mine in the kingdom of Guatimala. It produced gold in so great a quantity, as to excite, at first, a suspicion as to the reality of the metal; and a treasury was established on the spot, for the sole purpose of receiving the king's fifths.

The district of Nicoya, which is bounded by the Pacific on the west, and the lake Nicaragua on the north, stretches twenty three leagues east and west, by twenty, north and south. The land is of a very fertile description, though it yields but little for want of hands to cultivate it; scarcely producing maize enough for the consumption of the inhabitants, who, in addition to the scanty harvest, rear a few heads of cattle. Pearls are found on the coast, and a species of shell fish (the ancient muryx,) out of which they press a fluid that will dye cotton or woollen, of a permanent and beautiful purple. The climate is hot and humid; and the population so thin as hardly to number 3,000 souls, comprising all the farms, and the only village of the district. The latter is called Nicoya, and is situated on a river of the same name, navigable from the sea for vessels of moderate tonnage. This short sketch of the topography of the district, corroborates the views we have antecedently taken of the impolicy and impracticability of conducting an artificial com-

munication through this district; while its pearl fishery on the Pacific, its purple, and its fertility recommend the comparatively short passage along the elbow of the river De Partidos, which encloses the town of Nicaragua, and unites the Pacific and the lake.

The temperature of Nicaragua is very hot, so as not to produce wheat, but it yields various articles peculiar to the climate, bountifully—excellent grapes, and other delicious fruits, cocoa, indigo, and cotton, besides various medicinal drugs, and especially the gum called carana. The forests afford large quantities of valuable timber of several species, and also various kinds of quadrupeds, and rare birds; but the soil is, however, unfavorable to sheep. The rivers, the coasts, and the creeks furnish an inexhaustible supply of fish of all kinds.

But it is not only to the peculiar commodities of Nicaragua that the projected canal would furnish access: it opens a career for carrying on an unbounded and most profitable commerce in all the various and rich productions of Guatimala; its inexhaustible forests of valuable wood, brazil, caoba, mahogany, logwood, and guayacan; its abundance of medicinal plants, fruits and roots; its profusion of gums and balsams, estimable for their fragrance, curative virtues or other uses; its multitude of vegetable and mineral productions that minister to the necessities and luxuries of life—its pepper, cochineal, saffron, sulphur, saltpetre, mother-of-pearl, tortoise shell, cordage, sailcloth and cotton; tobacco, indigo, sugar and cocoa; its forty or fifty genera of native and delicious fruits, which grow even on the mountains, so fertile is the soil, without cultivation; the beautiful varieties of its animal and floral kingdoms; and, lastly, the abundant productions of its mines, gold, silver, iron, lead, and calc.

SELECTED FROM MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

MR. PITT.

In judging of the policy of Mr. Pitt, during the Revolutionary war, his partizans, we know, laud it as having been the means of salvation to England, while his opponents assert that it was only prevented by chance from being her ruin—and though the event gives an appearance of triumph to the former opinion, it by no means removes or even weakens the grounds of the latter. During the first nine years of his administration, Mr. Pitt was, in every respect, an able and most useful minister, and, "while the sea was calm, showed mastership in floating." But the great events tha

happened afterwards took him by surprise. When he came to look abroad from his cabinet into the storm that was brewing through Europe, the clear and enlarged view of the higher order of statesmen was wanting. Instead of elevating himself above the influence of the agitation and alarm that prevailed, he gave way to it with the crowd of ordinary minds, and even took counsel from the panic of others. The consequence was a series of measures, violent at home and inefficient abroad—far short of the mark where vigor was wanting, and beyond it, as often, where vigor was mischievous.

When we are told to regard his policy as the salvation of the country—when, (to use a figure of Mr. Dundas,) a *claim of salvage* is made for him,—it may be allowed us to consider a little the nature of the measures, by which this alleged salvation was achieved. If entering into a great war without either consistency of plan, or preparation of means, and with a total ignorance of the financial resources of the enemy—if allowing one part of the Cabinet to flatter the French Royalists, with the hope of seeing the Bourbons restored to undiminished power, while the other part acted, whenever an opportunity offered, upon the plan of dismembering France for the aggrandizement of Austria, and thus, at once, alienated Prussia at the very moment of subsidizing him, and lost the confidence of all the Royalist party in France, except the few who were ruined by English assistance at Quiberon—if going to war in 1793 for the right of the Dutch to a river, and so managing it that in 1794 the Dutch lost their whole Seven Provinces—if lavishing more money upon failures than the successes of a century had cost, and supporting this profusion by schemes of finance, either hollow and delusive, like the Sinking Fund, or desperately regardless of the future, like the paper issues—if driving Ireland into rebellion by the perfidious recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and reducing England to two of the most fearful trials, that a nation, depending upon Credit and a navy, could encounter, the stoppage of her Bank and a mutiny in her fleet—if, finally, floundering on from effort to effort against France, and then dying upon the ruins of the last Coalition he could muster against her—if all this betokens a wise and able minister, then is Mr. Pitt most amply entitled to that name;—then are the lessons of wisdom to be read, like Hebrew, backward, and waste and rashness and systematic failure to be held the only true means of saving a country.

Had even success, by one of those anomalous accidents, which sometimes baffle the best founded calculations of wisdom, been the

immediate result of this long monotony of error, it could not, except with those to whom the event is every thing—"*Eventus, stultorum, magister*"—reflect back merit upon the means by which it was achieved, or, by a retrospective miracle, convert that into wisdom, which chance had only saved from the worst consequences of folly. Just as well might we be called upon to pronounce Alchemy a wise art, because a perseverance in its failures and reveries had led by accident to the discoveries of Chemistry. But even this sanction of good luck was wanting to the unredeemed mistakes of Mr. Pitt. During the eight years that intervened between his death and the termination of the contest, the adoption of a far wiser policy was forced upon his more tractable pupils; and the only share that his measures can claim in the successful issue of the war, is that of having produced the grievance that was then abated—of having raised up the power opposed to him to the portentous and dizzy height, from which it then fell by the giddiness of its own elevation, and by the reaction, not of the Princes, but the people of Europe against its yoke.

SELECTED.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

Tom Sheridan, (who to kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition added social talents, which, if not of the high and commanding order of his father's, were infinitely more agreeable to those who knew him) used to tell a story *for* and *against* himself, which, as it is a period, when story telling is quite admissible, we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at poor Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather Hampstead) and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighboring squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict—Tom took a position and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Halloo! you Sir," said the Squire, when within half-ear-shot, "what are you doing here, Sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, Sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, Sir," said the Squire.

"I'm here, Sir," said Tom.

"Here, Sir," said the Squire, growing angry, "and do you know where here *is*, Sir—these Sir are *my* manors; what do you think of that, Sir, eh?"

"Why, Sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, Sir," said the Squire, "I hate jokes. Who are you, Sir—what are you!"

"Why, Sir," said Tom, "My name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the Squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh?—well Sir, I could not know that, Sir—I—"

"No, Sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan," said the Squire, "you don't know, Sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in my place I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, Sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?"

The Squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

SELECTED.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forest of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus *they* rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond on earth!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ORIGINAL.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

There are few individuals in society who have experienced the vicissitudes of life, whose histories would be entirely destitute of interest, or from whose experience useful lessons may not be drawn. Almost every one holds relations in life that are in themselves interesting and important; and the biographer who should raise the curtain that shuts out private life from the public eye, might hope to amuse, even though no important reflections should result from such exposure.

The subject of the memoir which we would now present to the public, has been too long gathered to his fathers for us to give any thing more than a mere outline, either of his private life, or of those traits of mind and character that make him and his memory respected, while many of his cotemporaries, born to better fortunes and fairer prospects, have been buried in oblivion.

St. John Honeywood was born in Leicester, Mass. Feb. 7, 1763. His father was John Honeywood, a distinguished Physician of his

day, who had emigrated from England soon after the political excitement there, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and from a kind of mystery that hung over his early life, was supposed to have been engaged in the political difficulties of that period. His mother was a daughter of Thomas Steele, Esq. of Leicester, who was a prominent and influential man in the times preceding and during the war of the revolution.

It is pleasant, amidst the great politicians and warriors of that period, to whom our country owes its independence and liberty, who were so numerous that the lustre of each seems to be obscured by their collective splendor, to dwell upon the character of one who seemed by nature to be designed for the more quiet but scarcely less glorious course of life of a votary to the muses and a master of the arts that elevate and dignify while they adorn society.

The subject of this memoir was early deprived of both his parents, and left almost destitute of patrimony. He was not destitute of friends, who felt much interested in his welfare, and supplied, so far as was possible, the heavy loss he had sustained. He early began to exhibit those peculiarities of genius, which, under proper cultivation, would have raised him high among the men of genius of our country. Anecdotes are told that show how early the traits of his character were developed: one of which we beg to relate. When a mere child, his Aunt, who had the care of him, took him to meeting one Sabbath with her. In the adjoining pew to that where he was placed, an elderly gentleman was seated, who had very striking features, and when listening to the sermon suffered his chin to fall and his tongue to escape from his mouth. This attracted young Honeywood's attention, and his aunt was not a little scandalized to find him gazing intently upon the old gentleman, with his chin and tongue in the same position, and as she supposed, mocking him. Accordingly when she came home she began to reprimand him for his improper behavior. He seemed, however, unconscious of having done any thing improper, and after listening to her reproof he left the room and soon returned with a most striking likeness of the old gentleman drawn with a pen. His aunt was delighted with the picture, and readily forgave him his supposed fault. He gave as early indications of a taste for poetry and an aptness and facility in communicating his thoughts in measured numbers; specimens of which are still preserved by his friends, though we do not feel at liberty to transcribe them here.

His early promise attracted the notice of a liberal gentleman,

belonging to Connecticut, who accidentally became acquainted with him, and generously offered to assist him in obtaining a public education. For this purpose he went to Lebanon, in Connecticut, where he prepared to enter Yale College. Dr. Stiles was then President of that institution; he admitted Honeywood into his family and generously aided and patronized him in his exertions to obtain his education. A friendship here commenced between them that continued during their lives. It was certainly indicative of a liberal mind on the part of Dr. Stiles to receive and patronize a poor and humble orphan, like Honeywood, and evidence of merit on the part of the latter, that a friendship thus formed should have been cherished by the former, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages. He graduated from College with a high character as a scholar, and then went to Schenectady, where he had the charge of an academy; afterwards he went into the office of P. W. Yates, Esq. in Albany, for the purpose of studying law. He resided there two years, and then was admitted to the bar and commenced business in Salem, N. Y. He soon rose to very considerable eminence in his profession, and his reputation as a lawyer was unblemished. He was at one time a master in chancery, and afterwards clerk of the county of Washington, and contrary to the usual fate of men of genius, he acquired a considerable estate by the practice of his profession. His constitution was rather feeble, and he died at the age of only thirty four years. He was married to a daughter of Col. Mosely, of Westfield, who survived him, and is yet living. He left no children, and his sister, the late Mrs. Samuel Allen, of Worcester, was the last survivor of his family.

He was known and admired as a man of fine genius, though his professional duties and the avocations of an active life occupied so much of his time that few specimens of the powers of his mind survive him. A small volume of his poems was published sometime after his death, to which was prefixed a short memoir of his life, from which we have borrowed pretty freely. His poems were of a miscellaneous kind, and though some of them indicate a delicate and refined taste, he excelled in the humorous and severe. In justice, however, to Honeywood's reputation, it should be known, that his works were not published until after his death, and some of them from the original and uncorrected manuscripts. One of his humorous little poems has been too often re-published to need transcribing here to refresh the recollection of our readers, beginning "when Darby saw the setting sun," founded upon an actual at-

tempt in a neighboring town by man and wife to settle the question of the comparative arduousness of each other's task in life.

He seems to have been possessed of a great share of wit, often giving to his poetry that character in which, as in painting, he particularly excelled, the caricature. In this style of drawing he was very successful, although his genius was wholly uncultivated. He also succeeded well in historical pieces, although uninstructed and without any opportunity of studying the works of masters.

He was withal very eccentric from his childhood, but with all his eccentricities, he had a fine heart, a delicate sensibility, and a nice sense of honor. Though sometimes abstracted, he was an amusing companion and a valuable friend. Notwithstanding his literary taste, and his fondness for the fine arts, he was a politician, and it might be said of him as was said of a greater man, "How many an Ovid 's in a Murray lost." He was one of the Electors of President when John Adams was chosen. Many of his poetical productions of that day were of a political cast, and partook very much of the spirit of the times. Among these in the volume before us are to be found "The mob call, or the charter of Sedition," "A poetical address to citizen Adet," &c. from the very titles of which the character of the productions may be inferred, though there is so much wit and good humor mixed with the satire, that they are not without their interest. even at this day, when happily the feelings that prompted them have subsided, and are almost forgotten.

We are aware that in this hasty sketch we have done injustice to the character and memory of Honeywood, but the want of authentic documents precludes almost the possibility of doing it justice. He early left the place of his nativity, and it is only of that period of his life that a recollection is preserved by those who knew him and survived him. Yet we trust even this sketch will not be without its use in preserving his memory and encouraging genius that, like him, may have to struggle with poverty and adversity, to persevere in its exertions with the confidence that similar success may await its efforts. W.

ORIGINAL.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE,

Was born in Boston, 1731. He entered Harvard at the age of 14, and was regularly graduated. For some time after he left College he was engaged in keeping school, and in the study of Theol-

ogy. About 1755 he commenced the study of law under Mr. Pratt, a distinguished lawyer in Boston, and afterwards Chief Justice of New York. He commenced the business of his profession in Boston, but soon removed to Taupton, and at once became able and distinguished in his professional career. When difficulties arose in the province respecting the right of taxation, and the levying and collecting duties, he is said to have attached himself firmly to the whigs, and to have been an able and constant advocate of the rights of the colonists. In 1766, when the General Court was dissolved by Governor Bernard, a convention was called by the leading men of Boston, and Mr. Paine was a delegate from Taunton. In 1773 he was chosen a member of the General Court for Taunton. He was a vigilant and active member, being employed on many of the most important committees, and as a manager of the impeachment of Chief Justice Oliver, in which he is said to have displayed great talents. In 1774 he was again chosen a member of the house of representatives, and was one of the committee who recommended a Continental Congress, to be composed of delegates from all the colonies. Under this recommendation he was chosen one of the delegates for Massachusetts, and this was the first delegation chosen on the continent. In May, 1775, another Congress was called, and Mr. P. was again selected as a delegate. He was likewise repeatedly chosen a delegate to the provincial congress. When the government of Massachusetts was organised, after the commencement of the war, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, but declined the honor. He was in Congress when the declaration of independence was published, and put his name to it. He was elected in 1777 and 1778 to Congress, and during the same period rendered essential service at home as a member of the State Legislature, and is said to have rendered great assistance in the formation of the State constitution. In 1779 he was chosen one of the Executive Council, the duties of which body were then remarkably difficult and arduous. At the organization of the government under the State constitution, he was appointed Attorney General, and continued in that office until 1790, and discharged its duties with singular fidelity and ability. At this time he was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court, and continued upon it until 1804, when he became too deaf and infirm to ride the circuits. He was also one of the founders of the American Academy, in Massachusetts, and received at Cambridge the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He died in May, 1814, at the advanced age of 84.

Judge Paine was an ornament to his native state, being alike distinguished as a scholar, a statesman, and a jurist. He was a man of undisguised character, and frank even to bluntness.

The state of Massachusetts can never be too grateful for his counsels and services in the formation of the constitution, and in the establishment of her institutions. She ought at least to discharge a part of the obligation by erecting to his memory a monument. D.

HISTORICAL.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 271.

The two committees then went on to settle the other articles of charge against the army, as follows:

Agreed by both committees that every soldier except those of Hazen's and Sheldon's Regiments, shall be charged with one shirt, one pair shoes, and one pair stockings annually; it is also agreed, that in case any soldier shall produce a certificate from the commanding officer of his company, that he has not received the whole of the shirts, shoes and stockings, with which he is charged, he shall receive others to make good the deficiency in those articles, provided it shall not appear from the returns of the selectmen, of the town to which he belongs, or from the commissaries' accounts of delivery, that he has received them; it is also agreed that no soldier who died or was discharged from the service, before January, 1778, shall be charged with any of the above articles, unless it shall appear by the returns of the town to which he belonged, that he has been supplied with them.

Agreed by both Committees, that the gratuity money raised by Lottery, should be charged to the officers and soldiers, at the time of payment, if that time could be ascertained; if it cannot, then to be charged at the date of the warrant, provided no man should be charged with said gratuities, for which a warrant has not yet been granted in his favor.

Also agreed that each soldier, except those in Hazen's and Sheldon's Regiment, should be charged 1*s.* 6*d.* ¾ per month, for shop stores, shoes, &c. supplied by the state, from time to time, at a regulated price, and officers in a greater sum, according to the

number of rations they were entitled to; the State Commissaries not having kept any accounts of the particular deliveries of the above stores, rendered it a subject of no small difficulty to ascertain the just sum which the army ought to be charged for them. It was urged on the part of the Committee of Court, that the condition on which those stores were to be furnished in the close of the year 1776, was, that the army should pay the first cost and charges of transportation for them; that after the suspension of the monopoly act, and the currency began rapidly to depreciate, they were supplied at the prices stipulated in the aforesaid act, with the addition of contingent expenses of transportation, &c. which fell much short of the first cost, and if the State indemnified the army for all the losses they had sustained by the depreciation, it was but reasonable the State should be made good for the losses which accrued to them by supplying those stores.

The committee from the line being desirous to establish the settlement upon principles of justice, as it respected the State as well as army, and although those supplies had come greatly short of what the army had a right to expect from the state; yet upon those principles it was not a sufficient reason why the State should loose any part of what was actually delivered; therefore, after deducting, as nearly as could be ascertained, the value of what the army had paid in camp, from the whole account, and also deducting the value of such stores as had been lost at different posts, taken for the use of the continent, sold to the inhabitants, or delivered to nine months levies and militia; the committee from the line then agreed to average the remaining sum, upon the number of months each individual had served in the army, which produced the above sum of 1^{s} 6^{d} $\frac{3}{4}$; this being the only method which could be taken, under the present circumstances, with any tolerable degree of justice. It was also agreed by both committees, that those soldiers who had received supplies from time to time, for their families, &c. of their respective towns, should be charged with the amount of those supplies, as stipulated in the aforesaid monopoly act, after deducting the value of the money paid for those supplies.

The last article of charge proposed by the committee of Court against the soldiery, was the Town Bounties and private hires; but as no Town Bounties or hires were to be considered in the settlement, by the instructions of Court, given to their committee, the 25th of November; and as the committee from the line had presented a remonstrance against making this an article of charge, as

directed by the resolve of 6th Jan. and this remonstrance being then before the Court, and could not be acted upon before the next session, they did not consider themselves at liberty to accede to a charge of this nature, till they had received further instructions from the line.

Thus the articles of charge against the soldiers were all mutually agreed on, except the Town Bounties and private hires, and the value of the money received as continental pay, which charges the committee from the line could not accede to, for the reasons before mentioned.

The committee of Court applied again to the council, to know whether they should proceed to close the accounts of the soldiers, upon principles which were not consented to by the committee from the line, upon which application they received the following order.

In Council, February 22, 1780.

On the representation of the committee appointed by the General Court, to meet the committee from the army—Ordered, that it be hereby recommended to the committee appointed by the General Court, to meet the committee of the army in order for settlement, to settle with said committee, agreeable to the resolution of the General Court, and the advice given by this board Jan. 29th, last, upon the subject matter of this representation.

True Copy, Attest, JOHN AVERY, *D. Secretary.*

Without consulting the committee from the line any further on the subject, the Court's committee having received the above order, proceeded to close soldiers' accounts, and give certificates to Council for warrants on the Treasurer, for the payment of the balances due, after deducting the Town Bounties and private hires, and charging the wages received from the continent as valued at the close of each month, which made this charge at least one third higher than it would have been, if found by the rate of depreciation at the time when the general payments were made.

By this mode of procedure the committee from the line were excluded from taking any further part in the settlement, and would have returned immediately to camp, had they not relied on the justice of the general assembly, to place the matter on an equitable footing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STERLING—CONTINUED.

PRESENT BOUNDARIES.—The northern line begins at a marked tree at Princeton, thence east, nineteen and one half degrees south, on Leominster, sixteen hundred and ninety rods, to a stump at Lancaster, then continuing the same course on Lancaster, one hundred and sixty rods. The eastern line runs wholly upon Lancaster, as follows:—Thence south, six and one half degrees west, four hundred and fifty five rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, sixty three degrees east, twenty eight rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, fifteen degrees west, thirty two rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, seventy degrees east, forty rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, twenty five degrees west, one hundred and twenty two rods, to an elm tree; thence south, seventy seven degrees east, seventy three rods, to a white oak; thence south, nineteen degrees west, forty six rods, to a heap of stones; thence due west, fifty rods, to a white oak; thence south, sixty four degrees west, one hundred and six rods, to an elm; thence south, nine degrees east, sixty four rods, to a walnut; thence south, sixty one degrees east, thirty four rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, eighteen degrees west, twenty four rods, to a stump and stones; thence south, twenty nine degrees east, seventy nine rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, fifty one degrees west, sixty two rods, to a stake and stones; thence north, forty degrees west, fifty five rods, to a large white oak; thence south, seventy three degrees west, one hundred and sixty six rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, two degrees west, eighty six rods, to a white oak; thence north, sixty four degrees east, one hundred and twenty two rods, to a large oak; thence south, thirty degrees east, sixty two rods, to a walnut; thence south, seventy eight degrees east, thirty four rods, to a stake and stones; thence south, sixteen degrees east, thirty six rods, to an elm; thence south, ten degrees west, one hundred and ninety six rods, to a chesnut; thence south, seven degrees west, one hundred and twelve rods, to a white pine; thence south, eighty two degrees west, fifty six rods, to a white oak; thence south, eleven degrees west, four hundred and ninety rods, to a white oak* and stones at Boylston line, allowing one and a half degrees west variation in all the angles.

*On the very accurate map of the town, taken from actual surveys by Wm. Morris, Esq. about the year 1798, this closing line is marked 450 rods. We have followed the additional Act of Incorporation—Stat. 1792, ch. 55.

On the South it bounds on Boylston, two hundred and sixteen rods, thence on West Boylston; thence north, seven degrees east, one hundred and thirty rods, to stones; thence north, fifty eight degrees west, four hundred and twenty five rods, to a chesnut; thence north, eighty three and one half degrees west, two hundred and thirty three rods, to stones by a County road; thence south, eighty four degrees west, one hundred and forty six rods, to a white pine on the bank of Stillwater river*; thence north, seventy two degrees west, five hundred and fourteen rods, to Holden line.

On the West it bounds on Holden—north, sixteen degrees west, six hundred and eight rods, to a large tree called the Chittenden oak, the most northerly corner of Holden; thence on Princeton, four hundred rods, to a large rock in Stillwater river; thence up the river seven hundred and twenty rods; thence northerly, two hundred and seventy rods, to a marked tree; thence one hundred and nine rods, to the County road leading to Westminster; thence ninety rods, to the first bound at Leominster line.

Ponds and Streams.—There are four ponds, all in the southerly part of the township. 1. East Washacum lies west of the road, leading from Lancaster to Worcester—it covers above 400 acres, and is a delightful sheet of fresh water, surrounded on all sides by gentle slopes of as fertile land as any in the County. Its natural outlet is through a narrow meadow, of about 100 rods across, and of a descent of 4 feet. The stream empties into the West Washacum pond. Besides this, is another outlet upon the eastern side, artificially cut 70 or 80 years since for the purpose of irrigating the rich and productive tracts of mowing land, that lie in the southeast parts of the town. These waters afterwards fall into the Nashua in Lancaster. The West Washacum pond covers above 300 acres, and is considered by some travellers as presenting the most pleasant scenery, as it embosoms a beautiful little island called Wood island, containing about an acre of land, lying in a wild and uncultivated state. There is also a shoal near the centre of the Pond, parts of which appear above the water in dry seasons, presenting nearly an acre of tall water grass, (*Poa aquatica*) whence it is dignified by the name of Grassy island. Many places in these ponds are of great depth, and are stored with all the varieties of fresh water fish, whence in the summer season, they are the resort of numerous parties of pleasure, from this and the neighboring towns. Each pond is supplied by small rivulets which never completely

* See Stat. 1796, ch. 10, and 1807, ch. 48.

dry. The outlet from the west pond is an important tributary to the Stillwater river or south branch of the Nashua, and unites with it near the upper Cotton Factory in West Boylston. It never fails in the dryest season.

Muddy pond, is a small collection of stagnant water, from which is an artificial outlet, recently excavated, conducting its waters to the Stillwater near Dana's mills in Sterling.

Fitch's pond, is another small body of water near Lancaster, from which flows a small stream, that finds its way into the Nashua in that town.

If the proposed Massachusetts Canal should be located upon this route, all of these Ponds would be important reservoirs to aid in the undertaking.

Stillwater river, or Still river, but more properly the south branch of the Nashaway, is the only considerable stream. It receives its modern name from the sluggishness of its waters, which have but little descent in the principal part of its course after entering this town. Its principal branch rises in the gore of land near Leominster, styled No-town, and is called Justice brook, and flows southerly through Justice meadows, on the westerly side of Justice* hill. After receiving various supplies, particularly Keyes river, on which are several mills, and also Hartwell's river, from Princeton, it takes its present name.

Rocky brook, rises near Rocky hill, in the northerly part of the town, and after running about three miles, empties into the Still river on the easterly side.

Wickapekitt brook has several sources, the most southerly is about half a mile northeasterly of the meeting house, at the base of the south Wickapekitt hill, and runs northerly, about a mile, when it unites with the western branch that rises in several meadows, near the northwest corner of the town. After their junction they hold their way into Lancaster, at the northeast corner of the town, where they receive another small stream, which is more generally called Wickapekitt brook, having its source in Leominster, at the foot of the north Wickapekitt hill. These several brooks furnish but small supplies of water in dry seasons.

Hills.—Out of a great variety the following are the most noted. Rocky hill, near the northwest corner of the town, is proba-

* This name was derived from an ancient Proprietor, John Houghton, Esq. of Lancaster, a distinguished Conveyancer and Justice of the Peace, who died Feb. 1737, aged 87, of whom, more hereafter.

bly the most elevated. It is composed chiefly of large fragments of granite, and is yet in a state of nature. Legate hill, over which passes the County road to Leominster. North Wickapekitt hill, as its aboriginal name denotes, is a remarkable steep and sharp pointed declivity. The dividing line between this place and Leominster runs over these rugged eminences, leaving the greater part of them in that town. Justice hill, about 400 feet high from its base, is the site of a great County road from Westminster to Boston. In ancient times the great public travel from Boston to Connecticut river passed over this formidable elevation. In the wars that ended in the conquest of Canada, many of the troops marched by this route to those frozen regions. Chocksett hill, which retains its ancient Indian name, and Rowley hill, which denotes the native place of the first settlers in its vicinity, are two lofty eminences, near the centre of the township. The lands around them are fertile, and in a state of good cultivation. The prospect from them is extensive, and their summits are visible at a great distance. Fitch hill needs not to be described to the traveller from Boston to Princeton. Redstone hill, about a mile east of the village is so called from the color of its rocks, which are principally formed of sulphuret of iron, embedded in an argillaceous slate—when exposed to the atmosphere, the pyrites decompose, leaving a reddish brown efflorescence upon the surface. These stones are found by Shoemakers to be a good substitute for the Copperas of the shops. The South Wickapekitt hill is about one hundred rods south east of the meeting house, and terminates a vale of about three miles in length, the northern end of which is bounded by the hill of the same name, before described. They resemble each other in their shapes. Kendall hill is a large swell of the most fertile and productive lands, of more than a thousand acres, divided into fifteen or twenty beautiful farms, all inclosed by substantial stone walls, presenting to the passenger some of the most interesting rural scenery in this part of the country. These lands are generally moist and rocky, but when subdued by successive years of persevering industry, are warm and productive. In general they are not unfitted for grain, but are more peculiarly adapted to grazing and hay. This hill took its name from that of the first settlers upon it, who removed hither from Woburn about the year 1740.

In the southwest part of the town is a large tract, containing several hundred acres of pine plain lands, which yield but a scanty profit to the cultivator. Many parts of the town are defaced by

rough declivitous hills of disruptured fragments of rocks, which yield no profit if reclaimed from their forest state. Compared with most of the neighboring towns, the soil may be pronounced good, and wants nothing but more industry and enterprize to place it in the foremost rank of the agricultural towns in the County.

Mills.—But few towns are more unfortunately situated in this respect. From the want of suitable water falls or mill sites, we have no Factories either for Cotton or Wool. No clothier's works nor even a Carding machine. For all these conveniences the inhabitants are tributary to their neighbors of other towns more highly favored. There are three Grist mills, one on Still river, one on Justice brook, and one on the western branch of the Wikapekitt. Of Saw mills there are seven, one on Still river, one on Rocky brook, two on Justice brook, one on the west branch of Wikapekitt, and one on the south branch, and another on Hartwell's river, from Princeton. These several mills are not supplied with water more than half the time upon an average. Two thirds of the grain consumed in the town is probably ground at other places.

There are upwards of twenty small shops containing lathes for the purpose of turning chair stuff. The small rivulets in different parts of the town afford water power sufficient to carry these machines. These are an important aid to the extensive manufactories of chairs, which form the staple commodity of the Sterling Mechanics. It is estimated that the numbers sold by the different Manufacturers the last year exceeded 70,000, and that that number is not greater than the average for the last ten years. This affords employment to a considerable proportion of the population. G.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VARIETIES.

Proper Behaviour at Siam.—During the whole of the visit the suite of the Chief lay prostrate on the earth before him, and at a distance. When addressed, they did not dare to cast their eyes towards him; but, raising the head a little, and touching the forehead with both hands, united in the manner by which we would express the most earnest supplication, their looks still directed to the ground, they whispered an answer in the most humiliating tone. The manner in which he was approached by the servants of his household was even still more revolting to nature:—When refreshments were ordered, they crawled forward on all fours, supported on the elbows

and toes, the body being dragged on the ground. In this manner they pushed the dishes before them from time to time, in the best manner that their constrained and beastlike manner would admit, until they had put them in their place, when they retreated backward in the same grovelling manner, but without turning round.

Finlayson's Mission.

Miser's Poverty.—M. de Palavacine being asked by some friends to join in a matter which would have cost him some trifle, hastily interrupted them, and said, that he was by no means so rich as it was supposed. He then shewed them a cabinet in his chamber: "in that cabinet now," said he, "I have five hundred thousand livres in bars of silver, that do not bring me in one farthing;" in the bank of Venice he had a hundred thousand crowns, but then they only paid three per cent. interest; then at Genoa he had four hundred thousand livres, where the rate of interest was equally low, and therefore "that can be no great things"—and so he went on.

Memoires de Gourville.

State of the Court of Chancery, England.—On the 11th January 1825, there were pending, and ready for hearing—

Appeals	126
Pleas and Demurrers	43
Causes before the Lord Chancellor and Vice Chancellor	401
Exceptions and further directions before do.	238
Bankrupt petitions before the Lord Chancellor (principally Appeals)	60
Do. before the Vice Chancellor	233
Cause Petitions before the Lord Chancellor	79
Lunatic petitions before do.	38
Cause Petitions before the Vice Chancellor	55
Motions before the Lord Chancellor and Vice Chancellor. Innumerable Causes, Exceptions, and further Directions before the Master of the Rolls	294
Petitions do.	60

Making a total (exclusive of motions to be made, and of judgments pending before the Lord Chancellor) of 1577. This list cannot, if the cases are fully and properly heard, be got through in less than four or five years at soonest; in many cases the parties must consume the same time in the Master's office; when they have waded through that sink of expense and delay, they must wait about three years more before their cause is heard on further directions; they

are then liable to have an appeal to the Lord Chancellor, and from four to six years more must elapse before it can be heard; and how many years before they obtain judgment, no man can tell.

Knowles, in his Turkish History, relates an extraordinary instance of capricious tyranny. It is, that a German prisoner, of a gigantic figure and heroic courage, was exposed, by command of the Sultan, with his hands and feet securely fettered, and destroyed inch-meal by a dwarf, who reached little higher than his knees.

Such is the advantage to be derived from habits of cleanliness that though in Greece the best Albanian cottage has not even a hole in the roof for the smoke from the hearth to escape, yet the walls and the floor being covered with clay or plaister and constantly swept, are so perfectly clean that neither dirt nor vermin of any kind can be harbored; nor is there in those dwellings the same liability of contagion which exists in the divans and couches of more stately mansions.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

POST OFFICE RETURN.

Nett amount of revenue accruing from the Post Offices in the County of Worcester, after deducting the Postmaster's compensation, &c.

Ashburnham	$56 30	Oakham	$28 78
Athol	64 79	Oxford	75 72
Barre	88 84	Paxton	24 68
Blackstone	4 68	Petersham	62 45
Bolton	74 71	Phillipston	40 11
Brookfield	124 20	Princeton	58 29
Charlton	43 51	Royalston	59 67
Dana	14 98	Rutland	43 65
Douglas	40 39	Shrewsbury	112 76
Dudley	68 36	Southborough	32 59
Fitchburg	89 04	Southbridge	110 02
Grafton	110 59	South Leicester	17 33
Hardwick	72 84	Spencer	65 18
Harvard	63 04	Sterling	45 33
Holden	48 50	Sturbridge	56 60
Hubbardston	37 43	Sutton	63 65
Lancaster	157 79	Templeton	92 00
Leicester	335 50	Upton	67 77
Leominster	113 88	Uxbridge	90 24
Lunenburg	65 38	Uxbridge South	2 85
Mendon	125 05	Westborough	104 86
Milford	77 66	West Boylston	63 92
Milford Centre	14 79	West Brookfield	120 67
Millbury	108 87	Western	80 30
New Braintree	63 07	Westminster	84 61
Northborough	83 14	Winchendon	30 06
Northbridge	53 68	Worcester	713 11

Thermometrical Register.

FEBRUARY, 1826.

Days.	*S. rise.*	*Noon.*	*S. set.*	*Wind, Weather, &c.*
1	16 *b* 0	8	6	W.—N. W.—N. W.—cloudy.
2	8	19	26	N.—N.—N.—cloudy.
3	32	32	30	S.—S. E.—S. E.—cloudy, snow.
4	11	23	23	W.—W.—W.—fair.
5	20	32	31	S.—N.—W.—snow, fair.
6	28	36	28	W.—S. W.—W.—fair, cloudy.
7	30	39	35	W.—S. W.—S. W.—cloudy, rainy.
8	38	40	35	W.—S. W.—N. W.—cloudy.
9	16	30	27	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair, cloudy.
10	28	36	40	W.—W.—S. W.—rainy.
11	38	44	42	S.—S.—S.—rainy.
12	26	40	40	W.—W.—W.—fair.
13	26	32	28	W.—W.—W.—fair.
14	26	28	26	N.—N.—N. W.—snowy, fair.
15	12	21	19	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
16	15	30	29	W.—N.—N.—cloudy.
17	30	28	24	S. W.—N. W.—N.—fair, cloudy.
18	12	30	28	S. W.—S. W.—S. W.—cloudy.
19	16	33	33	W.—N. W.—S. W.—fair.
20	26	36	34	N.—N. E.—N. E.—cloudy.
21	30	33	34	S.—S. E.—N. E.—snow, rain.
22	28	28	26	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
23	26	31	28	W.—S. E.—N. E.—cloudy.
24	34	46	41	W.—W.—N. W.—fair.
25	30	50	54	N.—S.—S.—rainy, cloudy.
26	50	52	48	S. W.—W.—W.—cloudy.
27	32	35	31	N.—N.—N.—snow.
28	27	34	28	N.—N.—N.—cloudy.

Deaths.

Worcester—Joseph Daniels—68. Ezekiel Partridge—51. Miss Augusta Webb—16. Mrs. Susanna Blackman—76. Rufus Porter—36.
Leicester—Miss Rebecca W. Trask—20.
Warwick—Jonas Clark—75.
Ward—James Hart—88.
Hubbardston—Mrs. Mary F. Dickinson, widow of Capt. David Dickinson, late of Petersham—46.
Marlborough—Widow Susanna Rice—82.
Harvard—Luther T. Gerry—16.
Templeton—Hervey Holden, drowned—22. Miss Mary Hosmer—27. Elias Sawyer—78, a native of Sterling. Mrs. Adaline Day—27. Mrs. Perses Upham—35. Robert Fitts—84.
Barre—Capt. Abijah Harding—75.
Spencer—Maj. William White—82.
Lancaster—Aaron Johnson—78.
Westminster—Widow Lucy Walker—84.
North Brookfield—Jason Bigelow, Esq.—72.
Oakham—Capt. Silas Bullard—80.
Westborough—Capt. Seth Morse—90.
Rutland—Widow Pamelia Saunders—57.

HISTORICAL.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 310.

To the Honorable Council and House of Representatives in General Court assembled.

May it please your Honors—

The committee from the Massachusetts line of the army would have been particularly happy to have had it in their power to inform this Honorable Court, at their first meeting, that the business on which they were sent was accomplished in such a manner as to have done that justice to the army which they had a right to expect, not only from their long and patient services, under every disadvantage which could possibly attend them, but also from the liberal promises made them by this state; yet we feel a consciousness that no exertions of ours have been wanting to accomplish this desirable purpose; and that we have strained no point beyond the line of justice and equity.

Previous to the last adjournment of the Court, we presented a remonstrance wherein was pointed out the reasons that then accrued why Town Bounties and private hires ought not to be considered in the present settlement. In addition to these reasons, we would beg leave further to observe, that the resolve of Court passed the last session, which excluded those bounties, being published by authority in General orders, was made use of as in inducement for the soldiers to re-engage in the service; a very considerable number, therefore, viewing the matter upon this generous scale, and being fully convinced that the state was determined they should not suffer by the depreciation of the currency, re-enlisted upon those considerations.

Should those bounties now be deducted, and the soldiers who have re-enlisted be deprived of that consideration, which they considered themselves entitled from the publication of a resolve of Court, we fear it would in some measure destroy that confidence which they ought to place in the faith of the public, and be attended with disagreeable consequences in the recruiting service. On this head we would further observe, that the principal part of those bounties was given to men who engaged late in the year 1777 and in '78, after the currency had depreciated very considerably, and we find by calculation, that those sums received from towns

added to the state and continental bounties, are not much more valuable than the state and continental bounties alone were, to those who enlisted in the beginning of the year 1777.

Considering the matter therefore in this point of view, those principles of equal justice, which we are persuaded influenced the court, in their last determination, with regard to Town Bounties, will be destroyed, unless the depreciation is made good on the state and continental Bounties, at the time of enlistment, and the situation of those soldiers who enlisted late, will not by any means be so advantageous as those who first enlisted without a Town Bounty.

Another difficulty has arisen in the course of the business which we conceived we had little reason to expect, and that is, the manner of valuing the pay we have received from the continent; we cannot reconcile it to any principle of justice or equity, to consider this pay more valuable than it was when the army received it from the public, for had the payments been delayed these three years past, and the army received no part of their pay till the present time, we cannot imagine that this Honorable Court would, in that case, have thought it just or reasonable to charge the army with the full sum their pay would amount to, if valued by the rate of depreciation settled for each month during the whole time, when, in fact, it would not be worth more than one eighth part of that sum.

As the currency has been continually varying, and for the most part rapidly depreciating, we cannot conceive any other possible method of stamping the true value upon the wages received, than by the rate of depreciation at the time when the general payments were made. We are fully persuaded the design of the resolve which promised to make the army good, was, to indemnify them for every loss they had sustained on account of the depreciation of the currency, and it is evident this design will be frustrated, if their continental pay as valued by the rate of depreciation, any number of months before it was received by the army from the public; and the value will appear proportionably greater, as the depreciation was less at that time than when the payments were made; and this loss occasioned by the depreciation from the time it was valued, to the time of payment, will not be made good.

We were entitled, by a resolve of Congress, to our pay at the close of each month, and if the depreciation of this pay is not made good from the time it became due, to the time the payments were made by the public, we find by calculation it will deprive us of a considerable part of what would be otherwise due, on account

of the depreciation of the currency; and as it was no fault of the army that the payments were not punctual; we cannot therefore conceive, that this Honorable Court will think it consistant with reason or justice, that they, and they only should suffer the loss occasioned by that delay, especially as the public was in some degree benefitted by the measure, seeing it kept the sum due to the army out of circulation during the period they were deprived of it.

But perhaps it may be objected, that it was not the fault of this state that the payments were not punctual, but of Congress; in answer to which we would observe, though far from attributing any design of injustice to them; yet as the currency was emitted by the authority of Congress, and was distributed by their direction, consequently the whole of the depreciation is owing to them, and not to this state any further than this state makes a part of the continent, so that the objection of making good any part of the depreciation by this state would equally apply as to making good the depreciation, from the time that the pay became due until the general payments were made.

But as Congress have referred it to the several states to make good the losses their respective quota's of the army have sustained on account of the depreciation of the currency, we would therefore submit it to this Honorable Court, whether this matter does not fall within their province, as we conceive neither the recommendation of Congress, or the resolve of this state, wherein they engage, to make good the wages of the establishment of Congress, will be fully complied with, unless we are indemnified for every disadvantage sustained by the depreciation.

We have been more particular on this head, as it is a claim the committee of Court did not consider themselves at liberty by any resolve to admit; though sensible at the same time that our pay will not otherwise be made good, and it will establish a precedent, by which, in case of appreciation of the currency, the state will in future receive an advantage; though the army will have no more than justice done them in case of depreciation.

We have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your Honor's most obedient humble servants,

DAVID COBB,
JOHN POPKIN,
TOBIAS FERNALD,
WILLIAM HULL,
BENJ. HEYWOOD,
SIMON LARNED,
JOHN HOMANS,
} *Committee.*

TO BE CONCLUDED.

AN ORATION,

DELIVERED AT LANCASTER,

FEBRUARY 21, 1826.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT TOWN BY THE INDIANS.

BY ISAAC GOODWIN, ESQ.

One hundred and fifty annual revolutions of the Sun have this day completed their circuit, since these beautiful plains were desolated by a cruel and unrelenting foe. The event marks a distinct era in our annals, and its anniversary is worthy of solemn commemoration. From the sad recitals of that melancholy day, the heart of sensibility shrinks away intuitively, nor have we come hither only to feast the imagination upon those barbarous spectacles. But, we assemble to pay a tribute of grateful remembrance to the memory of our fathers: to consider the great things they, under the guidance of the Almighty, have done for us! to contemplate their multiplied toils and sufferings on our behalf: to trace the progress of our nation from its humble beginnings to its present exalted state of glory and happiness: to inquire from whence has arisen the fair and splendid fabric of social order and domestic quiet that protects our rights and cheers our hearts: to consider what is our duty as men and citizens: and what is the return we are to render for all these blessings. We have assembled where civilization, and learning, and Christianity were first planted in our flourishing and wide spread County, then an uncultivated waste and a howling wilderness. We behold the spot where our interesting local history commenced; where a remnant of the Pilgrim band, who fled across the Ocean, the exiled heralds of truth, the champions of the Cross, the asserters of the rights of conscience, the fugitives from oppression, set the bounds of their habitations, and found a refuge from their persecutors, and a home for their children.

The history of our State is divided into four great periods or distinct eras, each comprising a space of half a century, and each commencing with some signal event connected with our glory and prosperity, and apparently essential to our national existence. Dating back two hundred years from the point where we now stand, we find the settlers at Plymouth had just obtained a permanent footing in the land, and had surmounted the peculiar obstacles incident to a colonial settlement upon new and original principles, on an untried soil, and in a climate to which Englishmen had been

unaccustomed. At this juncture, we behold, from every part of the European continent, that illustrious band of Confessors, who had suffered from the persecutions of the British hierarchy, beginning to look to the western world for refuge and rest. The forlorn hope had been successful, and the ranks of the centre column were now filled with men of opulence and learning, prepared to found a powerful and lasting state. Endicott, and Winthrop, and Johnson, with their illustrious compeers, "the sacramental host of God's elect," immediately begin to plant the settlements around Massachusetts Bay, and to subdue the wilderness beyond. In a few years the plantations had extended to this memorable spot, and as the emigrations from England had ceased, here were their limits. An uninterrupted peace prevailed, and their numbers and their power greatly increased.

The second period commences with the Indian war with Philip in 1675–6. This contest scattered desolation and death through all the frontier settlements, and jeopardized the very existence of the Colony. It was followed by a series of similar conflicts for the precise period of fifty years, until the treaty made with the Indians at Casco bay in 1726. This was literally a period of blood. The sufferings of the settlers were intense. A numerous foe was continually hovering upon the frontiers, and the deadly blow of their vengeance was seldom foreseen until it was felt. The progress of the settlements was suspended. More than 6,000 of the inhabitants had fallen by the sword. Many of the most flourishing towns were entirely broken up. A large public debt was accumulated. But the calamities of the public were trifling when compared with the miseries of the individual sufferers. "Their days were made heavy with anxiety, and their nights restless with visions of horror." Their distempered imaginations constantly presented to their minds the sounds of savage yells in the howlings of the tempest, and the whispers of prowling assassins in every rustling leaf. The corruscations of the meteor were the lighting up of distant conflagrations, and their dreams were of wandering captivity, and of victims writhing in agony and expiring in torment.

The third period from the peace of 1726 is marked by a series of encroachments upon the rights of the people by the royal Governors, and of resistance upon the part of the oppressed. It little sufficed to satiate the demands of his Majesty's minions, that the people of Massachusetts had voluntarily expended their best blood and dearest treasures in extending the empire of their Sovereign,

and in humbling his proud rival, France, by the reduction of Louisburg, and the conquest of the Canadas. It excited no relentings of tyranny, that one fifth of our population capable of bearing arms, was for successive years exposed to the horrors of the camp and the dangers of the field. No! they were called to submit to measures the most odious, to principles subversive of their dearest rights and their chartered privileges. Blessed be God, the spirit that led our Fathers across the deep, still lived in the bosoms of their descendants. They resisted even unto blood, and the Independence of a great empire was the result of this resistance. The year 1776 marks the fourth era, the proudest in the annals of civilized man. Since that period another half century has been added to the accumulating mass of years. It will ever be distinguished for its brilliant train of momentous events. It has beheld the consummation of our Independence, the establishment of our federative form of government, and the practical illustration of the principles of our fathers. It has beheld our beloved country rising with gigantic steps into maturity, and displaying to an astonished world the blessings of good government, and of opinions unshackled by law.

We are now entering upon the fifth epoch in our annals. It commences at a period of unexampled national prosperity, when our country, and those with whom she is connected, are in a state of profound peace; when Commerce, and her sisters, Agriculture and Manufactures, are rapidly extending and improving, and, mutually protected by the parental care of the government, are reciprocally supporting each other, and pouring into the lap of their common mother the surplus of their abundance. Our times will also be distinguished, at least from all that have preceded it, for the singular circumstance, that our rulers are conducting the affairs of the country, and discussing questions of the highest importance to their constituents, uninfluenced by the bitterness of organized parties, and the confusion of contending factions.

Our history acquires importance by time, and the apparent magnitude of its incidents increases in proportion as we recede from them. This has awakened a laudable curiosity to discover an adequate cause for the mighty effects that we witness around us—this can only be found in the principles of our Ancestors, and their results have been gradually unfolding, through all the successive years of our story. Anniversary celebrations, by presenting a knowledge of their events to the rising generations, have been found the

most effectual means of aiding the records of the historian, and of recalling the feelings and principles they are intended to commemorate.

We hear with the keenest interest the story of our father's wrongs in their native land; we sympathise in those sufferings and trials that induced them to abandon forever their native fields. Conscience had issued her stern mandates, and the Puritans were not the men to disregard her solemn injunctions. We follow them with their wives and their children to the strand in full view of the perils of a tempestuous ocean. How have our hearts been elevated with hope or depressed by anxiety as we traced their lonely ship across the billows of an untried sea; the Mayflower cradled like the lone sea bird on the mountain wave, but laden with blessings that other gallant ships never bore; with the constituent principles of an empire beyond the seas; the germ of a government, from whence would spring civil and religious liberty, such as men had never before enjoyed, destined to spread its branches from the sea to the rivers, to protect and solace the millions, who would repose in its shade. The tie that bound the Pilgrim to his native land was now severed forever; what remained to him of earth was now within his view; the relics of property reserved from the grasp of avarice and tyrannical exaction; family and friends were now before him. But he had in expectancy a bright reversion in the wilderness beyond the seas, more valued than the cultivated plains of England, even a home where he could worship his God without molestation or terror; and he had, moreover, a yet brighter hope beyond the skies, dearer to him, than all the loved objects around him, or than all that earth could give. We follow our fathers in their wanderings around our coast, a coast at that inclement season, terrible by its ice clad rocks and snowy cliffs. We accompany them in their landing upon an inhospitable shore, dreary, houseless, and forlorn. We contemplate with reverence and admiration that stern resolution, that holy self denial, that exemplary patience, which enabled them to persevere, and to place the lasting foundations of their State, through so many hardships, the dread of savage beasts and ferocious men, famine, pestilence, and death.

Where is the American, who has not felt a glow of enthusiasm in listening to a recital of those events that led to our national emancipation? Who can contemplate without emotion that illustrious band of Sages, Patriots, and Statesmen, who adopted the high resolve, that the American people were free and independent, and

who through a dubious struggle redeemed the pledge they had given to the world, that they would consecrate to the noble cause "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors."

These two events, although the most prominent in our history, and most frequently the themes of panegyric, were connected by a series of other incidents equally interesting, and if less splendid and imposing, will be found equally necessary to the consummation of our glory as a nation.

At the landing of our fathers, most of the places where they settled were entirely abandoned and destitute of inhabitants. Numerous vestiges of a former population remained, but those parts of the country had been desolated by a sweeping pestilence some years previous to the arrival of the English. Whenever any of the natives appeared to claim jurisdiction of the soil, treaties were entered into, and equal and honorable bargains were made for the lands. If, in any instances, the case was otherwise, the fault was not that of our fathers, for they then were weak and the Indians were strong. These contracts were mutually fulfilled during the lives of the contracting parties. By the immemorial usages of mankind, however erroneous and unjust, these purchases were unnecessary and altogether gratuitous, for without them, our claim to the soil was acquired by titles as fair and as indisputable as the domains of any other civilized nation. These bargains have been applauded by the most eminent writers upon the laws of nations, even by the French jurists,* as exemplary instances of moderation, and of a regard to equal and exact justice. If it is inquired whether the Indian tribes were parties to their conventional laws of nations, we answer, that by their own rules of acquiring and holding property, that of immediate and actual occupancy, our right is at least as good as theirs. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; its dominion was granted for the support of his intellectual creatures, and we know of none of his moral laws that was enacted to defeat this great purpose of the physical creation.

In this vicinity also, the Indians had been much reduced by the pestilence, and their destructive wars with the Mohawks. Over a considerable region in the valley of the Nashua, Shulen claimed to be the Proprietor. He was Sachem of a tribe, formerly of considerable power, but at this time was tributary to the principal Sagamore of the Massachusetts. He had carried on considerable trade with the settlers of Watertown, for whom he had acquired great

* Vattel—Book I—ch. 18—sect. 209.

friendship. He invited them to occupy this territory, as being a place peculiarly fitted for a plantation. His offers were accepted; and as early as 1643 the purchase was made. It was stipulated that the Indians should not be molested in their hunting grounds, fishing places, and planting fields. For more than thirty years the utmost harmony subsisted between them and the whites. We have no reason to believe that the natives had any cause of complaint against the settlers at Lancaster. In the mean time, Sholan, the friend and protector of our fathers in their weakness, paid the great debt of nature, and was succeeded by Matthew, his nephew, who pursued the same pacific policy towards the English. The next Prince was of an opposite character; he joined with Philip in his rebellion, and afterwards expiated his crimes by an ignominious death. With this unfortunate Sachem, terminated the feeble empire of the Nashuas. The miserable remnant of the tribe dispersed, partly to the vicinity of Albany, and a part united themselves with the more powerful Penicooks.

The sons of the desert were found by our fathers untamed and untutored, sometimes subtle and crafty, and sometimes simple and credulous. Laws were immediately enacted prohibiting any undue advantages upon the part of the whites in trading with them. Purchases of lands from them were void, unless made under the control of the Government. Men of learning and perseverance commenced the benevolent task of rescuing them from their state of barbarity to the cheering light of civilization. The Scriptures and other valued books were translated into their language, a tongue to which the dialects of the learned bore no analogy, and a knowledge of which could only be acquired by submitting in unrepining conformity to savage customs, and brutal modes of living. These pacific measures were completely successful through the whole of the first period of the Massachusetts history.

The Colony of Plymouth bordered upon the Narragansett bay. Those beautiful waters studded with a cluster of islands and fertile promontories, were peculiarly fitted for the residence of those children of nature. The western banks were at that time occupied by the warlike tribe of the Narragansetts. The Pawtuxnawkets held the opposite shore. They were then governed by Philip, a youthful, gallant and ambitious Prince. A growing and rancorous animosity towards the English had long been cherished in the bosom of this vindictive chief. He possessed sufficient political sagacity to foresee that the superiority of the Whites would soon un-

dermine his power and dispossess him of his domains. His conduct had already awakened suspicions, and his motions were watched by the English. The wily King was at last unable to suggest any plausible reasons for his repeated warlike preparations. Without waiting for his allies, whom he had engaged in a general plot to exterminate the English, this self-willed victim of ambition flew to arms, June 24, 1675.

His depredations commenced in his immediate neighborhood, but the flames of war almost instantaneously extended their ravages into Massachusetts. On the 24th of the following month his Nipmuc subjects made an attack upon Mendon, in this County, and slew several of the Inhabitants. This is said by the historians of that day to have been the first blood shed in the Massachusetts Colony, in a hostile manner. Philip fled before the vengeance of his pursuers, and was an outcast from his dominions for nearly a year. His mind was bent on the blackest deeds, and nothing could glut his vengeance but the blood of his enemies. With the most consummate wiles, he infused his spirit foul and dark into all the neighboring tribes he visited in his exile. In August, the Nashuas forgetting the ancient friendship of their fathers, consummated by so long an interchange of kind offices, led on by their newly appointed chief, who had imbibed much of the temper of the Prince of the Wampanoags, made a desperate assault upon their neighbors at Lancaster, then in the unguarded and unsuspecting hours of sacred worship, and barbarously slaughtered eight of the citizens.

The governments of the New England colonies were not unconcerned spectators of these outrages upon their borders. In the depth of a severe winter, a well appointed army made a desperate attack upon the strong holds of the powerful and perfidious Narrhagansetts, and achieved a glorious and memorable victory, which manifested that the valor of Cressy, of Agincourt and Poictiers, had not deserted the Saxon race, even in a remote wilderness.

Nothing now was wanting to arouse to the highest pitch of exasperation and frenzy the temper of the savage soul. The council fires were lighted through the wilds of North America, from the shores of the Narrhagansett to the frozen plains of Canada, from the rivers of Penobscot and Sagadahock to the roar of the cataracts in the West; from the thickest recesses of their morasses the incantations of their priesthood went forth summoning to arms. The spirits of their fathers howled in the blast, and shrieked for vengeance. The foot of the stranger had polluted their consecrated

groves, and had trod the ground hallowed by their sepulchres. The tempest of war mourned in the wilderness; the rising mists rolled through their vales and settled on all their hills. Gathering blackness and vengeance in its course, the lurid storm was now prepared to burst its fury upon the inhabitants of this devoted spot. The wilderness from her boundless wastes "unfolded her widest gates and poured forth all her Kings." Headed by the master spirit of his race, an army of 1500 savage warriors, in five divisions, commenced their attack in as many several parts of the town. The peaceful slumbers of that ill fated morning were awakened by the horrid din of the war whoop, and the death cry of barbarian ferocity. The dismal glare of domestic conflagration reddened the horizon on every side, and from every glen and hill top around us, resounded the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of the unprotected flying for shelter. Neither arms defended the valiant, nor submission the timid; neither hoary age nor lisping childhood was spared; the same blow that pierced the mother, transfixed also the infant in her arms.

The details of that day of carnage and ruin are sufficiently familiar to your minds. Suffice it to say, that most of the unfortified houses were burnt, and the principal garrison, that of their Reverend pastor, was besieged, and after a gallant and vigorous defence, was surrendered, rolling forth devouring fire, agonizing shrieks, the mangled brave, unprotected females, helpless children, the widow and her orphans. From the best authenticated accounts, fifty five of the wretched inhabitants were doomed to death or captivity. One alone of that garrison escaped. Of the miserable survivors, the men were reserved for the horrors of a lingering torture, a fate that no submission, no rewards, entreaties, nor imprecations, nor tears could avert.

Twenty four of the women and children destined for the still more protracted sufferings of savage captivity, were hurried off to a hill, about a mile west of the village. On yonder snow clad eminence female fortitude was summoned to its severest trials. The cup of human misery was not yet full; something more appalling was wanted to complete the horrid picture. These wretched females had beheld their plantation, the fruit of an honorable purchase, its value enhanced by thirty years of toil, endeared to them by a thousand tender recollections, the natal spot of their children, and the sepulchre of many of their venerable fathers, all snatched from them in an unsuspecting moment. They had beheld the ruin

of their fireside, their altars and hearths overrun by barbarians, possessed and destroyed by a ruthless foe. They had witnessed their dearest friends falling victims to their valor and exertions in their defence, pouring out their blood like water, and sealing the constancy of their friendship by their precious lives. Night shut in; and from that memorable height they could distinctly view by the glimmering light of the burning ruins, the rioting of the savages amidst their spoils, feasting upon their plunder, and celebrating their triumph by the most frightful contortions and terrific yells. Nor was this all: the blaze of other fires than those from their ruined dwellings begin to light up the horizon: other sounds more heart-rending than the war whoop or the yells of the savage float upon the evening breeze, and vibrate upon the ears of the disconsolate captives. Wretched wives! It is no effort of the imagination that informs you whence proceed these shrieks of agony. You have already taken the last farewell of the objects of your dearest affections. Mothers! Nought avails the courage of your sons; their heroic valor will no more be displayed upon the high places of the field.

By the light of the morning sun the captives were deemed to take a farewell of their beloved village. Behind was ruin and desolation; before them were the silent horrors of an interminable forest; on either side, the taunting savage, triumphing in their distress, mocking at their anguish, and heaping indignities and unspeakable cruelties upon those whose feeble natures were sinking beneath their accumulated sufferings.

Of the awful captivity of nearly three months that ensued, the simple and pathetic details are already familiar to you and your children. The sufferings of the intrepid heroine of that melancholy story, have already been consecrated by the tears of every succeeding generation.* Her fortitude and unwavering faith have called forth the admiration of many a generous and pious heart. Who does not feel an increased veneration for the Holy Oracles of our faith, when we find them mitigating the bitterest griefs, and yielding comfort in the darkest hours of tribulation? Timely aid arrived to rescue the remaining inhabitants of the town, who were conducted to a place of safety, when this, like all the other settlements of the County, was abandoned, and for a long time left in

* The wife of the Rev. Joseph Rowlandson, the minister of the place, was among the Captives. She published a narrative of her sufferings after her return, entitled the "Twenty removes of Mary Rowlandson."

ruins. Silence and desolation again resumed their solitary reign over these beautiful regions. Even the savage foot trod not the neglected fields, and the howlings of the bear and the wolf alone mingled with the murmurs of the Nashua.

The death of Philip, in the following August, put an end to further hostilities. No records of modern warfare describe so great a proportional aggregate of suffering as these settlements then sustained. But the inhabitants became inured to the peculiar privations and hardships of Savage warfare, which were of infinite importance to them in their subsequent conflicts with the French and Indians. From these wars their opponents always retired with great defeat and losses. The superior prowess of civilized life prevailed at length over the rude violence of barbarian warfare, and the ancient tribes of New England were erased from the list of nations. In 1680, the re-settlement of this town was commenced; its sufferings from the Savages were renewed in the wars with the Indians and the French that followed each other in quick succession. In each of these conflicts the inhabitants had to mourn the loss of a beloved Minister, each cut off in the beginning of his days, and his usefulness, and "their sepulchres remain with us to this day." The year 1710 terminated the story of Indian warfare in this town. Since that period but few places have had more reason for grateful praise for the peace and harmony that has prevailed within their borders. In 1708, the Rev. Mr. Prentice was ordained as the Minister of this place. During the long period of 118 years, the pulpit has been vacant but ten months, and but two other incumbents have filled the sacred desk. Through all those eventful periods, when other towns and churches were rent with dissensions, and brethren who had taken counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company, became estranged from each other, and when altar was set up against altar, no root of bitterness here sprang up to distract and divide this people. No ecclesiastical councils have been here assembled to reconcile the animosities of contending brethren, or to heal the wounds of the Church: "no grey-haired synods" to mete out the measure of their faith. Notwithstanding the repeated diminutions of their extent by the formation of the several flourishing and opulent towns within their former territory, this place still stands the first in the vicinity in population, and still maintains the proud pre-eminence of Queen among these villages.

Assembled from the various branches that sprang from this ancient stock, we congratulate the venerable Mother of our towns and

our Churches, upon all the pleasing and interesting circumstances and contrasts suggested by this brief though imperfect retrospect of her history. We exhort you, fellow citizens, to a consideration of the high and awful responsibility imposed upon you by the present prosperous situation of our beloved country, and particularly the relation we bear to our fellow men of other climes, who are yet groping in ignorance, and bending beneath the yoke of slavery. Our lot is cast in an age pre-eminent above all others for high advances in mental improvement. The Government under which we live is literally a popular Government, and upon the discernment of the people depends many of our important measures. Projects of internal improvement, involving intricate questions of science, are daily presented for our consideration. The increase of the reading community demands for our public journals distinguished talent and laborious research, for these heralds of intelligence are now sought for by almost our whole population. We believe, therefore, the time is arrived, having been accelerated by a rapid increase of means, when our public schools should be placed upon a more liberal and elevated foundation; when high qualifications should be required in the instructers; when more discrimination should be used in the selection of school books; when a new zeal and higher interest should be felt upon the part of those who have the oversight of Schools. We are not desirous that all our young men should be educated as Statesmen or Philosophers. But no man is capable of acting in the selection of a ruler, unless he is acquainted with the principles of the Government that is to be administered. The general propositions of natural and moral philosophy are of importance to every citizen in his daily intercourse with his fellow men.

Think not that I am undervaluing the first principles of education: these should be laid deep in the infant's mind, and he should be led on to further attainments by more time and more liberal appropriations than have hitherto been devoted to these important objects.

I introduce this subject on this occasion, because I firmly believe it is the most useful improvement that can be drawn from the subjects we have been considering. I name it in this place because this people have been among the foremost in the liberality of their appropriations for the education of their children both at public and private schools. The catalogues of our university for the last ten years bear ample testimony in support of this fact.

It will little suffice "to build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous," unless we imitate their good examples, and cherish their valued institutions. This is the most acceptable tribute we can offer to the memories of our fathers, and to this duty we are also summoned by a regard for posterity. The time and the place is fitted for high and decisive resolves. The ground we tread is holy, for it has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, of patriots, and of martyrs; beneath its turf are interred the ashes of the valiant defenders of our land, our laws, and our liberties: the air we breathe has been hallowed by the shrieks of widows, and the wailings of Rachels weeping for their first born.

Fellow Citizens—We have thus traced the advancement of our country from its humble beginnings to its present state of opulence and power. We have seen the splendid fabric rising by regular gradations, under the hands of its master builders, from its lowly foundations, to a towering height of beauty and magnificence. We have seen it affording to our fathers and their descendants, through every succeeding generation, a resting place, safe and abiding. For a growth so rapid and so vast other times furnish no analogy, and other regions no precedent.

Is this the work of fancy? Is it a chimera or a dream? Is it a castle of enchantment called into existence by the fabled genii of romance, and to vanish again at the tomb of the mistic wand? Is it a palace of frost, glittering and evanescent, like the splendid bauble of the Muscovite, "as worthless as it seemed intrinsically precious?"—No, the progress of our country is no fantasy of the imagination, for the registers of our fathers point to the origin of every column, and the names of its Architects start in bold relief from every pedestal. We have seen its Tuscan foundations laid low and permanent and unyielding as the soul of the Puritan, who freighted the unpolished adamant across the wave. We have witnessed its massy Doric columns, reared by unconquerable fortitude, and cemented by the blood of valor, by a race who followed the thorny path of the Pilgrim in the wilderness, who forgot not their fathers and remembered the inestimable price of their purchase. We have seen the third race continue the growing pile by the tall and graceful Ionic, whose lofty elevations exposed the edifice to the view of the nations, and rendered its sacred treasures the object of cruel rapacity. But from its vistas and its inmost recesses poured forth legions of armed men, who manfully repelled the insidious designs of its aggressors, and stripped the cumbrous Gothic appendages,

defaced its beauty, and marred its proportions. Left in possession of its friends, already have they erected the majestic ranks of Corinthian columns, attracting the wonder of an admiring world. Already is it enriched with the tributes of science and the arts. To its spacious Courts is attracted the wealth of every land, and the spoils of every sea. Laden with treasures of barbaric gold and eastern gems, the Merchants from afar flock to its light.

On us devolves the duty of advancing the destinies of our beloved country; of increasing the ascending pile by columns of surpassing strength and splendor, mingling her glories with the skies, blending her fame with all that is grand and august, extending the knowledge of her freedom and her faith to the oppressed and benighted of all nations; of adorning her columns with trophies of science won by peaceful conquest from ages far distant and climes remote; of defending from profanation her altars and her laws, and in preparing her sons to be as pre-eminent in moral and intellectual attainments, as they now are, in the blessings of good Government. Thus may our land become the glory of the whole earth.

"Unbounded be her joy, and endless her increase;
"Praise be in all her gates, and on her walls, and in her streets,
"And in her spacious Courts, be heard Salvation."

MISCELLANY.

THE WRECK.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

All night the booming minute gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide worn steep.
A bark, from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

. . . . . .

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—

Her helm beat down, her deck upturn—
And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away;
The rocks with pearl were sown;
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That *there* a *mother* slept:

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like Slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half shut violet eye;
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly trust,
So stamps upon thy mortal part,
Its passionate adieu.
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The meaning of the sea!

JOURNEY FROM CANADA.

No. 2.

We had forgotten to mention a part of our fellow passengers who had escaped our notice until we arrived at Plattsburgh, where most of them landed. These were thirty or more steerage passengers, principally from the land of sweet Erin. A more motley group of men, women, and children, can be rarely met with, than were stowed together on the deck of that boat, near the bow. Yet though apparently destitute, and some of them sick, they seemed happy, and left the boat at midnight, in a strange land, friendless and poor, with light hearts and ardent expectations. They had so often been told of the happy condition of the Americans, that they did not doubt that plenty and happiness awaited them on its shores.

When we awoke in the morning, we found ourselves fast approaching Crown point, and passed it about 7 o'clock in the morning. The lake here is not more than half a mile wide, and the situation of the military works, formerly erected on this point, is very commanding. The works seemed very entire, and could be easily traced as we passed them. We are not sufficiently versed in all the terms of military science to describe them; nor did it occur to us whether they indicated accurate knowledge in the engineer who planned them. A train of reflection of a different character was awakened, and we could not but look upon these grass grown ruins with emotions of the deepest interest. They seemed desolate, while they bore the marks of the industry and art of a generation now gone by. Imagination could re-people them with the nodding plume and the gleaming bayonet, but the calm bay around them, the smoke curling from the chimney of a cottage near them, the grass waving luxuriantly along the ramparts, broke at once the charm in which fancy would have bound the senses. The events in the early history of our country, connected with this spot, are too well known to warrant, even if we were disposed, a detail of them in this place. We may again repeat, that we aim no higher than to describe, in the same hasty manner in which we were carried in steam-boats and stages, the scenes and events which, at the expiration of several months, we happen to retain in our recollection. We left the steam boat at a landing place opposite Ticonderoga, and after crossing the lake in a batteau, we visited the ruins of that so celebrated fortress. We had seen the ruins from the lake for several miles, and they then appeared not unlike a cluster of chimnies. In passing to these, we crossed the old French lines,

now distinctly visible, before which Lord Howe was killed, and Gen. Abercrombie's army defeated. They must have been very extensive, and the ditch surrounding them is still of considerable depth in many places. Passing onwards, we came to the ruins of the fort. Every thing seems to be in the state in which they were left by the British army after the surrender of Burgoyne. The walls in some places are yet standing to the height of two stories, and the windows are plainly distinguishable. The beams and other parts of the fortress that were of wood, and not wholly consumed by the fire, remain charred and burned, still in their original shape and place. The chimnies are still nearly all entire. The fort was built of unhewed stone, laid in lime mortar, and the walls are in some places 20 or 30 feet high. Almost all the subterranean rooms are now but little more than cellars, or excavations in the earth, as their roofs have given way, and they are almost filled with rubbish. But one of these "bomb proofs," as we heard them called, remains entire. The covered way from the lake to the fort may be traced by the eye, but it is mostly filled with earth and grass and briars. This fort is fifteen miles from Crown point, and has a very commanding position. It is on a point of land considerably elevated above the surface of the lake, and extending a considerable distance into it, so that it completely commands the passage which is here so narrow that a bridge was thrown across it by the American army, and some of the piles on which it was built are still visible at low water. The situation is most beautiful. The lake stretching to the north and south, the sheltered bay beneath the fort at the south side of the point, into which the waters of Lake George are discharged, the mountains to the west, the nearest of which is Mount Defiance, and the wild and romantic scenery on the Vermont side of the lake, including Mount Independence, all combine to make it even without the associations connected with the spot, a most delightful place. Mount Defiance lies to the southwest of the fort, and rises to a very considerable height, perfectly commanding from any part of it, next the fort, that place and its defences. It is a very precipitous mountain, but is said not to be very difficult of access upon some parts of it. We were conducted to these ruins by the driver of a kind of stage coach that passes from lake George to Champlain, and we were not a little interested to hear from one in his station of life, so accurate a detail of the history of this spot. He pointed out the scene of every event connected with it, and was equally accurate in his dates and

names. We had heard our fathers describe "*Old Ti*," as it was in their day, and had read in our childhood the story of Allen, and of its evacuation by St. Clair; and when we stood on this spot, it needed no great effort of imagination to carry ourselves back to the time when the war whoop of the savage was heard around it, or when the proud fleet of Burgoyne came down upon the quiet lake, bearing the chosen troops of Britain, to contend with the unskilled husbandmen of New England. We stood in the same area or court, where Ethan Allen entered and seized the fortress in the name of "Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and though the flight of stairs by which he entered the commandant's room are gone, the whole scene is so accurately described in the narrative of that feat of romantic heroism, that the scene was distinctly before our eyes, in all its vividness of coloring. Indeed there is nothing here to break such reveries, into which the mind will unconsciously fall. There is no sound of industry or hum of business to strike the ear. We stand amidst ruins that tell of olden times, and have nothing modern to recal the fancy from its wanderings.

Beneath the fort, the batteaux belonging to the British troops, and by them sunk when the fort was destroyed, we were told, may be seen still at low water. We shall not attempt to describe the works that remain here, since they have been fully described by tourists better qualified for the task. But it is a scene which would repay the lover of the picturesque, or the antiquary, for the toil he must undergo to visit it. The din and bustle of a camp, and the roar of artillery, have given place to a deathlike silence, and the squirrel makes its nest in the walls of its bastions, the toad has its hiding place in the caverns of that fortress, and the wild fox burrows among the bones of the brave men that have fallen there. Nor would we stop to tell its history, for it is connected with events too important in themselves ever to be forgotten by an American, whether we go back to the times when the French and the savages were desolating the defenceless English colonies, or in the later but still more important struggle that resulted in the independence of America. We turned from it with a kind of regret. The ruins seemed to form a kind of personal and sensible tie between us and that generation of men, who acted in the scenes of that memorable spot. But we at length left it, and threading our way through the small trees and brush that are now growing within and around the old French lines, and lingering a moment near the spot where the gallant Howe fell, we returned to the place

where we had left our carriage and resumed our ride to Lake George. The distance is three miles, and the road is through an uneven tract of country. We crossed the little river by which the waters of Lake George are discharged into Champlain, and visited at a little distance from the former a very considerable fall or cascade in this river, though the effect of it is almost entirely lost by being used and diverted towards carrying mills that are situated upon it.

Lake George is a great number of feet higher than Champlain, and though its waters are forced by their fall into the latter with considerable violence, they seem reluctant to mingle with its turbid waters, and for a considerable distance retain much of their clearness and transparency. We found a steam boat waiting for us at the outlet of the lake, and very soon embarked in it for Caldwell's.

We were attracted by a man considerably advanced in years who stood upon the shore near the steam boat, with a number of stones of one kind and another arrayed upon a board for show as we presumed. Having, however, a curiosity to learn his object in such a display, we enquired of him what they were, and were at once astounded with a catalogue of hard names which he rattled off as we thought at random, and were moreover equally astonished to hear him repeat with the utmost composure the opinions of various professors and other great men, as to the genus and variety of certain pebbles that he held in his hand, giving his own opinion at the same time with the utmost confidence. We were much amused with this dealer in hard names, and common pebble stones, and calling up as much of our mineralogy and geology as we could recollect of the little we learned in college, we began to talk and look wise, much to his delight. He told us that he employed his time in traversing the mountains to collect minerals to sell to such passengers and visitors as wished to purchase, and that he got a tolerably good business out of it. We bought a variety of his specimens, the names of which we minuted down as he gave them, and when exhibiting the result of our *scientific* tour have acquired not a little credit as our betters have before us, by claiming as our own, the labors of others.

The lake for a considerable distance, is very narrow, and has more the appearance of a river than a lake, as it winds among the mountains that enclose it on both sides. The grand scenery for which this lake is so well known, begins at its outlet and extends in

uninterrupted succession to its head at Caldwell. Both shores almost the whole distance, are bold and precipitous, and rarely presenting any thing like cultivation upon the sides of the mountains. These rise often to the height of 1000 or 1500 feet, and besides their great height, have all the grandeur of bare and projecting cliffs. The primitive forests with their dark foliage, hang over the ravines between the mountains, or in some places crown their tall summits. This lake and its vicinity, is a favorite resort of the sportsman, as it furnishes the finest fish, in great abundance, and its shores are yet the haunt of the deer, that are often to be seen swimming across the lake from one shore to the other. The lake is from half a mile to one and two miles wide; the whole extent from its outlet to its head is thirty six miles, and the scenery is uniformly grand the whole distance upon either bank. The course of the lake being far from direct, the various angles and windings it makes, present this scenery in so many different points of view and unequal distances that it loses none of its interest by its uniformity. This lake so calm, so sheltered from the world beyond it, and studded with its three hundred and sixty islands, combines so much of the beautiful with the sublimity of the scenery around it, that we doubt whether it can be rivalled by any spot in our country. It is not entirely destitute of interesting associations to add to its attractions. Tradition points out to the traveller the spots where feats of desperate courage have been done on its shores, when the white man was almost a stranger here, and the savage yet ranged its mountains for his game or traversed them to fall upon some defenceless frontier settlement. Along this lake, so quiet and secluded, the armies of contending nations have been borne, and at either extremity of it, the crumbling ramparts of deserted fortresses tell of days when war had fixed its seat amidst these now peaceful scenes. A strong resemblance is said to exist between this lake and its surrounding scenery and that of Loch Katrine, which has been immortalized by the muse of Scott. A gentleman, a fellow passenger, pointed out a little island of a few acres extent, covered with evergreen near which we passed as almost exactly resembling in size and situation, the island which that poet chose for the scene of his beautiful poem, "twas all so close with copse wood bound;" yet it wanted the lodge and the "mountain maiden;" and the harp of white haired Allan Bain, was not heard on the shore. But still the island, the mountains on either shore, and the deep bay of hounds that rung along the fastnesses of the mountains that was

then heard, recalled the animated description of the scene of the poet, made this spot almost classical ground. Some future poet will do justice to this lake, and its associations and to this will the pilgrim of a future day bend his way with the same interest with which he visits the romantic lakes and mountains of Scotland. We passed near the "diamond isle" so called, which looked barren and uncomfortable though it has one small hut upon it, which is said to be the residence of a lonely female, called by the way of jest, the "Lady of the lake." We saw an object on the shore as we passed, but it had so little of the *beau ideal* of Ellen of Loch Katrine that we almost doubted its claim to be kindred to the sex.

It was near sunset when we arrived in sight of Caldwell which is at the head of Lake George upon the west side of it. It has rather a neat appearance from the lake being sheltered by mountains and forests on two sides and open to the lake upon the other, and having several fine buildings among which is the court house. The soil however is very poor and sandy, and the first is the most favorable impression one receives of the town. There is no navigation carried on upon this lake, save by the steam boat, which is intended merely for a passage boat. We saw no craft of any kind upon the lake, except a few fishing skiffs or canoes, except the boat we were in.

After tea we went out along the head of the lake to visit the sites of the old Fort's George and Wm. Henry. Fort George is in sight of the tavern in Caldwell and its walls are still standing, to the height of 20 or 30 feet and quite entire. It is situate about 50 rods from the lake, and about 60 rods south east of fort Wm. Henry. The lines around it appear to have been pretty extensive, though the lateness of the hour prevented our examining them particularly. We returned from Fort George to Wm. Henry which was much earlier built and was abandoned before the erection of Fort George. It was built of earth and though it has mouldered away and forest trees of considerable magnitude are growing on its walls and within its intrenchments, the ditch is in many places of considerable depth and the outlines of the Fort which appears to have occupied a considerable space of ground are easily traced.

This Fort and its vicinty has been the scene of much bloodshed in the early history of our country. Here Baron Dieskau and Col. Williams fell in '55 and here in '57 was the memorable massacre of the English and American troops, who had surrendered this Fort to the French commander, Marquis de Montcalm, after bravely defend-

ing it against unequal numbers and amidst difficulties the most discouraging, till valor was in vain and courage and resolution were no longer of any avail. This fort was then dismantled and never rebuilt. W.

SCIENTIFIC.

OF THE STRUCTURE OF VEGETABLES.

The most visible structure of vegetables is found in trees. It is the same in the trunk and branches, extending to the smallest twigs, so that a knowledge of the component parts of the trunk embraces a knowledge of the whole. If the trunk be cut transversely, three different structures, on a superficial view, are observed, viz:—The Bark, Wood, and Pith. But microscopical observations have detected six distinct textures.

1. The first is the Cuticle or Outer Bark.—This extends to all the branches and leaves and forms a covering for every part of the tree. On the trunks of old trees, it is broken in pieces and obliterated. Pores for perspiration and absorption are supposed to exist in the outer bark. This texture is the most distinct in the white Birch and the Cherry. It serves as a protection to the very fine and delicately wrought part beneath, which is—

2. The Cellular Integument.—Renewing the cuticle or outer bark, the cellular integment is seen. It is usually of a reddish or greenish color, composed of a mass of cells, like those of a honey comb. It enters into the leaves, giving them their color, and constitutes the pulpy parts of fruit: *e. g.* the cells of the Peach, Lemon and Orange, so geometrically arranged, and in which the juice resides are a continuation of this texture. In the Mushroom, it constitutes most of the substances of the plant. In the branches of trees and even in the trunk, it is very thin, but it cannot be mistaken, as it is what gives the color to the part immediately under the outer Bark.

3. Liber or inner Bark.—This was called Liber by the Antients, because they used it for writing before the invention of paper, Liber, meaning Book. It is in the inner Bark that the fluids circulate, in their course from the branches. In young shoots, the Inner Bark, is a single ring. The next year, a new circle grows, and pushes out one of last year, hence the thickness of the bark in old trees. New rings of bark successively form and press out the old ones; the sap circulates less and less freely in them, until finally

the texture of the vessels is broken up, and the bark falls off. The mode, in which the barks of different trees break off, might assist much in distinguishing the tree, viz: the bark of the Oak cracks in every direction; the Chesnut, longitudinally; the Shag-bark splits longitudinally and the lower part rolls up, &c. In the use of the different barks in the arts, Tanning, Coloring, &c. it is best always to select that which has the fewest circles of old growth, as the strength resides in the parts where there is the freest circulation.

The three textures above described are generally all pealed off together, and are, in the lump, vulgarly called the bark.

4. Cambium.—This name is given to that soft, gelatinous texture between the inner bark and wood. It is this which causes the bark to slip from the wood in the spring. Every boy, who has made whistles, is acquainted with this fact. From this juicy texture, (in which the sap is supposed to have undergone the process necessary to fit it for the nourishment of the tree) is annually deposited a circle of bark on one side, and a circle of wood on the other. Next to this is the wood.

5. Wood.—The wood consists of an assemblage of tubes and vessels running longitudinally, the insterstices being filled with cross cells. The wood in a tree of one year's growth is a single circle. Each year adds a new ring. In an old tree, the inner circles are compressed by the yearly addition of a new one, so that the circulation ceases in them; these are called the *heart wood*.

The alburnum is a name given to the outer circle of wood; that formed by the last growth, and in which the ascending vessels, *i. e.* those from the roots to the branches, exist most perfectly and which being soft and spongy in consequence, is rejected by artificers in wood. It is vulgarly called sap wood: as a ring of wood is formed each year, the age of the tree may be told by counting them, if the heart be not decayed. In most trees, particularly the Oak, there is a number of transverse plates forming beautiful silvery radiations from the centre to the circumference. They are commonly called silver lines. In the centre is

6. The pith.—This is made up of Hexagonal cells, of a spongy texture, the use of which is not known: a tree will grow if it be taken out.

H.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF JOHN HANCOCK.

The little town of Quincy is much distinguished in the annals of Massachusetts as having given birth to several men, who occupy a large space in its history. The United States are indebted to it for two Presidents under the Constitution, and a President of that Congress of patriots, who declared the nation free and independent. Josiah Quincy, who by his zeal, his eloquence, and his attachment to popular rights, is justly ranked among the great men of that day, was a native of this place. Mr. John Hancock was born in this town in 1737. His father was a respectable clergyman, but like most of that profession, was in moderate circumstances as to property. He had, however, an uncle who was a distinguished merchant in Boston, and who placed him at Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1754. After leaving college, he went into the counting house of his uncle to qualify himself to engage in mercantile business. In 1760, he visited England, and was there at the demise of George second. After his return, and while yet under 30 years of age, he came into one of the most ample fortunes of that day, by the death of his uncle. He served several years as a Selectman of Boston, and, in 1766, was elected a member of the provincial legislature by the inhabitants of that town. Here we find him associated with James Otis, Samuel Adams, and others, in maintaining the rights of the colonists, against the encroachments of the British government, and the usurpations of the provincial Governor. He was an active and efficient member of that body, and distinguished even among the great men with whom he acted. He is said to have been principally instrumental in forming associations to prevent the importation of British goods after the government of that nation began to tax them with duties. About this period, an affair happened which served to increase his popularity and importance, though he had little and probably nothing to do with it. A vessel of his lying in Boston was seized by the custom house for an alleged violation of the laws levying duties, and she was carried under the guns of an armed ship. This was more than the people of Boston in their then state of excitement could bear, and they rose upon the officers of the customs, drove them into the castle for protection, and tore down some houses. This riotous conduct on the part of the inhabitants furnished the Govern-

or with an apology to station troops in the town to preserve the houses. This measure, which was designed to intimidate and overawe, produced great excitement and engendered a spirit of bitter hostility between the inhabitants and the troops, and may be considered one of the obvious causes, which led eventually to war. The quarrel for the most part was carried on in threats and opprobrious language, until March, 1770, when a party of citizens snow-balled a party of soldiers in State Street, and the soldiers thereupon fired upon the citizens, killing some and wounding others. This rencontre created great consternation and was called the Boston Massacre. The next day, the inhabitants sent a committee, of which Mr. Hancock was one, to request the removal of the troops from the town. The Governor evaded the request. On the day following, a new committee of which Mr. Hancock was chairman, was sent for the like purpose, and upon the removal being demanded in the most decided and positive manner, it was acceded to. This unfortunate catastrophe produced a funeral oration by Mr. Hancock, which is in print, in which he dwells with much zeal and no inconsiderable eloquence upon the despotic power exercised by the British Government and upon the necessity of resistance by the colonists. At or previous to this time, it is said, the British ministry having become acquainted with the influence he had in the province, made very liberal, and tempting offers to him, with the hope of seducing him from the cause of the people, but without success. He had been elected speaker of the house, and repeatedly returned as a counsellor, but was always disapproved by the Governor. His election was now sanctioned but he declined his seat. Finding that he could not be bought, he was removed by Governor Gage from the office of Captain of the Cadet Company, whereupon the Company returned their standard to the Governor and disbanded themselves.

He and Mr. S. Adams finding themselves insecure in Boston, removed and took lodgings at Lexington; and it is supposed one of the principal objects of the expedition to Lexington and Concord in April, 1775, was to secure the persons of these two gentlemen. They, however, had timely notice of the approach of the troops and made their escape. In the subsequent proclamation of Gen. Gage inviting the people to lay down their arms and accept a free pardon, he and Mr. S. Adams were excepted as traitors, whose offences were too heinous to be unpunished. In 1774, a provincial congress for Massachusetts was assembled and the people commenced governing themselves; of this body he was chosen President.

In 1775, having been elected a delegate to the continental Congress, he was chosen President of that body, and as such signed the Declaration of Independence. He presided over the deliberations of this august body with credit to himself, for more than two years, when he was constrained from ill health to resign his seat. Soon afterwards, however, he assisted in forming the admirable Constitution of Massachusetts, and, in 1780, was elected the first Governor under it, and was continued by successive elections in that office, until 1785, when he voluntarily gave place to another for two years, when he was again elected and continued in office until his death, which happened suddenly, in October, 1793.

Governor Hancock was a man of amiable manners, fond of gay, fashionable, pleasant company. He was liberal and hospitable to a fault, not regarding at any time so much his own interest as the comfort of his friends and the success of the Revolution. As to his attainments and qualifications as a statesman, there has been some difference of opinion; but when we consider the extraordinary times in which he lived, the station he held among the great men of his time, the new, difficult, and very responsible places which he filled, and filled to great acceptance, we cannot deny to him a fair and just claim to great distinction. We cannot withhold from him the credit of being one of the principal men, who accomplished the Revolution. He lived beloved and died lamented. D.

VARIETIES.

TITLES.

The title of *doctor* was first prefixed to the names of those priests who were sufficiently learned to read, publicly, the writings of Peter Lombard, in the year 1140. In England the degree of *doctor* was first granted in 1207, in the reign of King John, and in 1384, the University of Oxford first gave a doctor's diploma. In Germany, the title of *doctor*, was first distinguished from that of *master* in 1135, during the reign of the Emperor Lothaire.

Peter Lombard, and one Gilbert Porreus, were the chief divines in the University of Paris, and Gratian, at the College of Bologne, and they first contrived the appellation of doctor, in order to compliment those whom they considered learned in divinity. At first it was customary to address letters to the *Seraphic Doctor*, *Angelic Doctor*,—such an one, as the case might be. Monks and Friars in-

creased so fast that the title of *doctor* began to be less respected, till measures were taken to place the business in the hands of cardinals and colleges. *Boston News Letter.*

COCK-FIGHTS.

One week ago, we read with some amusement a paragraph relating to cock-fights in New-York, little supposing that the literary emporium had also introduced that glorious sport; but it is true. There are no less than five or six dens in Boston, exclusively appropriated to this interesting employment. A man of moderate capacity, and withal, respectability must be destitute of all taste,—a perfect Toby Lumkin, without breeding, who does not take pride at gazing upon a pair of game cocks, in battle array.

Plato taught his disciples, that *man* was a two legged animal without feathers, which would never have been questioned, had not a waggish Athenian held up a dead cock, divested of his plumage, and exclaimed to the multitude, "*behold Plato's man.*" Capt. S——, several years since, who commanded a vessel from this port, attended a cock-fight in London, and was asked if there were game cocks in America? Yes, said the Captain, we have a breed called the *shake-bags*. The company were very curious to see one, as he assured them there was one on board his ship, which would clear the coop of any cock in England. Bets to a large amount were immediately made, and Capt. S. produced an American eagle, from a meal bag, which, with one claw, crushed the puny silver spurred hero of the pit, to a jelly. This was no sooner accomplished, than he quickly returned him to the bag again. The ring was in complete consternation at the wonderful strength of the American cock, and would not consent to have him taken away, if money would puchase the surprising fowl. Capt. S. took a generous price, with apparent reluctance, at the same time observing to the crowd that *this same bird had twice beaten the British Lion*, and left them to enjoy their bargain! *ib.*

The Plague at Marseilles.—One of the greatest difficulties was the removal and interment of the dead. At first, carts had been hired to carry them away, and beggars and vagabonds were employed in the service. These soon fell, and those who followed them in their offices, soon followed them in their fate. The magistrates then applied to the officers of the gallies, praying for convicts to carry away the dead—this prayer was granted, and the convicts were promised their liberty if they survived. The first

supply amounted to 133: these perished in less than a week. Another hundred were granted. In the course of six days they were reduced to 12; and thus in less than a fortnight, out of 233, 221 perished.

Before the commencement of this plague, which certain physicians now call a *modification* of the typhus, the population of Marseilles was estimated at 90,000 persons. Of these, 40,000 perished; but it spread to Aix, Toulon, and various other places in Provence, and destroyed in all more than 80,000 persons. If the foregoing narrative does not satisfactorily prove that the disease was propagated from person to person, we know not what will. The contagiousness of the measles, scarlet-fever, and hooping cough, certainly does not rest upon stronger evidence; and it will become impossible to prove any disease to be contagious, excepting those which are capable of being communicated by inoculation.

American Literature.—The "Belfast Northern Whig," in a very flattering encomium upon the means of education and the general diffusion of knowledge in our country, observes; "Two hundred periodicals are issued in the States, in addition to the newspapers, which, from being unfettered by a heavy stamp duty, are in the hands of the poorest of the population." We are aware, that the number of periodicals "published in the States," has been astonishingly increased within a year or two; but we doubt whether it yet amounts to two hundred, though we have not the means at hand for deciding precisely how much this estimate exceeds the truth.

U. S. Literary Gazette.

History of Painting in Italy.—Two volumes of the History of Painting in Italy from the period of the revival of the Fine Arts to the end of the eighteenth century, translated from the original Italian of the Abbate Luigi Lanzi, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. will speedily be published in London; and five volumes demi octavo will complete the set. Truly, it strikes us, that Mr. Roscoe must be a very industrious and persevering man in his literary pursuits. *ib.*

Protestants in France.—A census has lately been taken of the Protestants in France, and it appears that the whole number is 722,329; of whom 509,348 are Calvinists, and 212,981 are Lutherans. The former are ministered to by 269 pastors, and the latter by 219. *ib.*

National Armories.—By a communication made to the House of Representatives of the United States by the Secretary of War, it

appears, that during the year 1825, there has been an expenditure at the national armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, of $179,983,-03; and there have been manufactured there 15,000 muskets, 15-000 screw-drivers, 15,000 wipers, 1,500 ball-screws, 1,500 spring vices, and 437 arm-chests. At Harper's Ferry, Virginia, the expenditure has been $190,790,04; and there have been manufactured 14,000 muskets, 26,926 screw-drivers, 11,000 wipers, 5,000 ball-screws, and 848 arm chests. *ib.*

French Voyage of Discovery.—The Paris Academy of Sciences at a late sitting, received a letter from the minister of marine, announcing that the corvette L'Astrolabe, Captain Dumont de Durville, was about to sail on a voyage of discovery, and requesting the Academy to appoint a commission to prepare such instructions as might be judged expedient. The object of this expedition is to explore certain parts of the globe, which are not yet sufficiently well known; and particularly the coasts of New Guinea, and those of New Zealand. A commission, consisting of Messrs. Cuvier, Arago, Delaplace, Desfontaines, Dulong, and Aubrone de Rossel, was appointed in consequence. *ib.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

MILITIA RETURNS.

The Secretary of War made the following return to Congress as the military strength of the United States.

Maine,	1824	38,221
New Hampshire,	1825	28,970
Massachusetts,	1825	55,080
Vermont,	1823	25,581
Rhode Island, (1)	1825	9,347
Connecticut,	1825	22,741
New York,	1824	151,146
New Jersey,	1823	42,283
Pennsylvania,	1823	158,512
Delaware, (2)	——	7,451
Maryland, (3)	——	32,189
Virginia,	1825	99,628
North Carolina,	1825	62,736
South Carolina,	1820	28,220
Georgia,	1819	29,651
Alabama, (4)	1820	11,281
Louisiana,	1824	6,432
Mississippi, (5)	——	2,291
Tennessee, (6)	1823	42,685
Kentucky,	1825	68,518
Ohio, (7)	1824	99,865
Indiana, (8)	1825	26,232

Illinois,	1822	8,310
Missouri, (9)	1823	3,422
Michigan,	1822	1,503
Arkansas, (10)	1825	2,028
District of Columbia, (12)	1824	2,600
Florida, (11)	——	——
		1,065,083

(1) No return from 4th brigade.
(2) No return since 1814.
(3) No return since 1811.
(4) No return from 16 regiments—estimated at 20,000 men.
(5) No return since 1812.
(6) No return from several brigades.
(7) No return from 3d brigade, 10th district.
(8) Adjutant General reports 10,000 not included in the number.
(9) Adjutant General reports the number to amount to 10,000.
(10) No returns from 5th and 9th regiments. 1st regiment imperfect—2d only two companies returned.
(11) No return.
(12) Alexandria brigade not heard from.

The number of civil actions entered at the last Court of Common Pleas was 424; number of criminal do. 7.

Marriages.

Worcester—Mr. George W. Brooks and Miss Rebecca J. Flagg. Mr. Henry L. Reed, merchant of Boston, and Miss Charlotte Stickney. Mr. James P. Bullard, of Holden, and Miss Anna Smith.
Leicester—Mr. Benjamin Conklin, Jr. and Miss Hannah Woodcock.
Grafton—Mr. Leonard Snow, of Grafton and Miss Sally Leland, of Sutton.
Boylston—Mr. William D. Chenery, and Miss Abigail Patridge.

Deaths.

Worcester—Mrs. Avice Stiles—28. Mrs. Azubah Geer. John Slater—2. Mrs. Elmira Stockwell—25.
Barre—Mr. Zebediah Allen—27.
Dudley.—Mrs. Sylvia Healy—27.
Lancaster—Mr. Nathaniel Eaton—32.
Western—Mr. Lyman Hunter—25.
New Braintree—Mr. John Tidd—49.
Brookfield—Mrs. Mary Bird—84.
Bolton—Mrs. Achsa Pollard—48.
Mr. Jethro Peters.—81.—A Revolutionary patriot.
Westborough—Capt. Seth Morse—89. Mr. John Fayerweather—56.
Boylston—Dea. Daniel Andrews—74.
Northborough—Miss Nancy Williams—23.
Spencer—Rev. Joseph Pope—80. Mr. Pope was settled in the ministry in Spencer, October 20, 1773.
Charlton—Mr. John Stephens—75.
Templeton—Charles Holman—23.
Rutland—Mrs. Louisa Munroe—26.
Shrewsbury—Mrs. Lydia Newton—79.
Holden—Mr. Thomas Aldrich—56. Capt, David Smith—69. Mrs. Smith, wife of Capt. D. Smith. Mr. David Smith, Jr. son of Capt. D. Smith—24. Mrs. ——— Goulding, wife of Jason Goulding. Mrs. ——— Maynard, wife of Otis Maynard.

HISTORICAL.

ORIGINAL.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE WORCESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A NARRATIVE OF THE ATTEMPT TO BURN THE BRITISH FRIGATES IN NORTH RIVER, JULY, 1776.

It is related by Marshall, in his life of Washington, that in July, 1776, while the American army yet had possession of New York, Lord Howe, who had but recently arrived before that city with his fleet, sent up two frigates by the American batteries, which took their station in North river, and thereby put a stop to the communication between the armies at New York and at Ticonderoga. And that, to remove this interruption, a plan was formed, to set the frigates on fire, by the means of fire ships, which though address and courage were manifested in the enterprise, failed in the execution, and only a tender was burnt.

We have alluded to this event, in order to do justice to the character of some of the men who risked their lives in the hazardous attempt to destroy these frigates, in the manner already described. One of them is yet living in our neighborhood, from whom we have learned the circumstances attending the transaction, and though we are willing to make all suitable allowance for the coloring which an actor in such a scene would be apt to give its description, yet we believe it to be substantially correct, as we find it corroborated by history, and other testimony of living witnesses. The individual to whom we allude is Mr. Joseph Bass, of Leicester, whose narrative we will endeavor to give, as repeated by himself; though now a humble individual in society, we have incontestible proof that he was a brave soldier in the war of our Independence.

He was, at this time, attached to the "water service," under the command of Commodore Tupper, who was directed to prepare and send up two fire ships to the British Frigates. The Commodore selected Bass to take charge of one, and put the other under the command of Capt. Thomas, who belonged to New London. The vessel commanded by Bass was a sloop, called the Polly, of about one hundred tons burden, nearly new. That commanded by Thomas, was of a smaller size. The frigates lay about eight miles above Kingsbridge, but having had intimations that they might be attacked, removed their station towards the western shore of the

river, where the shore was bolder, and the water deeper than on the east side.

The vessels intended for fire ships were prepared at New York, and moved up the river on the day before the intended attack, to a creek, near Kingsbridge, which comes in from the east, called Spiking Devil creek.

The vessels had been prepared with faggots of very combustible wood, which had been dipped in melted pitch, and bundles of straw cut about a foot long prepared in the same way. These faggots and bundles filled the deck, and communicated with a trough of fine gunpowder which extended along under the deck, from the hold into the cabin, and into this was inserted a match, that might be fired by a person in the cabin, who would have time to escape through a door cut in the side of the vessel into a whale boat that was lashed to the "quarter" of the sloop. Besides these combustibles, there were in each vessel 10 or 12 barrels of pitch, and a very great number of yards of canvass, cut in stripe about a foot in width, covering the yards and rigging, and extending down to the deck, all of which had been dipped in the spirits of turpentine. Every thing had been so prepared that a moment was sufficient time to put the whole into a full blaze.

The fire ships started from the creek about dark, with a south wind, and a favorable tide. The night was cloudy and dark, with occasionally a little rain. Bass had nine men attached to his vessel, three of whom he stationed in the whale boat, one acted as pilot, while he stationed himself with a match in the cabin to fire the materials.

Besides the two British frigates, there were a bomb ketch and two tenders in company, and moored near them. They were anchored in a line about north and south; first the Phenix of 44 guns; next the Rose of 36 guns; then the bomb ketch, and above that, lay the tenders. As the night was dark, and the fire ships kept near the middle of the river, they were not aware that they were near the British vessels, until they heard, immediately on their left, the bells of the vessels, and the cry of the sentinels of "all's well" from their several decks. It was twelve o'clock, and little did those who were slumbering there imagine the destruction that hung over them. The shore was bold, and rose above the masts, so that the Americans did not perceive till that sound, how near they had approached, nor could they distinguish the situation of the vessels enough to ascertain their size, or which of them were the frigates.

Bass was a considerable distance in advance of Thomas, and upon hearing the cry of the sentinels, immediately bore down upon the line of the British fleet. He was already very near the bomb ketch before he was discovered by the enemy, who immediately began a severe cannonade upon his vessel, which damaged her rigging and mast, and some of the shot entered the hull. But he was now under so rapid a "headway" that he had no opportunity, even if he had been inclined, to have retreated. As soon as he saw himself near enough to the vessel towards which he was steering, to be sure that she could not escape, he gave orders for his men to take to the boat, and touching the match, he leaped into the whale boat and "cast off" from his ship. Her direction had been too sure. The grappling irons upon the bowsprit, yards, &c. became interlocked with the rigging of the bomb ketch, and they were both almost immediately in a blaze. The panic struck crew of the ketch were seen pouring from the quarters of that ship in the utmost agony of consternation. The fire of the burning vessels lighted up the surrounding scenery with a horrid glare of splendor. The first one that reached the deck of the ketch from the cabin, was her commander, who was struck dead by a falling spar. He was followed by two women, and one or more children, whose cries were heard amidst the din of battle that now raged, and the imprecations of the crew, many of whom threw themselves overboard and perished, while those who remained on board, retreated to the point most distant from the flames, but soon sunk down into them, suffocated, bewildered, and exhausted. Capt. Thomas had not been so fortunate, he was so far in the rear that the light of the flames from Bass's ship showed his position to the enemy, and partially prepared them to meet his attack. Not, however, daunted by being discovered, he immediately bore down upon the Phenix, and became grappled with her. He then applied his match to his combustibles, but in such a way that he became entangled in his own fire, and was obliged to leap overboard to escape from the flames, but not being able to reach the boat, he perished in the river. He also lost five men, while Bass escaped without the loss of one. Although on fire in several places, the Phenix escaped from destruction, by cutting her rigging and slipping her cables, with the loss of but few lives. Of the crew of the ketch, few escaped. Nearly seventy men, besides some women and children, were the victims of this merciless attack. We can scarcely conceive a scene more terrible than the one we have attempted to describe, or one

so calculated to awaken fear in the breasts of those engaged in it. The hour of the night, the uncertainty of success, the almost certainty of destruction, would be enough to awaken a panic in the stoutest heart; while the awful destruction that awaited the victims of success would stagger the resolution of the bravest. The darkness of the hour, the unearthly light that gleamed upon the wild scenery around, the roar of artillery, and the groans and shrieks of those perishing in tortures at which humanity shudders, must have made it a scene unrivalled in sublimity and terror. Yet the feelings of that day were of a kind to delight in such an exhibition of vengeance upon the foes to our country. It was a spectacle on which hundreds, and we may say thousands, of the Americans gazed that night with feelings of the deepest interest. And this little band, although they had in a good degree failed in the accomplishment of their plan to destroy the frigates, were received with the warmest acclamations of gratitude on their return from their perilous enterprise.

The attempt, however, was not without its effect. The frigates moved down the river the next day, and joined the English fleet, and left the river for a short time open for the communication of the Americans.

The generation that took part in the struggle for our independence is fast passing away, and with them the memory of events illustrative of their courage and patriotism, which their posterity, in justice to their ancestors and themselves, are bound to save from oblivion. We have often thought that a volume of anecdotes of the times of the revolution might be easily gathered, and would be read with an interest increasing as we recede from the times that produced them. We do not profess to be able to furnish such a desideratum in our history, but we shall with pleasure record every one that comes properly authenticated, that our children and our children's children may know the price at which their independence was purchased. W.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY,

ON THE DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 323.

The memorial being read in court, was committed to a committee of both Houses, who reported against reconsidering the resolve of the 6th January, respecting Town Bounties and private hires,

given to the soldiers, but that in a final settlement, the continental pay ought to be made good, at the time when the army received it from the public.

This report was rejected by the council, and leave given to the committee from the line to withdraw the memorial, then sent down to the House for concurrence; the House non-concurred with the doings of the Board, after which the vote was put, whether they should accept the report and passed in the negative; which destroyed their whole proceedings, and left the memorial on the table without any effect.

Notwithstanding the foregoing memorial was treated in the above manner, yet as the committee from the line had several matters in charge respecting the settlement which had not been laid before the court and as it seemed now to be the fixed determination of the court's committee to adjust none of the officer's accounts till they had drawn all accounts of supplies from Congress which could be procured, it was therefore agreed once more, to memorialize the assembly in the following manner.

To the Hon. Council and House of Representatives in General Court Assembled.

The committee from the Massachusetts Line of the Army beg leave by this memorial to represent, that in consequence of a resolve of the General Court, passed the 1st October last, your memorialists were appointed to meet a committee of court, for the purpose of adjusting the accounts of the officers and soldiers agreeable to the resolve of the 6th Feb. 1779; that the completion of their business has been protracted to a much greater length than was expected, and as your memorialists are very anxious, to return to camp as soon as possible, they most ardently wish to have it in their power, to make such a report to their constituents as will not only convince them that they are, to receive an adequate reward for past services, but will be a sufficient inducement, for them to persevere with cheerfulness and confidence; that, for this purpose, it is absolutely necessary, to state the accounts of the officers as well as soldiers, that upon application each one may receive the whole balance due, without taking into consideration any accounts &c. supplied by Congress, as they are fully persuaded, there is a sufficient counter balance for those supplies, due to the officers, on account of the depreciation of their continental pay, from the time it became due to the several times of payment, and on account of the depreciation of the money received in lieu of extra rations,

which will fully come within the original contract, referred to by Congress in their resolves; that all advances made the officers since the year 1777, were in consequence of the depreciation of the currency, which ought to be taken into consideration in making good that contract; but as this state has not at present determined to take into consideration the delay of payments, and the deficiency of extra rations of officers, we conceive the adjustment of the officer's accounts upon the plan adopted by the state, ought not to be delayed for any accounts of supplies from Congress which probably will not arrive for a long time, especially as those advances may be taken into consideration in a future settlement, when the original contract shall be made good;

That the additional pay of the regimental, brigade, and division staff officers, taken from the line, ought to be made good in the same manner as the pay of their commissions, as this additional pay was not given in consequence of the depreciation of the currency, nor does it make the pay of the regimental staff higher than it was before they were commissioned in the line, and as those offices are very important and necessary to the proper organization and discipline of the army, and require the most constant and close attention to duty in those who fill them. It cannot be expected that any officer will be induced to continue in the staff department, unless he can have an adequate compensation for that extra service;

That the arms which the soldiers purchased of the state, at their enlistments, by having £4 10 deducted from each of their bounties, were considered as the property of the continent, and in consequence of a resolve of Congress, were branded with the United States mark, immediately on their arrival in camp.

We would therefore submit it to this Honorable Court, whether those soldiers ought not to have an adequate compensation for those arms.

We have the honor to be your Honors' most obedient servants,

JOHN POPKIN,
TOBIAS FERNALD,
WILLIAM HULL,
SIMON LARNED,
BENJ. HEYWOOD,
JOHN HOMANS,
} *Committee.*

BOSTON, APRIL 8, 1780.

The above memorial being committed, report was made as follows, viz.

That the committee of this court appointed to settle with the Army, be and hereby are directed to settle and pay the officers,

the balances that may be due to them, any resolve to the contrary notwithstanding.

Further resolved, that the Staff Officers serving in two departments be allowed and paid the depreciation on their additional pay.

And also resolved, that the Soldiers who supplied themselves with arms, either by its being taken out of their bounty or otherwise, be allowed and paid the sum of £4 10 and the depreciation on the same. The above report being read in court, April 11, was not accepted and leave given to withdraw the memorial.

Thus, gentlemen, we have reported every material circumstance which took place in the course of our business, and although the settlement is not completed in such a manner as the line will perhaps think they had a right to expect; yet the committee flatter themselves that nothing has been wanting on their part to bring it to a just and equitable conclusion, and as they have given their dissent in every instance where they were sensible injustice would take place, the way is still open to such further applications as shall be thought expedient.

The committee therefore submit the whole to the impartial consideration of the line, and doubt not of meeting with a reception suitable to their endeavors.

We have the honor to be with the highest respect,
Gentlemen, your most obedient servants,

TOBIAS FERNALD,
WM. HULL,
BENJ. HEYWOOD, } *Committee.*

MAY, 1780.

MISCELLANY.

ORIGINAL.

THE LAST PARTING.

THERE is a time, when the soul is sad,
And the heart has more than its wonted feeling;
When the eye doth lose the lustre it had,
And the tear doth flow, in silence stealing:
There is a time, to the pure mind given,
To wander from earth and fix on Heaven.

There is a moment—'tis when we stand
Beside the couch, and watch the pillow
Of one we love, and grasp the hand,
That soon must rest beneath the willow—
There is a moment—we fain would rise,
And follow the loved one to the skies.

I have seen old age in its last decay,
By the winds of eighty winters wasted;
I have seen gay youth in the bloom of May,
With all its brightest prospects blasted;
And I have felt within me then,
A wish to forsake the abodes of men.

We stood, a circle of mourning friends,
For the loss of a dear, fond parent weeping;—
She smiles—it is over—the spirit ascends,
But the smile remains, on her pale cheek sleeping;
Till the ties of life shall part forever,
I cannot forget that moment—never!

The sun had gone to his ocean bed,
And the winds in their island caves were reposing;
All was tranquil round as the sleep of the dead,
When twilight came over—yet scarcely disclosing,
A star to the eye—save the bright star of even,
That shone to direct the departed to Heaven!

There is a moment—'tis when we stand
Beside the couch, and watch the pillow
Of one we love, and grasp the hand,
That soon must rest beneath the willow—
There is a moment, we fain would rise,
And follow the loved one to the skies. A.

ORIGINAL.

JOURNEY FROM CANADA.

No. III.

The shadows of twilight were settling fast upon the lake that lay stretched out before us, as we stood musing on the grass grown walls of William Henry. Behind us was the forest, still unbroken by the hand of industry, and around us were the mountains that shut in this little spot which had been the scene of so much slaughter and bloodshed. We were seated on the ruined walls of the fort, just by the lake shore, musing on the past and repeopling, in fancy, the scene around us with the gallant troops that once thronged it, when our reverie was broken by the report of a cannon from the village on our left. From the train of thought in which we had been indulging, we could not, for a moment, but believe that the note of war again had broken the silence. But it was a moment only, before our attention was awakened by the deafening echo that was heard across the lake. It was the more surprising, for being so unexpect-

ed, but we never before heard any thing to compare with it. It seemed like a peal of thunder from among the hills, and it went on peal after peal gradually growing less and less till it died away in the distance. We could not judge accurately, but it seemed nearly if not quite a minute from the time the first echo reached the ear, till the last reverberation among the hills was heard. And what was more surprising, the quantity of sound seemed more than ten fold increased and had all that rattling peal that is heard in the loudest thunder. What must have been the echoes from these mountains when the fierce battle raged here, and the roar of cannon, the peal of musketry, and the shouts of contending armies arose from this quiet valley? We lingered upon these ancient battle fields holding communion with the spirits of the brave men who had fallen here in olden time, till the gathering gloom of night recalled us to our lodgings in the village. We were bewildered by the variety and excitement of the scenes we had that day visited, and, fatigued by our exertions, we retired at an early hour to our chamber that overlooked the lake. We were, however, prevented from sleep for some time by a serenade upon the lake. It was not, it is true, music of the first character, but heard at such a time, and under such circumstances, its effect was delightful. We watched the boat in which were the musicians, as it slowly steered its way, just visible in the star light, till its shadowy form was no longer seen, while the far off notes of the music came floating along upon the evening breeze from the opposite shore, mingling with their own echoes, and recalled the recollections of the days when every lake and mountain had its appropriate divinities, and the wood nymphs danced in the woodland dells. The notes of the music soon ceased, and all these fancies yielded to sleep. We were on the lake shore early enough to see the sun rise over the mountains that form the eastern shore of the lake. This has been described as being peculiarly beautiful and splendid. And we in fact found it so. The effect of the rays of the sun, as they first fell upon the mist that covered the bosom of the lake, like a robe of the purest white, was extremely fine. The little islands which one after another showed their green heads as the mist arose from the surface of the lake, seemed to be the creation of enchantment, and the thin vapors as they arose from around them, assumed a thousand fantastic shapes, while they lingered along the sides of the mountains. With all these, however, we confess that we were disappointed. The morning was less brilliant, or our fancy was less

vivid, or we had lived too long in a mountain valley to feel all that some have described as arising from witnessing sun-rise over the mountains of lake George.

We were early on our way to Saratoga, and passed many spots which our driver, an intelligent lad, pointed out to us as interesting, by being associated with the incidents of warfare.

On our left was the "French mountain," down which Dieskau's army came, when it suddenly attacked and cut off Col. Williams' troops in 1755. There is nothing but its name to attract the attention of the traveller to this, more than to the other mountains around it. Not far from this, and near the road, we passed the "bloody pond," into which the slaughtered troops who fell on that day were indiscriminately thrown. It is small in circumference, and its surface is covered with the leaves of the pond lily. Its stagnant waters conceal the ashes of the brave, who have there decayed into one undistinguishable mass; the friend and the foe, the soldier of Britain, the hardy son of New England, the native of the sunny clime of France, and the dark children of the forest. And there is something solemn in the thought that irresistibly presses upon the mind, that from that spot, rife with once animated dust, a trumpet, other than that of war, shall awaken these warriors from their sleep.

We also passed a rock near the road side on our left, on which Col. Williams is said to have reclined, after he was mortally wounded, and is from that circumstance still called "Williams' rock." It is within the forest, which still remains much as when the battle was fought, except that the highway over which business peaceably pursues its way, and pleasure gaily passes, is made through it.

We again repeat, that these spots must, one day, become some of the classic scenes of our country. The interest felt by every one in the early history of our country, will make the spots where many of our fathers fought and fell, constantly increase in interest.

And here will fiction find materials for her happiest efforts.—Here is all the wildness and beauty of scenery; here have been performed feats of heroism and courage, worthy of the cause in which their actors were engaged; and here have been done deeds, the mere recital of which, harrow up the soul. Indeed, we know no spots so rich in materials for fiction, and fancy, as those we have so hastily described. Their true history, has all the interest of romance, and it needs but the pen of a master, to give to them, and to those who acted in their history, individuality and life, to in-

struct, while it fascinates. We rejoice, that while we have been writing, a work has made its appearance, that verifies, if we are correct in opinion, the remarks we have made. We allude to the "Last of the Mohicans;" and we doubt not that the charm which the author has thrown over the spots we passed, will give to them a more lively interest, than has ever before been felt, by any who have visited them, except the patient antiquary, who may have identified the spots upon which history has bestowed a perpetuity of fame.

The road from Caldwell to Saratoga is poor, being either rocky or sandy, and over a level and uninteresting country. The soil is poor, and not susceptible of much cultivation. We breakfasted at "Glenn's Falls," where there is a considerable village. We went to the Falls of the North River at this place; but the water was low, and they had nothing magnificent in them, and were destitute of beauty or grandeur, when compared with those of Montmorenci or the Chaudiére, which we had so lately seen. Our ride from this place to Saratoga, was precisely such as might be expected, over a dusty, sandy road, on a hot day, with just breeze enough to keep the dust in motion. We arrived at noon, at the "Springs," and were in time to be in "at the death," or in other words, to be ready for the dinner, which forms so important an item in the sum of happiness, at that resort of hungry belles, and healthy epicures. And here, reader, will we stop. If you have followed us thus far, we cannot, in conscience, stun you with the clattering of knives and forks, and the bawling for servants, or annoy you with the crowding and jostling every one has to undergo, who visits that spot for health or pleasure. We would again apologize for the length of this narration, if an apology would remedy its defects.—Be this as it may, we assert with confidence, that the tour, whose out-line we have attempted to sketch, has much in it to interest and amuse, although attended with no inconsiderable fatigue and labor; few can return from it without becoming more American, and without having felt the noblest emotions, as well from the contemplation of the scenes of nature, as from visiting the scenes immortalized by deeds of glory. W.

TOBACCO.

THOSE who hold in due respect the various good qualities of the Virginia weed, the tremendous counterblasts of the learned King James and the good Mrs. Rowlandson, to the contrary notwithstanding, will be gratified with the confirmation of the good estimation wherein they hold the worthy plant, in the subjoined extract from the writings of that excellent gentleman, John Josselyn, himself addicted to the use thereof, howbeit with moderation. Hear ye—

"The vertues of tobacco are these; it helps digestion, the gout, the tooth ache, prevents infection by scents, it heats the cold, and cools them that sweat, feedeth the hungry, spent spirits restoreth, purgeth the stomach, killeth nits, &c.; the juice of the green leaf, healeth green wounds although poysoned, the syrup for many *diseases*; the smoak, for the phthisick, cough of the lungs, distillations of Rheume, and all diseases of a cold and moist cause; good for all bodies, cold and moist, taken upon an empty stomach; taken upon a full stomach it precipitates digestion; immoderately taken, it dryeth the body, enflameth the bloud, hurteth the brain, weakens the eyes and the sinews."

JNO. JOSSELYN'S *first voyage to New England*, 1638—p. 76.

Hearken now, kind reader, to the violent denunciation of King James—the prince of pedants, and the pedant amongst princes; who wrote thus:

"That *tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell*; for that it had, by allusion, on it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained; to wit: First, *It was a smoke*; so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, *It delighteth them who take it*; so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, *It maketh men drunken, and light in the head*; so do the vanities of the world; men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, *He that taketh tobacco, saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him*; even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And further, besides all this, *It is like hell in the very substance of it*; for it is a *stinking, loathsome thing*, and so is hell." And further, "*were he to invite the devil to dinner*, he should have three dishes—1. a pig: 2. a pole of ling and mustard: 3. *a pipe of tobacco for digestion*."

To none of these courses, worthy reader, would you probably object, nor could the Prince of the Powers of the Air reasonably refuse a banquet so sumptuous.

But this royal tirade was not sufficient to express the whole bitterness of indignation against the fuel for the pipe. Hear what he saith again, of smoking:

"*It is a custom, loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs: and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless!!!*" J.

ORIGINAL.

POWHATTAN.

It is related by Belknap, that the King of England sent to Powhattan a crown and scarlet cloak, among other things, as a present. It was long before Powhattan would consent to put them on, but he would not be bribed by them to admit the English to go through his country on a voyage of discovery. His reluctance to put on, or wear this finery suggested the following:—

TAKE back these baubles, I would be
A King, without these tinsel things;
My warriors are too brave and free
To wish for toys from foreign Kings.
The head that wears this crown must ache;
Take back the gilded bauble, take.

And think you that these limbs were made
To be within that robe confined?
Its gorgeous dies too soon would fade,
If gazed on with a feverish mind.
Ah, no! a chain shall ne'er enfold
Powhattan's limbs, though forged of gold.

Give me the mantle that I wore,
Before the white man's step was here;
When from the mountain to the shore,
We chased in peace the bounding deer:
And free as is the mountain air,
The Indian dwelt securely there.

Think you, yon deer, that lightly bounds
Along that forest glade would be,
If chained, amidst your harvest grounds,
As light, or feel his heart as free.
The forest fastness is his home,
He pines and dies if thence he roam.

Or think you, that yon bird of light,
That sails above yon mountain blue,

Would dare again as bold a flight,
If caged and tamed and fed by you?
He ne'er again would dare to gaze
Upon the sun's resplendant blaze.

Take back these baubles to your King,
And deck him for the vulgar gaze,
To be an envied pitied thing,
To which a mob their shouts may raise:
But give me back the robe I wore,
Before a white man reached this shore.

And let me be an Indian still,
To skim the lake with light canoe;
To chase the wild deer on the hill,
And all my former joys pursue.
And bear me to my father's grave,
E'er I become the white man's slave. W.

ORIGINAL.

SIR EDMUND SAUNDERS.

ALTHOUGH we have hitherto in the few Biographical sketches we have given, confined ourselves to men of our own country, and near our own times, we have thought we might occasionally go back to earlier times and to other countries to furnish materials for this part of our miscellany, without departing from the general principle which we have adopted, to make this an American work. It is always interesting to see genius pressing forward towards the mark, for the prize of its high calling, in whatever age or nation it is witnessed. There is often an obscurity in the early life of many, whom the world itself has admired, that renders any attempt to trace their progress from their birth, and the gradual developement of their powers of mind, altogether fruitless and unsuccessful. The life of a man of genius is often like the path of a meteor, luminous and splendid, while darkness conceals the manner and source of its receiving the light that dazzles the eye of the beholder. Although we profess ourselves in the strictest sense of the word republicans in feeling and sentiment, yet we are compelled to acknowledge an aristocracy in the intellectual world. We have not time to give our reasons in full for the opinion we advance of the natural superiority of some minds over others, but since we find this relative superiority in every station and employment of life, we must be led to believe it is not altogether factitious, or the result of education. We have seen a printer's boy

receive the homage of the civilized world, and have listened with unmingled delight to the sweet strains of the Ayreshire Ploughman.

But we need not multiply examples; the life of the subject of this article forcibly illustrates our remarks, and at the same time shows that even the profession of a lawyer is not incompatible with the developement of the powers of the mind, nor unfit for eliciting genius where it exists.

We perhaps ought to apologise for calling the attention to the life of one, of whom our own knowledge is, from necessity, extremely limited. Had every man his Boswell, the world would hardly contain the lives of the "great men" it had produced. Unfortunately, however, the lives of many useful and valuable men are forgotten too early, even if the good of posterity is alone regarded.

If these few sketches of the life of Sir Edmund Saunders can have no other beneficial effect, they may serve to cheer the weary plodder after legal science on his way, who too often finds, that though the law is "gloriously uncertain," it is far less uncertain than the rewards that await its votaries.

The origin of Sir Edmund Saunders is too obscure to be traced by the aid of any biography or history, with which we are acquainted. The time and place of his birth is, therefore, unknown. He was a beggar boy, and supposed to have been a parish foundling, and was ever ignorant who were his parents or relations. Yet from this origin he rose to be the Chief Justice of the King's Bench in England. When a boy he was employed in Clement's Inn,* and in the language of the Biographer of Lord Guilford, "found a way to live by obsequiousness, and courting the Attornies' clerks for scraps." His promptness and diligence attracted the notice of the society of Clement's Inn, who undertook to assist him. They found him extremely anxious to learn to write, and one of the Attornies had a board fixed at a window, at the top of a stair case, which served him for a desk, at which he wrote after copies with which the clerks furnished him. He soon became an expert writer, and executed for hire such writings as were brought him to do. He borrowed the forms made use of by the Attornies, and very soon became a very correct entering clerk. While thus employed, he embraced every opportunity that offered for improv-

* Clement's Inn is one of the Inns of Chancery, and belongs to the Inner Temple. These Inns are places to which students resort to study law in London, and form together an university for the profession of Law, each being under its appropriate officers.

ing his mind, and patiently increasing his scanty stock of knowledge, until he at last became an eminent counsellor, and an excellent special pleader.

It would be highly interesting to trace all the windings of the paths by which great men become eminent. But we know no more of the early progress of Sir Edmund than what we have related. It was through such embarrassing difficulties that he made his way at last to the bar, where his practice soon became equal to that of any practitioner at the King's Bench.

He was employed by the crown officers in drawing all difficult indictments and informations, and the pleadings upon the same. This was true particularly, in the case of the famous Quo Warranto against the city of London, which was instituted and prosecuted by King Charles II. in which he was encountered by the most distinguished and learned lawyers of the age.

His loyalty, great learning, and integrity, pointed him out as a proper candidate for the office of Chief Justice of King's Bench, to which he was appointed by Charles II. during the troublesome times of the latter part of that Monarch's reign. In this office he acquired a very high reputation, and discharged its duties to the great acceptance of all concerned.

Yet he attained this office without the aid of friends, or the influence of wealth, or personal prepossessions. He was always totally regardless of wealth, and in all his dealings was perfectly honest. He possessed a disposition distinguished for its kindness and generosity, and was truly a philanthropist.

But with all his fine qualities, his general course of life was far from regular or commendable. He used no bodily exercise, and his sottishness, from the use of brandy and beer, rendered him an object of disgust to every one. His person was corpulent, and but little better than a mass of morbid flesh. It is quaintly said of him that "those whose ill fortune it was to stand near him, were *confessors*, and, in summer time, were almost *martyrs*." He showed as little refinement in the selection of his lodgings as in his course of life. These were in Butcher's row, at a Tailor's house, where by his profusion of money he became master of the family in more senses than one.

It may seem strange, that with so loathsome a person, and so little delicacy or refinement, he should be able to command so much business in the courts, and have his society so much sought after. But his great skill in the management of causes, especially his

adroitness in special pleading, by which he often entrapped his superiors, secured to him a very extensive business, although the court often reprimanded him severely for his irregularities of life, and his disposition to *trick* even the court itself.

His great charm, and that for which his society and conversation were chiefly sought, was his ever ready wit, and his never tiring good humor and vivacity.

His wit was of a low broad kind, but irresistible in its effect. He never took offence at the complaints with which he was often assailed of the intolerable effluvia from his person, but always met the complaint with a jest, and turned the reproof into laughter by his wit. He was a bachelor, "but, by my troggs," said he, "no one can say that I have no *issue*, for I have got nine already on my back." With such low wit he was ever ready, and when in the Temple, he never moved without a number of young men around him, with whom he jested and made himself merry. He was always ready to encourage the students, and younger members of the profession, by his advice and conversation. "He was," says the writer before quoted, "a very Silenus to the students of the law. He would stand, hours together, before the court sat, with an audience of students over against him, putting cases to them, and arguing and debating with each according to his capacity, in order to encourage their industry."

His wit, like a cloak of charity, covered a multitude of his sins in the eyes of his cotemporaries. When pressed upon a subject of politics, with which he never seems to have meddled, he met the attack with his ready jest, and overcame all difficulties with the same weapon. Once, when in the employment of the crown officers, he was invited to dine with the Lord Chancellor, and accordingly went. After dinner he sat down to a harpsichord and played several "jigs," to the no small surprise and amusement of the company, both on account of his playing at all, and of his grotesque appearance while seated on a music stool before such an instrument.

After his appointment to the King's Bench, he was obliged to change his irregular course of life somewhat, which, together with the incessant press of business, and a change in his diet and exercise, soon brought on a palsy, and an attack of the apoplexy, from which he never recovered. He survived till after the final judgment in the Quo Warranto case, which was decided in 1683; but the precise period of his death we have not been able to ascertain. As he lived a bachelor he left no heirs at his death.

He was the author of two volumes of valuable reports, especially as authorities on that part of the law in which he so much excelled—special pleading. They are evidently the work of a very learned, accurate, and withal honest lawyer, and occasionally exhibit that peculiar frankness and good humor that marked his character. In one of the reported cases, he was counsel for one of the parties, and was laboring a point before the court, when, says he, "Twysden, Justice, interrupted Saunders, and said to him, what makes you labor so? the court is of your opinion and the matter is clear." This Twysden seems to have been something of a testy judge: Saunders speaks of his differing from the other judges in opinion on one case, and that he opposed them "totis viribis," (with all his might.) In another case, wherein Saunders was counsel for the Plaintiff, judgment was given against him. There were, however, several strong points in the case which he omitted. "These matters," says he in his reports, "were not moved through the forgetfulness of the Plaintiff's counsel, which he thought a great fault in himself afterwards"—a confession which few practitioners would wish to put in print against themselves. But we will not multiply these specimens of his manner of telling all about the case. They illustrate that openness of character and freedom from disguise which were so remarkable in his life.

We may be thought to have dwelt too long upon the character of Sir Edmund Saunders. But we cannot think even this sketch will be entirely destitute of interest, or without its good effect, since it is the memoir of one, who, from the depths of poverty and want, attained to one of the highest stations of honor under the British crown, and this, by his own force of character, without the aid of wealth or family, or the patronage of the great. W.

SELECTIONS FROM RARE AND CURIOUS OLD WORKS,

From William Wood's "New England's Prospect: being a true, lively, and experimental description of that part of America, commonly called New England, discovering the state of that country both as it stands to our new come English Planters, and to the old native Inhabitants; and laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind travelling Reader, or benefit the future Voyager." London, printed, 1639. Boston, reprinted, 1764.

OF THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR, WINTER AND SUMMER, TOGETHER WITH THE HEAT, COLD, SNOW, RAIN, AND THE EFFECTS OF IT.

For that part of the country wherein most of the English have their habitation; it is, for certain, the best ground and sweetest climate in all these parts, bearing the name of New England, agree-

ing well with the temper of our English bodies, being high land, and sharp air; and though most of our English towns border upon the sea coast, yet they are not often troubled with mists, or unwholesome fogs, or cold weather from the sea, which lies east and south from the land. And whereas, in England most of the cold winds and weathers come from the sea, and those situations are counted most unwholesome, that are near the sea coast; in that country it is not so, but otherwise; for in the extremities of winter, the north east and south wind coming from the sea, produceth warm weather, and bringing in the warm working waters of the sea, loosneth the frozen bays, carrying away their ice with their tides, melting the snow, and thawing the ground; only the north west wind coming over the land is a cause of extreme cold weather, being always accompanied with deep snows and bitter frost, so that in two or three days the rivers are passable for horse and man. But as it is an axiom in nature, Nullum violentum est perpetuum, No extremes last long; so this cold wind blows seldom above three days together, after which the weather is more tolerable, the air being nothing so sharp, but peradventure in four or five days after, this cold messenger will blow afresh, commanding every man to his house, forbidding any to outface him without prejudice to their noses. But it may be objected, that it is too cold a country for our Englishmen, who have been accustomed to a warmer climate; to which it may be answered, Igne levatur hyems. There is wood good store, and cheap, to build warm houses, and make good fires, which makes the winter less tedious; and moreover, the extremity of this cold weather lasteth but for two months, or ten weeks, beginning in December, and breaking up the tenth day of February, which hath become a passage very remarkable, that for ten or a dozen years the weather hath held himself to his day, unlocking his icy bays and rivers, which are never frozen again the same year, except there be some small frost until the middle of March. It is observed by the Indians that every tenth year there is little or no winter, which hath been twice observed by the English; the year of New Plimouth men's arrival was no winter in comparison; and in the tenth year after likewise, (1630) when the great company settled themselves in Massachusetts Bay, was a very mild season, little frost, and less snow, but clear serene weather, few northwest winds, which was a great mercy to the English coming over so rawly and uncomfortably provided, wanting all utensils and provisions, which belonged to the wellbeing of planters:

And whereas, many died at the beginning of the plantations, it was not because the country was unhealthful, but because their bodies were corrupted with sea-diet, which was naught, the beef and pork being tainted, their butter and cheese corrupted, their fish rotten, and the voyage long, by reason of cross winds, so that winter approaching before they could get warm houses, and the searching sharpness of that purer climate, creeping in at the crannies of their crazed bodies, caused death and sickness; but their harms have taught future voyagers more wisdom, in shipping good provision for sea, and finding warm houses at landing, find health in both. It hath been observed, that of five or six hundred passengers in one year, not above three have died at sea, having their health likewise at land. But to return to the matter in hand, daily observations make it apparent, that the piercing cold of that country produceth not so many noisome effects, as the raw winters of England. In public assemblies it is strange to hear a man sneeze or cough, as ordinarily they do in old England; yet not to smother any thing, lest you judge me too partial in reciting good of the country, and not bad; true it is, that some venturing too nakedly in extremity of cold, being more fool-hardy than wise, have for a time lost the use of their feet, others the use of their fingers; but time and surgery afterwards recovered them. Some have had their over-grown beards so frozen together, that they could not get their strong water bottles into their mouths. I never heard of any that utterly perished at land with cold, saving one Englishman and an Indian, who going together a fowling, the morning being fair at their setting out, afterwards a terrible storm arising, they intended to return home; but the storm being in their faces, and they not able to withstand it, were frozen to death, the Indian having gained three flight shot more of his journey homeward, was found reared up against a tree with his aqua-vitæ bottle at his head. A second passage (concerning the which many think hardly of the country in regard of the cold) was the miscarriage of a boat at sea; certain men having intended a voyage to New Plimouth, setting sail towards night, they wanted time to fetch it, being constrained to put into another harbor, where being negligent of the well mooring of their boat, a strong wind coming from the shore in the night loosened the killock, and drove them to sea, without sight of land, before they had awaked out of sleep, but seeing the imminent danger, such as were not benummed with cold, shipt out their oars, shaping their course for Cape Cod, where the Indians met them,

who buried the dead, and carried the boat with the living to Plimouth, where some of them died, and some recovered. These things may fright some, but being that there hath been many passages of the like nature in our English climate, it cannot dishearten such as seriously consider it, seeing likewise that their own ruins sprung from their own negligence.

The country is not so extreamly cold, unless it be when the northwest wind is high, at other times it is ordinary for fishermen to go to sea in January and February, in which time they get more fish, and better than in summer, only observing to reach some good harbours before night, where by good fires they sleep as well and quietly (having the main-sail tented at their backs, to shelter from the wind) as if they were at home.* To relate how some English bodies have borne out cold, will (it may be) startle the belief of some, it being so strange, yet not so strange as true. A certain man being something distracted, broke away from his keeper, and running into the wood, could not be found with much seeking after; but four days being expired, he returned, to appearance as well in body, as at his egress, and in mind much better: For a mad man to hit home through the unbeaten woods, was strange; but to live without meat or drink in the deep of winter, stranger; and yet return home bettered, was most strange: But if truth may gain belief, you may behold a more superlative strangeness. A certain maid, in the extremity of cold weather, (as it fell out) took an uncertain journey, in her intent short, not above four miles, yet long in event; for losing her way, she wandered six or seven days in most bitter weather, not having one bit of bread to strengthen her, sometimes a fresh spring quenched her thirst, which was all the refreshment she had; the snow being upon the ground at first, she might have track'd her own footsteps back again, but wanting that

* The vast continent behind us (covered with immense tracts of snow) condenseth the air, and renders our winters so cold—and in summer is one great occasion of our excessive heats, the wind passing over great tracts of land intensely heated by the sun—Bordering upon the great lakes, an easterly wind brings a dry cold snow—and a westerly one the contrary, but upon this east coast of America we find it quite the reverse—and when an easterly wind prevails in summer, we always find the weather cold and raw—but a westerly brings drought and heat. As the land becomes clear, our winters grow milder, though not to such a degree as is generally imagined, for the vast wilds, uncultivated, beyond our most extended frontiers will forever affect our climate. An Irish gentleman observed that there was a visible alteration in Ireland within these thirty years, the climate was more mild and temperate, which he imputed solely to the draining of the bogs, and the improvement of the soil.

understanding, she wandered till God, by his special providence, brought her to the place she went from, where she lives to this day.

The hard winters are commonly the fore-runners of pleasant spring-times, and fertile summers, being judged likewise to make much for the health of our English bodies: It is found to be more healthful for such as adventure thither, to come towards winter, than in the hot summer; the climate in winter is commonly cold and dry, the snow lies long, which is thought to be no small nourishing to the ground. For the Indians burning it to suppress the under-wood, which else would grow all over the country, the snow falling not long after, keeps the ground warm, and with his melting conveys the ashes into the pores of the earth, which doth fatten it. It hath been observed, that English wheat and rye prove better, which is winter sown, and is kept warm by the snow, than that which is sown in the spring. The summers be hotter than in England, because of their more southern latitude, yet are they tolerable; being often cooled with fresh blowing winds, it seldom being so hot as men are driven from their labours, especially such whose employments are within doors, or under the cool shade: Servants have hitherto been privileged to rest from their labors in extream hot weather from ten of the clock till two, which they regain by their early rising in the morning, and double diligence in cool weather. The summers are commonly hot and dry, there being seldom any rains; I have known it six or seven weeks before one shower hath moistened the plowman's labour, yet the harvest hath been very good, the Indian corn requiring more heat than wet; for the English corn, it is refreshed with the nightly dews, till it grow up to shade his roots with his own substance from the parching sun. In former times the rain came seldom, but very violently, continuing his drops (which were great and many) sometimes four and twenty hours together; sometimes eight and forty, which watered the ground for a long time after; but of late, the seasons be much altered, the rain coming much oftener, but more moderately, with lesser thunder and lightnings, and sudden gusts of wind. I dare be bold to affirm it, that I saw not so much rain, raw colds, and misty fogs in four years in those parts, as was in England in the space of four months the last winter; yet no man at the year's end, complained of too much drought, or too little rain. The times of most rain, are in the beginning of April, and at Michaelmas. The early springs and long summers, make but short autumns and winters. In the spring, when the grass begins to put

forth, it grows apace, so that where it was all black by reason of winters burnings, in a fortnight there will be grass a foot high.*

OF THE HUNTINGS OF THE INDIANS.

For their hunting, it is to be noted they have no swift footed greyhounds, to let slip at the sight of the deer, no deep-mouthed hounds, or scenting beagles, to find out their desired prey; themselves are all this, who in that time of the year, when the deer comes down, having certain hunting houses, in such places where they know the deer usually doth frequent, in which they keep their rendezvous, their snares, and all their accoutrements for that employment; when they get sight of a deer, moose or bear, they study how to get the wind of him, and approaching within shot, stab their mark quite through, if the bones hinder not. The chief thing they hunt after is deer, mooses, and bears; it grieves them more to see an Englishman take one deer, than a thousand acres of land. They hunt likewise after wolves and wild cats, raccoons, otters, beavers and musquashes, trading both their skins and flesh to the English. Besides their artillery, they have other devices to kill their game, as sometimes hedges a mile or two miles long, being a mile wide at one end, and made narrower and narrower by degrees, leaving only a gap of six foot long, over against which, in the day time, they lie lurking to shoot the deer which come through that narrow gut; so many as come within the circumference of that hedge, seldom return back or leap over, unless they be forced by some ravenous wolf, or sight of some accidental passenger: In the night, at the gut of this hedge, they set deer traps, which are springs made of young trees, and smooth wrought cords; so strong as it will toss a horse if he be caught in it. An English mare being strayed from her owner, and grown wild by her long sojourning in the woods, ranging up and down with the wild crew, stumbled into one of these traps, which stopt her speed hanging her like Mahomet's tomb, betwixt earth and heaven; the morning being come, the Indians went to look what good success their venison traps had brought them, but seeing such a long scuttied deer prance in their merritotter, they bade her good morrow, crying out, what cheer, what cheer, Englishman's squaw horse; having no better epithet than to call her a woman horse; but being loth to kill her, and as fearful to approach near the friscadoes of her iron heels, they posted to the English to tell them how the

* This is generally the case of new lands—the soil being very rank.

case stood or hung with their squaw horse, who unhorsed their mare, and brought her to her former tameness, which since hath brought many a good foal, and performed much good service. In these traps deers, mooses, bears, wolves, cats and foxes are often caught; for their beavers and otters, they have other kind of traps so ponderous as is unsupportable for such creatures, the massy burden whereof either takes them prisoners, or expels their breath from their squeezed bodies. These kind of creatures would gnaw the other kind of traps asunder with their sharp teeth. These beasts are too cunning for the English, who seldom or ever catch any of them; therefore we leave them to those skilful hunters, whose time is not so precious, whose experience-bought-skill hath made them practical and useful in that particular.

SELECTED.

THE GONDOLIER.

In Italy, fair Italy, the land of golden bowers,
Where at once upon the orange hang her fruitage and her flowers;
Where the loaded vine is bending 'neath the burden of its treasure,
And the softened hues of earth and sky, seem but to breathe of pleasure.

I love to list the chanting of the pensive gondolier,
The while his fairy vessel floats along the water clear;
And I have heard full many a tale of rhyming youth and maid,
Of loves by cruel fortune crost—of trusting hearts betrayed.

And one I well remember—'twas a sad and tender tale,
Of a loving heart that beat beneath a cloistered maiden's veil.
It told how heaven and earth did frown upon th' unholy flame—
It told of broken, broken vows—of sorrow and of shame.

The maiden left the convent gloom, but not alone, she flew;—
There were traces of a manly foot upon the morning dew—
They passed the garden wall—the beach—but ere the boat was won,
All frantic from her lover's arms, was torn the youthful man.

And, oh! the horrors of the cell, wherein immurred she lay—
And the dreaded wall that closed from her the glorious light of day—
And the anguish of the lover's thoughts on her he could not save—
His moody madness—deep despair—and then his bloody grave.

I gazed in listening silence, on the glassy, waveless tide,
Upon whose bosom scarcely seemed the gondolet to glide:
The singer's voice and mandoline, my very heart had found,
And thrown a web of softest spells, my willing soul around.

The song now wildly rose in air—now fitfully it swelled,
Till I could see the wounded breast and the blood that from it welled;
Then suddenly the music ceased—I started as in fear,
When I met once more the full dark eye of the pensive gondolier.

New Life Boat.—Andrew Hennessy, of Passage, Cork, has constructed a life or safety boat, from models submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty and Trinity Board in London. It is thirty-six feet keel, 7 1-2 feet beam, and 5 1-2 feet deep, capable of saving fifty or sixty persons from a wreck, in addition to her full crew. The timbers which are very slight, are of oak, tarred and parcelled with light strong canvas, over which there is a casing of thin whalebone, then served like a rope with a marlin. The covering or skin of the boat, instead of a plank, is a particular kind of canvas, of great strength and durability, and perfectly water-proof. The materials of this canvas have been saturated with a chemical process in the loom, which preserves it from wet and the action of the atmosphere. It always preserves its pliability, and will not heat, mildew or rot. The boat is decked, or covered with the same cloth. The deck is laced through the centre fore and aft, from stem to stern post, and covered with laps so as to prevent water getting in. The oarsmen sit on their thwarts, which are of the canvas already described, through the deck, from which coats are erected, fitted by plaits to their bodies, and buckling below the breast. The use of planks, as a coating, or for the deck, is altogether avoided.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

STERLING—CONTINUED.

MANUFACTURES.—The principal Manufacture is that of wool and fur Hats. This manufactory, established in the centre of the town, has for 20 years past, furnished employment to a considerable part of the population of the village. It has been constantly increasing, so that now they employ about thirty men in the shop, besides a number of other mechanics who gain their subsistence by preparing the tools, boxes and other articles connected with the establishment. The raw materials are of course procured from a distance. The hats are disposed of partly in home consumption, and in supplying the wants of the people at the large manufacturing establishments in the interior of the State, but the largest proportion is shipped for the southern markets.

The number of napped and fur hats manufactured, is estimated at 12,000 annually, and of felts at least 5,000 annually. The average annual amount of sales is from 42 to 45,000 dollars.

There is no other extensive manufactory in the town. The aggregate of the Chair manufactory has been before stated, at 70,000, annually, amounting to 30 or 40,000 dollars. Wooden chairs are almost exclusively manufactured, although fancy chairs, with flag bottoms begin to form a part of the trade. It is not easy to ascertain the amount of the numbers nor the value of this article. The timber used in the business, is drawn principally from the towns in the north west part of the county, quite to the line of the State. It has been estimatad that a large load of lumber, is no more than sufficient for the daily consumption of the Chair Makers here. The reputation of this article, suffered greatly from the unfaithfulness and unskilfulness of the first promoters of the trade; but the business has now passed into better hands, and as good Chairs are manufactured here as in any other place. The sales are made all over the country, but principally in the manufacturing villages, that are growing up with such rapidity. Large quantities of these Chairs have been shipped for the southern states and the West Indies.—Probably one hundred men are employed in the various branches of this trade a principal part of the time.

The other manufactures are Shoes, which are annually sold in Boston to the amount of 3 or 4000 dollars, and some are shipped.—Sythe Snaiths have been an article of merchandize manufactured here in great quantities, but the business has much declined. There are two or three Coopers, who usually send barrels to Boston, perhaps from 2 to 3000 annually.

There is but one Tannery—forty Chair shops—twelve Blacksmith shops—and about as many Shoemaker's Shops—two Cabinet Maker's shops.—There are four Taverns, all upon the road leading from Princeton to Boston. The trade is inconsiderable when compared with that of most towns of this extent. The Hat company have a trading store connected with their establishment, and there are three other Stores in the village that furnish the supplies of English and West India goods usually found in country stores. There is one other trader's shop in the north part of the town, on the road leading to Leominster. The various branches of manufactures employ about 200 men and boys, a great part of the year. The bulk of the inhabitants are farmers, who are scattered equally over the whole territory. There is but one village in the town. This contains a handsome Congregational

Church, with a lofty spire of 120 feet, and a bell weighing 1100 lbs.: A Town House, the upper room of which is occupied for a School room, an Engine house, Hearse house and Powder house. There are also in the village about 50 dwelling houses and 60 families.* The place has had a rapid growth, considering it is entirely destitute of water privileges. It is placed in a vale and the hills on three sides are lofty. The steeple of the Meeting House exhibits a singular appearance when first discovered by the traveller from the north or west, rearing a few feet of its gilded summit among the bleak hills. It reminds one of the interesting adventure of Baron Munchausen, who, mistaking such an object, in a deep snow, for a post, after waking from the slumbers of a rainy night, unfortunately discovered his horse suspended high in the air. There are eight School houses in the several wards of the town, all painted red, which were erected about the year 1798.

EDUCATION.—The number educated at the public colleges from this place is not great, but our Scholars will not suffer by a comparison with those of many towns, who present a larger catalogue. The following is a list of all the graduates from Sterling.†

1770. *John Mellen.* 1
1777. **Joseph Kilburn.* 2
1781. **Isaac Bailey.* 3
1784. Prentiss Mellen, L. L. D. 4
1784. **Henry Mellen.* 5
1787. *Thomas Moore*, D. C. 6
1787. **Peirson Thurston*, D. C. 7
1796. *James Kendall*, D. D. 8
1799. Bartholomew Brown. 9
1805. *Hosea Hildreth.* 10
1805. **Amos W. Rugg.* 11
1811. *Martin Moore*, B. U. 12
1814. Mark Moore, B. U. 13
1808. Nahum H. Groce. 14
1812. Peirson T. Kendall, M. D. 15
1814. Ezekiel Hildreth. 16
1818. Abel T. Hildreth. 17
1821. Oliver H. Blood. 18
1825. Moses G. Thomas, B. U. 19

Now at Harvard University.

George Putnam, in the Senior class.
Edwin Conant, } In the Freshmen Class.
Josiah K. Waite, }

* Dr. Dwight travelled through this place in 1797. He describes the village as containing thirty or forty decent houses around the church. Vol. 2 Dwight's travels, 261.—The whole number of such houses did not then exceed ten, and those of every description would not exceed 20. Many persons are now living, who distinctly recollect when it was an impenetrable swamp, interspersed with gravel knolls, crowned with large and almost gigantic oaks. The first house was built by Jabez Brooks in 1759 or 60. It was standing at the south west end of the common, and has been for many years occupied as a tavern. The meeting house, school house and pound, alone had possession of this busy spot for 16 years after the Parish was established. The nearest dwelling houses were those of Dea. Osgood at the west, Rev. Mr. Mellen at the south, and Roger Robins at the east, each at the distance of half a mile.

† Those in Italics were ordained Ministers—those marked with * are dead —D. C. is for Dartmouth College—B. U. Brown University—and those without any mark were graduated at Harvard University.

NOTES ON THE FOREGOING LIST.

1. This venerable man, the first born of the Chocksett literati, now resides at Cambridge. He was for many years the minister at Barnstable, which place he left on account of the health of his family.
2. The minister at Wendell, Mass.—died a few years since.
3. The minister at Ward, Mass.—died 1814, aged 60.
4. The learned Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine.
5. Attorney at Law at Dover, N. H.—died young.
6. Settled in the ministry in Pennsylvania.
7. Minister at Somersworth, N. H.—died a few years since.
8. The minister of the ancient Church at Plymouth, Mass.
9. Counsellor at Law, Bridgewater, Mass.
10. Minister at Gloucester, Mass.
11. Died soon after he left College, greatly lamented.
12. Minister at Natick, Mass.
13. Counsellor at Law in Connecticut.
14. Preceptor of an Academy.
15. Now practicing Physic in Sterling.
16. 17. Instructors of youth in the Southern States.
18. Practicing Physician at Worcester, Mass.
19. Theological student at Harvard University.

Besides these, there have been 10 or 12 who have received their education at various Colleges, but did not continue a sufficient length of time to receive their degrees. There is scarcely a year but some of our young men enjoy the benefits of instruction at some one of the various Academies in this or the neighboring States.

Private Schools are occasionally established in *town*, sometimes for males, and often for females. After the public money is expended, the parents generally prolong the school by a small weekly subscription. Many parents of [illegible] their sons and daughters to the neighboring towns for education for short periods. But the whole amount of private instruction is very limited. In 1798, the town was divided into nine School wards, according to the number of dwelling houses in each district. The whole number of houses was then 200, and it was agreed that 20 houses should form a district. The centre ward containing 40 houses, was allowed to be a double district, and has always drawn the amount of the school money in that proportion. The sum annually voted is 800 dollars. Three fourths of which is usually expended in the winter schools, and the residue in the summer.

Return of the Schools in the town of Sterling, April 1, 1826.

NAMES OF SCHOOL DISTRICTS.	Amount paid for public instruction.	Number of public school districts.	Time of keeping school in the year.	Number of Pupils in the Town Schools. FEMALES. Under 7 years.	From 7 to 14.	From 14 and upwards.	MALES. Under 7 years.	From 7 to 14.	From 14 and upwards.	Number of academies and private schools.	Estimated number of pupils in private schools.	Estimated amount of private tuition fees.	Expense of school books for each pupil in town schools.	Number of children from 7 to 16 not attending school.	Number of persons prevented by expenses of school books.	Number of persons over 14 years unable to read and write.
Centre	$160	9	30	14	49	25	12	40	22	*None.*			1 50		*None.*	*None.*
Justice Hill	80		20	5	5	9	2	18	12							
Redstone	80		20	6	7	13	6	17	17							
North Row	80		20	2	9	2	5	19	11							
Rowley Hill	80		20	5	13	5	6	20	11							
Chockett Hill	80		20	3	25	12	3	13	20							
Cookshire	80		20	9	18	2	6	20	7							
Squarehire	80		20	9	13	6	6	14	13					1		
Leg	80		20	5	14	13	9	17	20							
	$800	9.		58	153	87	55	178	133				1 50	1		
Addition for the summer Schools,				30	10	10	20	10								
				88	163	97	75	188	133							

The above is an actual return of the Winter Schools—the numbers added for the Summer Schools is conjectural. Whole number of Males, 396—Females, 348—whole number attending the public schools annually 744.

HISTORY.—This place having been incorporated as a town since the American revolution, its local history is blended with that of the other towns from which it was taken. Shrewsbury leg contained but few families when it was annexed to Lancaster. The town of Shrewsbury granted leave for the separation as early as 1752; but such was the repugnance of the inhabitants to leaving their old town that it did not take place until 1768. About that period Dr. Zachariah Harvey* was an influential inhabitant of that part of the town. He gave a lot of land, by deed, for the purpose of a burying field and a school house lot to "the Inhabitants of Shrewsbury leg." That part not occupied for a burying yard, is annually leased, and the rents are applied to the support of the school. Those inhabitants who have been annexed to West Boylston draw their proportion. This is a singular instance, in our state, of a Corporation by prescription.

The Leg forms an entire School ward in Sterling, and a part of one in West Boylston.

The *Mile* was probably settled nearly as soon as the other parts of Lancaster; it included a portion of the east Washacum pond.

The new grant was the property of the Indians previous to Philip's war. Here was the royal residence of the chiefs of the Nashawoggs. At the time of the grant of Nashua plantation, in 1643, to the English, Sholan, the proprietor, resided on a small eminence between the two great ponds. This interesting spot presents a commanding view of both of those beautiful sheets of water, including many miles of the adjacent country, from the Wachusett range of hills to the Highlands of Boylston and Berlin. The palace probably formed a part of an extensive village. There is a tradition that here formerly were visible, the ruins of an Indian fort; but the vestiges of this rude structure have long since disappeared. Matthew, the nephew and successor of Sholan, resided upon the same spot. Near the base of the hillock runs a small stream through which the waters of the east pond are discharged into those of the west. At the upper end of this rivulet was a weir for the purpose of taking fish, styled in the ancient records, *Matthews' weir*. It is called the *weir* to this day, without connecting with it the name of the Sachem, who probably erected it, and ranked it among his most valued possessions. Thus transient is the fame of the family of Princes, when stripped of their people and deprived of their dominions.

* The Harvey apple, so famous, was introduced by him.

The Indians were fond of English names, although they generally adopted them in addition to their own native appellations. What Matthew's Indian name was, we have not yet ascertained, nor the dates of the commencement and close of his reign. He was succeeded by another nephew of King Sholan, called Sagamore Sam; but his real name was Shoshanim. Under his administration his subjects, probably from their increased intercourse with the white's, departed from the purity and simplicity of their former character. Their numbers diminished to fifteen or sixteen families living in the lowest state of savage debasement and degradation.

In the autumn of 1674, the venerable Apostle Eliot accompanied by that unwearied friend of the natives, Gen. Gookin, made a missionary visit to the several Indian villages scattered through the Nipmuc country. When at Boggachoag, they held a court at the house of Harrowaninnit, the principal Sagamore.* They here agreed to send a pious Indian to the backsliding people at Weshakim† alias Nashaway. Mr. Gookin addressed an epistle in a truly apostolic style to the Sagamore and his subjects, exhorting them to abstain from their vices, to receive the instructions of the teacher, whom they were about sending among them, and to observe the Sabbath. The same night one of the tribe appeared at the court, where he made a speech with "much affection and great gravity." He expressed a willingness to receive Christianity for himself and others of the tribe, but many of the people were very wicked and disorderly, and he earnestly importuned Mr. Gookin, that he would help them, particularly to suppress the vice of drunkenness. It was proposed to him to accept the office of constable to enable him to suppress the disorders, but he answered that he must first consult the people, and if they would choose him, he would willingly take the trust. The disposition discovered by this little remnant of a tribe, in the war with Philip that broke out the next summer, manifests that these benevolent exertions were not of much avail.

TO BE CONTINUED.

*See 1 Hist. Coll. 1—193.

†This is Gen. Gookin's method of spelling this word. He is not followed by any of his cotemporaries. They invariably terminate the word in *um om* or *omb*, always retaining the sound of *u* to the vowel. Gookin it is said was a Hebrew scholar, and he probably adopted the termination *im* in analogy to the idioms of that language. *Wechekum* signified *sea* or the largest collection of water, and *Washacum* is probably a modification of that word W with an aspirate is sometimes placed in the Indian dialects to signify *great or large* in the superlative degree. It is difficult to establish an orthography for an unwritten language. Our fathers endeavored to retain the sounds of the pronunciation in the spelling.

Thermometrical Register.

MARCH, 1826.

Days.	S. rise.	Noon.	S. set.	Wind, Weather, &c.
1	29	35	30	N.—N.—N. E.—snowy, cloudy.
2	32	36	34	N.—N.—W.—cloudy, rainy.
3	32	34	36	N.—N.—E.—cloudy, rainy.
4	34	36	35	N. W.—N.—N. E.—cloudy, rainy.
5	33	44	42	N. E.—N. E.—S. W.—cloudy, rainy.
6	40	42	37	W.—W.—W.—cloudy, rainy.
7	32	35	31	N. E.—N. E.—N. E.—cloudy.
8	32	35	35	E.—E.—E.—cloudy.
9	32	36	39	S. E.—E.—E.—rainy, cloudy.
10	33	41	44	N. E.—E.—N. E.—cloudy, foggy, wet.
11	40	43	40	W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
12	24	40	43	N.—W.—S. W.—fair.
13	36	43	42	S. W.—S. W.—W.—rainy, cloudy.
14	20	38	36	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
15	26	48	43	N. W.—W.—S. W.—fair, cloudy.
16	38	42	34	S. W.—W.—N. W.—snowy, cloudy, fair.
17	14	26	24	N. W.—N. W.—N. W.—fair.
18	12	32	32	N. W.—N. W.—N.—fair, cloudy.
19	26	33	32	N. E.—E.—E.—cloudy, little snow, rain, hail.
20	32	34	34	N. E.—N. E.—E.—cloudy, hail.
21	35	40	36	N. W.—N. W.—W.—fair.
22	24	47	38	W.—N. W.—W.—fair, cloudy.
23	34	55	48	N.—W.—N.—cloudy.
24	48	60	56	S.—S.—S.—cloudy, rainy.
25	46	44	40	S. W.—N. W.—N. W.—cloudy, rainy.
26	26	28	26	N.—N. W.—N.—cloudy.
27	20	31	30	N.—N.—N. W.—cloudy.
28	23	38	41	W.—N. W.—N.—fair.
29	36	44	41	S. W.—W.—N. W.—fair, cloudy.
30	31	36	31	N. W.—W.—W.—cloudy, fair.
31	24	33	37	N. W.—N.—N. W.—cloudy, fair.

TO THE READERS OF THE MAGAZINE.

The Publishers have received a minute and interesting account of the town of Shrewsbury, written by A. H. Ward, Esq. As the length of this article would exceed the size of a number as now published, and as great inconvenience has resulted to the writers, readers, and publishers, from the division of the History of the towns of our County, it is proposed in future, to unite the two semi-monthly numbers into one publication, to be delivered on or before the first of each month. Those who are desirous, can receive their numbers as at present.

The title page and index of the volume finished by the present number, will be furnished with the next, which will be ornamented with an engraved Portrait of Judge Theodore Sedgewick.

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